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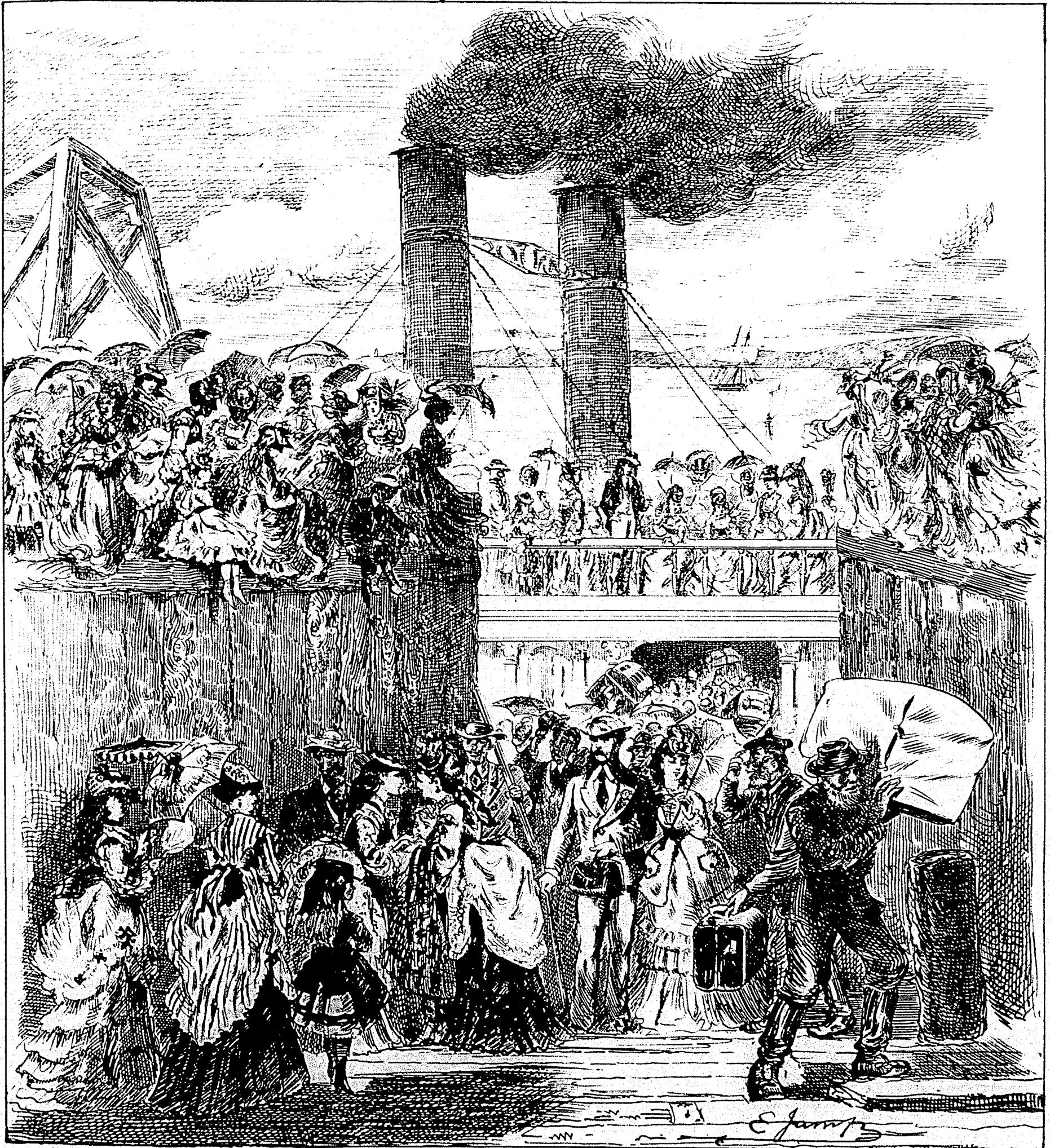
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Montreal Wholesale News

Vol. VIII.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1873.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



MURRAY BAY.—ARRIVAL OF THE QUEBEC BOAT.

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

SS. "Circassian," (Allan) Quebec, from Liverpool about July 27.
 SS. "Texas," (Dominion) " " " " 27.
 SS. "Nyansa," (Temperley) " from London, about Aug. 2.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, July 27.—*Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*
 MONDAY, " 28.—Lord Durham died, 1840.
 TUESDAY, " 29.—Halifax: SS. "Hibernian" for Liverpool.
 WEDNESDAY, " 30.—Quebec: Meeting of ex-Pontifical Zouaves; SS. "Palestine" for Liverpool.
 THURSDAY, " 31.—Quebec: SS. "Delta" for London.
 FRIDAY, August 1.—Chatham, Ont.: Celebration of Emancipation Day.
 Halifax, N. S.: H. E. the Gov.-General expected.
 Montreal: Villa Maria Lottery Drawing.
 SATURDAY, " 2.—Quebec: SS. "Peruvian" for Liverpool; St. Patrick's Society's Pic-nic on the Island of Orleans.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every subscriber served by mail will remark on the wrapper after his name figures indicating the month and year to which he is marked paid on our books. Thus, 7-73 means paid to 1st July, '73. 9-72 means that the subscriber has paid to 1st Sept., '72, and consequently owes us the current year's subscription, to Sept., '73. Subscribers owing current year, or arrears, will please remit at once. Subscriptions being henceforth strictly in advance, parties marked paid to some future date will please remit the next year's subscription before the date indicated on their wrapper.

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Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "Communication."

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The rates on newspapers for Foreign Countries in Europe are, it should be remembered, based on a scale of weight: beginning "not exceeding 2 oz."—"from 2 to 4 oz."—"4 to 6 oz." and so on. Now a single copy of the *Canadian Illustrated News* exceeds 2 ounces, weighing indeed, with its wrapper, nearly 3 oz. It thus becomes subject to two rates of postage when mailed for countries in Europe. The proper postage, to be prepaid by stamp, is therefore now given for the following:

FOREIGN COUNTRIES:

Bavaria, Denmark, Frankfurt, Greece, Hanover, Hesse, Italy, Norway, Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Sweden,—all 16 cents.
 Belgium and Portugal,—12 cents,—and France, 5 cents.

BRITISH COLONIES, (VIA ENGLAND.)

Cape of Good Hope, 4 cents; Ceylon, 6 cents; India, 6 cents; Malta, 4 cents.

BRITISH COLONIES AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES, (VIA THE UNITED STATES.)

Australian Colonies, 4 cents; Bermuda, 4 cents; Brazil, 4 cents; Cuba, 4 cents; Hong Kong, 4 cents; Japan, 4 cents; West Indies, (British), 6 cents.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1873.

THE "Pacific Railway Scandal" has entered upon a new phase consequent upon the publication of certain very damaging evidence against the Government, implicating prominent members of the Cabinet as having been directly concerned in the corrupt practices with which Mr. Huntington charges them. Of the reliability of this evidence it is next to impossible to have much doubt. Even those independent journalists who have hitherto usually supported the Ministry are beginning to waver in the face of the overwhelming character of the recently published documents. The case is a most serious one. As matters now stand it is pretty evident to every unbiassed observer that there must have been some foundation for the charges made by Mr. Huntington. The Pacific Railway charter seems to have been one huge job, vying in enormity with the Credit Mobilier affair. In consideration of certain sums of money furnished them for election purposes the Government have put themselves in the hands of Sir Hugh Allan and his associates—have, in fact, sold the Railway charter. Such is the gist of the latest revelations. They have caused a wide-spread feeling of surprise and regret that men who have for years conducted public affairs without incurring a stain on their honesty should thus stoop to such base, dishonest, and unpatriotic practices. The Government of a country like this should, like Cæsar's wife, be beyond suspicion. Unfortunately there is only too much reason to fear that good grounds exist for something more than mere suspicion. Should the contrary prove to be the case there will be a general feeling of relief in the community, for as matters now stand, not only the Ministry, but the whole country is disgraced. It is therefore earnestly to be hoped that there is no truth in the rumour of a single day's session when the House meets on the 13th prox.; that the whole affair will be subjected to a thoroughly searching investigation at the hands of honest, unprejudiced, and reliable

men. If the charges can be sustained, if it can be proved beyond a doubt that Ministers have proved unfaithful to the trust reposed in them, the sooner they are ejected from a position for which they will have proved themselves totally unfit the better it will be for the well-being of the country. This even their staunchest supporters must admit. And, above all, let there be no delay in investigating; the country has been in suspense long enough. Let us know the worst at once.

The detection of the murderer of Goodrich has occasioned one of those sympathetic demonstrations which, in the States, so frequently accompany the arrest or conviction of a capital criminal. By a certain class of minds Kate Stoddard is looked upon somewhat as a heroine, an unfortunate woman, if you will, but one who has committed a reprehensible but not altogether unpardonable act, and who deserves a certain amount of petting and a great deal of condolence. The reasons for this criminal worship, if they are not very exalted, at least have the merit of novelty. The murder was prompted by no feeling of injury to self or to family honour, and thus the murderess has no claim to the sympathy of those who plead the cause of Stokes or Walworth. Nor has she exhibited that traditional humility and Christian meekness which win favour for so many criminals of the first water. Nevertheless some ingenious persons insist upon magnifying her into a heroine, because, loving her paramour too well, she preferred murdering him to losing him. A very potent reason, forsooth, and one which could only have been evolved in minds that had undergone a thorough course in literature of the very ultra-sensational stamp. But the most ridiculous and degrading part of the matter is this. But for the murder Kate Stoddard would never have excited the slightest interest. It is to the fact that she has stained her hands with human blood that she owes the sympathy with which some natures are so unreasoningly lavish. Previous to the murder she was an outcast from society, a lost woman, without home or name, at whom her sister women looked down with scorn and anger, passing in meeting her on the other side of the way to avoid the contamination that exhaled from her. Now everything is changed, and all is lovely. Her former character is forgotten, and contamination there is none. A murderess is so interesting and uncommon. And the poor thing had suffered so much. She killed her victim, true, but "she loved him so," and surely such a fault may deserve palliation; and so on and so on. And thus respectable, decent men and women who a few months ago would have shrunk from bestowing more than a thought upon the outcast of the streets, rush into sympathetic raptures over the murderess. Such power have circumstances to alter cases.

Affairs in Spain are decidedly in a mixed condition. This unfortunate country, which for so long past has been in an unsettled and turbulent state is just at present as badly off as it perhaps has ever been. Division in its councils, an enemy at its gates, and to crown all, national bankruptcy hovering over it, it certainly is in a bad way. Only a few months ago it bid fair once more to take its place among the nations. But with its ablest rulers gone and its people divided against themselves it is small wonder that it has again fallen into the low estate it occupied so long. Affairs must indeed be desperate when Castelar, the noblest Spaniard of them all, begins to despair of the Republic—the cause for which he has fought and striven so many weary years. When will the European peoples learn, from the bitter experiences they have passed through, that a Republican form of government is suited neither to their needs nor their disposition. Wherever it has been tried, with the exception of little Switzerland, it has proved a failure. And Spain has shown her case to be certainly no exception to the general rule. The great Republic, the dream so carefully cherished for years by the more democratic of her legislators, has resulted in an ignominious fiasco, entailing national ruin, and, in possible perspective, anarchy. A late despatch informs us that at the Treasury all payments have ceased; none but the Madrid employees are being paid out of the revenue, and as a last expedient recourse is had to loans from the Banks to meet the demands of the troops for their pay. Such a state of things cannot possibly last long. When loans are no longer obtainable a crisis will supervene which must terminate in anarchy—brigandage, pillaging, burning, and killing with impunity throughout the whole land. The accession of Don Carlos to the throne is the only remedy possible for present evils. Madrid must sooner or later open its gates to his victorious and rapidly increasing followers, and until it does so there is but little hope of peace for the distracted country. Whether Don Carlos could long remain at the head of the State is even doubtful. But we are inclined to believe that by pursuing a policy of conciliation he would in time be enabled materially to strengthen his hands and insure the duration of his power. After the darkness and tyranny which overshadowed the country during the reign of Isabella, the universal dissatisfaction which existed under the rule of a foreign prince, and the disturbances which have signalized the republican régime, Spaniards may turn, with a hope of restoration to order and quietness, to the yet untried candidate, a man of moderation, good sense, manly character, and enlightenment—and, what is no small recommendation, a Spaniard.

NEW BOOKS.

OVER THE ALLEGHANIES AND ACROSS THE PRAIRIES. Personal Recollections of the Far West One and Twenty Years Ago. By John Lewis Peyton, Author of "The American Crisis," "The Adventures of My Grandfather," &c. Second Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

This work is mainly valuable for the insight it gives into the institutions and the condition of the United States a quarter of a century ago. The writer is the well known Col. Peyton, son of Senator Peyton, of Virginia, who is already sufficiently known to the reading public by the popular works already mentioned. In the pages of this volume the writer describes in a pleasant, easy manner his experience on a tour across the country from Virginia through the Western States, at a time when the traveller found incidents without number to beguile his road; and stage-coach journeying was without its spice of danger. Col. Peyton, evidently a keen observer, found no lack of amusing and interesting material on his travels, and the result is the very readable book before us. To Americans, this work is of great historical value for its reminiscences of celebrated men and newly-born cities, while the general reader will find in its pages much new information. We have no doubt that an American edition would be received with great favour and would have a large circulation in all parts of the country.

LAKESVILLE; or, Substance and Shadow. By Mary Healy. Author of "A Summer's Romance," &c., &c. New York: Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Illustrated. Paper, pp. 238. Price \$1.00.

This is decidedly one of the best American novels we have yet come across. The author writes with an object; her characters are natural as the life; she never impresses impossibilities into her service to heighten the interest in her work; she writes clearly, smoothly, and without any strain. She allows herself no indulgence either in sickly sentimentality on the one hand or on the other in the ill-flavoured indelicacy for which so many of the female writers of the present day are noted. The result is a hearty, readable book concealing under the cloak of fiction some important and invaluable life-lessons. The heroines are both in the same walk of life, both ornaments to fashionable society, but so differently constituted that, while the one meets trial and peril unscathed, the other makes shipwreck—fortunately to be rescued before it is too late. The character of these two—the gay, dashing, careless Helen West, whose main object in life is a rich marriage, and the more sober, full-hearted Val Turner—are admirably depicted. The writer has a practiced eye for all the foibles and follies of fashionable life, which she paints with a skilled and unerring hand. Society in the American city and in the Norman camp are equally well described. Of course the French marriage question is fully touched upon. There is a touch of satire in the manner in which the author places the American and the French systems side by side for our contemplation. On the one hand the American damsel striving and scheming to entrap a rich husband; on the other the French dowager ditto, ditto, for a wealthy *partie* as son-in-law. The system is, on the whole, pretty much the same in both countries, the modes of working it being different. Mrs. Healy's book certainly makes good reading and we cordially recommend it as amusing and pleasant.

BOOKS, &c., RECEIVED.

From E. Steiger, New York:

Ahn's First German Book.
 Ahn's Second German Book.
 Ahn's German Reading Charts.
 Ahn's Rudiments of the German Language.
 Key to Ahn's Rudiments of the German Language.

OBITUARY.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

We regret to chronicle the death, on the 15th inst., of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester. The few particulars which have reached us are as follows:—The deceased Prelate was riding with Earl Granville from Leatherhead to Lord Gower's seat, where Mr. Gladstone awaited him, and when riding at full speed was thrown from his horse. His neck was broken and death was instantaneous. The Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce was the third son of the celebrated philanthropist, William Wilberforce; was born Sept. 7, 1805, educated at Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1826, M.A. in 1829, and D.D. in 1845. He was ordained Curate of Checkendon in Oxfordshire, and held the Rectory of Brightstone, the Archdeaconry of Surrey, the Rectory of Alverstoke, a Canonry of Winchester, Chaplaincy to the late Prince Consort, and the Deanery of Westminster. He was consecrated Bishop of Oxford in 1845, and translated to the See of Winchester in 1869, and as such was Provincial Chancellor of Canterbury and Prelate of the Order of the Garter. As a spiritual peer the late Bishop took a prominent part in the debates in the House of Lords. Both there, and at public meetings of a religious character, he was well known as a most eloquent speaker. He was the author of numerous works, religious and secular, amongst others "Eucharistics" and the "Life of William Wilberforce." As a churchman he held views of a moderately "high" type, and he was fearless in maintaining his opinions, but without the slightest tinge of bigotry. His kindly genial manner endeared him to all with whom he was associated, and he was decidedly the most popular Bishop in the United Kingdom.

Once upon a time a Russian countess living in Paris felt it necessary to try a change of air. The chief companion of her journey was a little dog, which she carried in her muff, her sleeve, or her pocket. At Milan, "Toto," the pet, died. His mistress invited all the small dogs in Milan to the funeral; 300 mourners appeared, and each was supplied with a pall covered with silver tears. After the ceremony the 300 were invited to partake of the funeral baked meats, but here good conduct and philosophy failed them, and the feast broke up abruptly; the Riot Act had to be enforced, but not until one of the guests had been torn to pieces between the soup and the dessert.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

(Translated from Schiller.)

"Sir Knight! true sister-love
This heart devotes to thee:
No fonder seek to prove,
For oh! it paineth me.
Calmly I see thee near,
Calmly I see thee go:
But why that silent tear
Is wept, I may not know."

By dumb despair oppress'd
The warrior's heart was wrung—
He strained her to his breast,
Then on his charger sprung;
And summoned vassals brave
Forth from the Switzer's land,
And sought the Holy Grave
With red-cross pilgrim-band.

There deeds of daring might
Were wrought by heroes' arms—
Their helmet-plumes waved bright
Amid the Paynim-wars:
And Toggenburg's dread name
Struck terror to the foe,
But still no solace came
To soothe his lonely woe.

One year he now hath pined—
Why longer should he stay?
Repose he cannot find
Amid the host's array.
A bark from Joppa's strand
Sailed gentle gales beneath:
He seeks the hallowed land
Where floats her balmy breath.

And soon a pilgrim wan
Knocks at her castle-gate,
And hears, oh! lonely man!
The thunder-word of fate:
"The maid thou seekest now
Is heaven's unspotted bride,
By yester-morning's vow
To God himself allied."

'Tis past! He quits for aye
His old ancestral home;
His arms with rust decay,
His steeds at pleasure roam.
Down from his natal crags,
Unknown to all, he hies:
A hermit's sackcloth rags
His noble limbs disguise.

He rears a lowly hut
Near scenes endeared by love,
Where flows her convent shut
'Mid shade of linden-grove:
And in that lonesome place
He sate from dawn of day,
With hope upon his face,
Till evening's latest ray:

Watching with earnest hope
The convent-walls above
To mark a lattice-ope,
The lattice of his love:
To see but once her face,
So meek and angel-mild,
Low bending down to gaze
Upon the valley wild.

And then he sought repose,
Consoled by visions bright,
Nor thought upon his woes
At sweet return of light.
And thus he sate—alone—
Long years like days and years,
Waiting, without a man,
Until the maid appears:

Waiting to see her face,
So meek and angel-mild,
Low bending down to gaze
Upon the valley wild,
And so he sate in death,
One summer-morning, there,
Still watching from beneath
With fond, calm, wistful stare!

Wm. MURRAY.

In the draped female form. But we are not to suppose that we are confined to a single era for our conceptions of a beautiful form. In every wholesome intellectual age the world has taken care of its ideal. Embodiments of beauty that are approximately perfect are presented by one or two antique statues, as the Medicean Venus and the Venus of Milo—(the latter of which I think you should give in an illustration, as nobody seems to be aware of its presence in Montreal), and by some of the Pompeian paintings and the fictile vases of the Greeks. The madonnas of Raphael, the women of Titian and Guido also afford grand examples, embodying a constant and perhaps progressive change of type. No desire for the presence of the compressed waist is ever suggested by any of these great historic models. The educated eye will on the contrary be convinced that such an addition could only be a blemish and derogation from the general effect of their form, or colour and expression; and the least familiarity with fine ideals will soon satisfy the eye, and through it the mind of the student that the waist has its natural proportion to the width of the shoulders and the hips, and that a prevalent harmonious grace of contour and of movement—for a fine ideal will always suggest graceful movement—is really the higher law to which mere measurements are altogether subservient. As we have already suggested, beauty by no means confines itself to a single model, or prescribed form, but whatever the model, it is nature, or the exalted conception of nature, that has originated it. There are light sylph-like figures, of which the slightly formed waist is an element that satisfies the eye, without attracting its particular notice, because such a waist belongs to the figure, and is one symbol of its language of expression. Nature has provided that element in harmony with a fairy-like contour, and good taste will be satisfied with the sprightly and amiable presence. Let any of the muscles become cramped in their action, and the grace has vanished. Any interference with a spontaneous development of contour in the life of movement can inaugurate only deformity. The true orator will tell you this, and beauty has an oratory of its own. Our friend proceeds so exultantly in the thesis he had prepared for himself that it would be hard to say that he really affords to any one proposition the honour of a distinct assertion. It provokes a pleasant inconsequential ease of mind to write in this vein. For our part, we dare not indulge in the freedom, for the mischief involved might be that young people, not very literary in their modes of thought, might be induced to take such remarks for simple gospel, so endangering their peace, and perhaps even the permanent health and welfare of their lives.

We would have our Canadian Roses without Thorns, and certainly with no cauter to destroy their youthful freshness. Vanity has proved nothing less than the dissolution of myriads of women, and with them of society, in the history of every super-civilized land. We cannot give the right hand of fellowship to this insidious enemy of the race. But confining ourselves strictly to the one object of our beauty-worshippers and adorners, we cannot but still further call their attention to the havoc that goes on in the human face divine, in that example of its best attributes, the beautiful female countenance during this process of compression of the torso. We behold the tender eyes becoming sunken, and losing their lustrous attraction, the fine oval of the face running into parallel lines, all brilliancy of contour and colour vanishing together. The want of care sitting on the lips of the nymph, supplanter of the Vernal smiles of peace and security. We are dealing with mere facts, and we know the illusion is not less complete than we have painted it. Nature always resents an outrage; surely it would be a cruel thing to put the originating cause of all this deterioration into any girl's head! The key struck in these remarks was the argument of externals, and to show how completely this attempt must fail in its object. The subject has often been more profoundly treated, but enough has already been said to show that the living soul, the mind and the affections, have been compromised by this monstrous process, in company with the frame that embodies them. The two are indissolubly linked together, and you cannot affect the one for good or evil, but the other will respond. The mythologic idea of the cestus of Venus had, we may be well assured, nothing to do with compression. The exquisite breathing grace embodied in the best ancient sculptures will not allow us for a moment to entertain the thought. Our excellent Milton, who in the purity of his classic inspirations, as in so much else, dwelt as a star in his age, had the right conception in that invocation of his—

Come thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven's 'yclept Euphrosyne,
And on earth heart-easing mirth.

We feel well assured as we con his lines that neither the lovely (albeit mythologic) young person nor either of her 'sister graces' owed any portion of their pleasant heart-easing attractions to the virtues of compression. No, sir, it was not until those corrupt European courts, that proceeding from one folly to another, introduced powder and patches and a vast useless expansion of skirt—not until the starched, inhuman egotism that enlisted the pencil of less ideal schools of art, from Holbein and Vandyke to the Watteaus and Lancretis and the Lelys and Knellers had notified the world, as a seed growing into a tree, of the coming horrors of Revolution, first in Britain and more savagely and unreasonably in France, when vanity, in fateful succession, came to be quenched in blood,—that we meet with this particular folly of tight lacing among the women; and it is just because we do not wish to look forward to a repetition of those centuries of madness and fatuity, in the annals of this, our youthful North American Dominion, but, on the contrary, very earnestly desire to conserve the family happiness and independence of Christian homesteads that we raise our humble note of warning. We do not wish to connect with our maidens, wives and mothers the aspect of a blighted youth and a speeded age, the canker of consumption and the decay of the race, and so we have said thus much against tight lacing.

To our virtuous young women is confided the important charge of directing the tastes of our young Canadians of the stronger sex, and keeping them from the paths of dissipation; and this they may successfully accomplish by a demeanour that is true and graceful, and by attractions that are elevated, maidenly and pure. In the sight of heaven the beauty of a meek and quiet spirit is of great price.

Postscript.—It should be added that the best schools of art at the present hour are cultivating the antique and true models. There will be no vestige of the infatuation to be discovered there.

Scraps.

A perfectly white robin, "Turdus Migratorious," was recently caught at Rocky Nook, Plymouth, Mass.
"Professor" Holloway, the well-known English patent medicine man, is about to establish two great hospitals in the neighbourhood of London—one a convalescent home, and the other an asylum for incurables. He has already erected an asylum for lunatics.

It is said that Victor Emmanuel is eager to abdicate and retire into private life with the lady to whom he is organically married; and should events take this course, it is well understood in Rome that things will be carried with a Bismarckian hand by Prince Humbert. The new King would have the support of the entire army.

The new treaty between Germany and Persia opens with the following piece of "bifalutin": "In the name of the good and all-charitable God! His Majesty the German Emperor on the one hand, and His Majesty, whose standard is the sun, the holy, illustrious, and great monarch, the absolute ruler and Emperor, the Emperor of all the States of Persia, on the other."

The word snob, says Taine, does not exist in France, because they have not the thing. The snob is the child of aristocratical societies; perched on the step of the long ladder, he respects the man on the round above him, and despises the man on the step below, without inquiring what they are worth, solely on account of their position; in his innermost heart he finds it natural to kiss the boots of the first and kick the second.

In the next encyclical letter Pius IX. will read at the Consistory, the great excommunication will be pronounced against King Victor Emmanuel personally, because he has signed the law about religious corporations. This time it is not an ordinary encyclical letter, but the great excommunication will be read in the Cathedral of St. Peter with the greatest solemnity. The Cathedral will be draped in black, and yellow tapers will burn on the altar, as in Passion Week.

A good story is told of one of the two English peers (Lord Forester and Lord Kinsdale) who possess the hereditary right of wearing their hats in the presence of their sovereign. One of these noble peers, in exercise of his right, entered into the presence of her Majesty with his head covered. The Queen immediately arose, and expressed her great satisfaction in seeing him maintain the ancient privilege; but at the same time quietly observed that she was surrounded by the ladies of the court, and she thought his lordship must have forgotten that he was in their presence.

Changes are obvious at Niagara to the visitor who has allowed a few years to elapse since his last visit. The Horse-shoe Fall is losing its original shape, and is gradually assuming a triangular form. The weight of the waters is breaking away the bed of rock over which it passes to such an extent that a narrow channel is in the course of formation, into which the water will fall as from two opposite walls. Strange to say, however, the water never encroaches upon the shore on either side. The American Fall also is losing its symmetrical straightness, and is slowly changing into the outline of a horse-shoe. Those who visit the Falls every year do not easily perceive all these changes, but they are perceptible to less regular visitors.

An anecdote is thus told of M. Ranc, the Deputy whose prosecution for sympathy with the Commune, has been revived by the French Government after two years. In 1853 he was examined in the case of a clerk who was charged with having designed to shoot the Emperor. The judge said: "M. Ranc, from what I see in these papers, you endeavoured to dissuade the prisoner from assassination." M. Ranc looked relieved, and replied that he had done so. "But how?" continued the judge. "The prisoner tells us that you said, 'You are shortsighted, and will miss him.'" M. Ranc's head drooped, and his manner admitted that only in the novel way mentioned he had tried to discourage the intending assassin.

A Dresden engineer proposes a method for increasing the durability of railroad tires, by which, he considers, they may be made to last four times as long as at present. The sleepers, of whatever kind of wood, are first allowed to dry for some time in air, then are artificially dried in a hot chamber. They are next introduced, while hot, into an impregnation apparatus containing heated coal-tar, where they are impregnated thoroughly under pressure. Then they are coated with sifted sand or coal ashes and allowed to dry. Every fissure is carefully filled; the nails used in fixing the sleepers are first dipped into hot coal-tar, and any part of the work which may be exposed is carefully coated. The inventor further states that wood thus prepared has been also used for house-building purposes, and with excellent results.

The unfortunate *soi-disant* Countess of Derwentwater, who still remains a prisoner in Newcastle Gaol, has issued an appeal to Her Majesty, in which she says: "O Queen! mercy and justice is thy mission on earth, and why allow our inoffensive heir of Derwentwater to be falsely incarcerated, shut up for seven months, languishing and deprived of even a breath of fresh air? 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Are tyranny, torture, and wrong the civil rights of the people thou rulest? I have kept all thy laws diligently. O Queen, listen: it is thy prerogative to command, 'let right be done.' The crowns have fallen lately from the regal heads of several princes in Europe; and the greatest monarch that ever held the English sceptre looked back and moralised, and Her Majesty exclaimed, 'Millions of money for moments of time!'"

The vanity of artists, and especially of dramatic and lyric artists, sometimes takes a very amusing pose, and their critics seem to be the most suggestive moving power. A Parisian journalist once related that having observed in his *feuilleton* that the performance of a popular actor in a certain farce was perfect, he was surprised by the appearance of the said actor in a state of burning indignation. "Didn't you say in yesterday's *feuilleton*," exclaimed this sensitive being, "that I was perfect in that part? Did you not say so coldly, dryly, without a pleasant word for me?" One of the greatest singers of the day was mentioned as such by a certain journal, and duly went to thank the critic giving words to that flattering opinion. Having made his genial acknowledgements, the great basso went on to say, with a vanity perfectly naive: "You say I am one of the greatest singers of the day; pray, who are the others?"

The magic inexhaustible inkstand is a Parisian invention which may be thus briefly described: In a neat little metal case is contained a chemical preparation, secret of course, into which cold water is to be poured. In the course of a few hours good ink is produced in the reservoir, and the inventors declare that the composition contained in the metal case is ample, simply by supplying water, to produce as much ink as would serve for writing "a hundred folio pages a day for a year, or ten pages a day for ten years, or one page a day for one hundred years." Of these three test-periods, the first and the last are not likely to be tried. Few people will write a hundred folio pages every day for a twelvemonth, and fewer still will be in a position to record their experience at the end of a century. If the magic inkstand only does a tithe of what its inventors claim for it, ordinary folk will be amply content. The apparatus is very neat and portable, and, indeed, rather ornamental; and we have no doubt it will meet with a large sale.

MONTREAL.

Correspondence.

TIGHT LACING.

(From a Correspondent.)

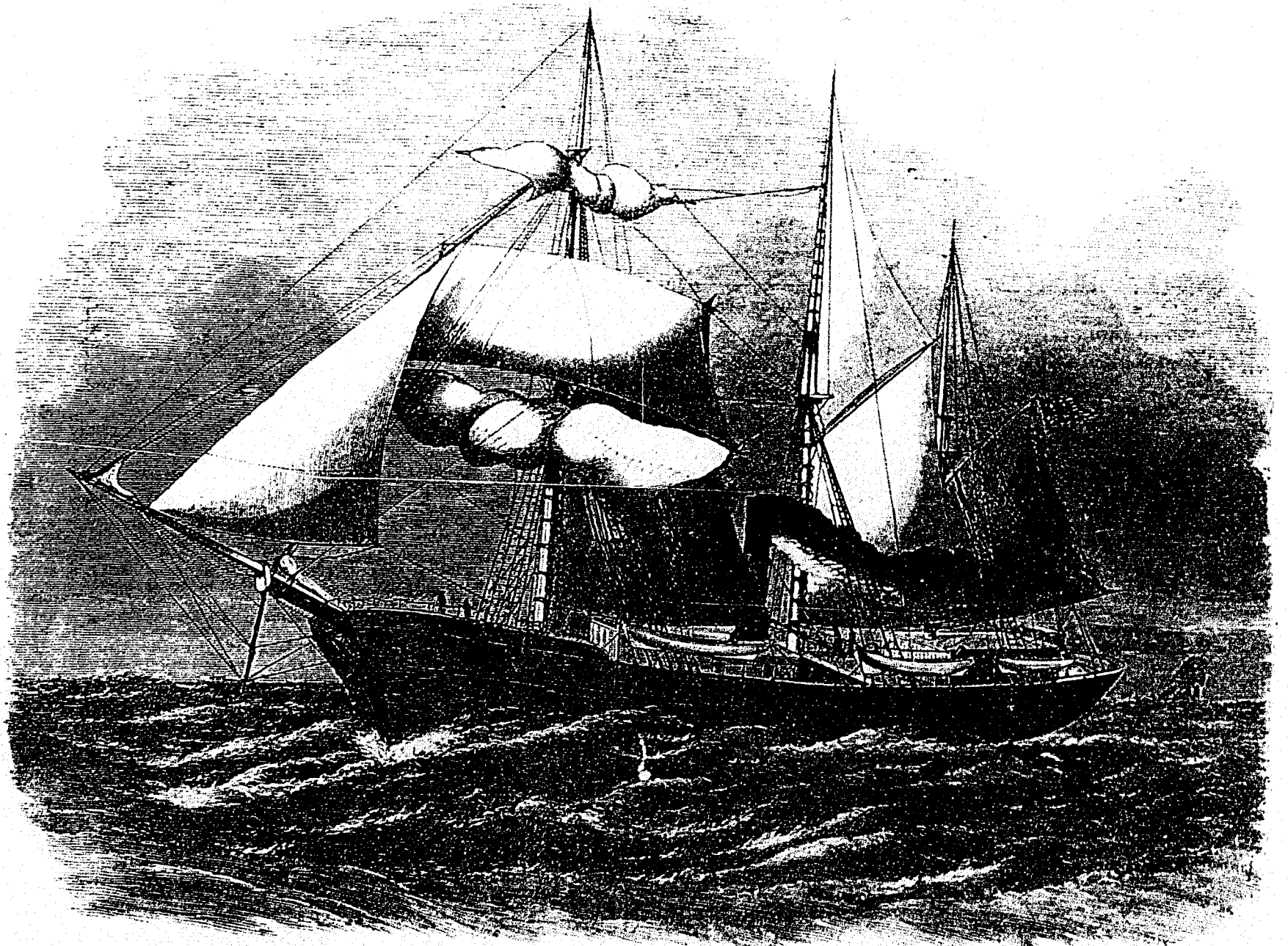
The imaginative essay on tight lacing which appeared in your last number but one seems to call for a word or two of thoughtful comment. As to the prevalence of the custom at the hour in which we write, the general impression seems to be that the habit has greatly decreased of late years, as a natural consequence of the more reasonable views which have been so generally advocated, and of the sense which has prevailed in the minds of considerate people of the desirability of preserving the human frame undeteriorated, if possible, to future generations.

The cultivation of any attribute is but the just corollary of its estimation and value; and if health and beauty were really capable of being subserved by the practice we are considering, we suppose it would have to be admitted. But if it be imagined that beauty can be cultivated without health, or even at the expense of health, we can only say that any such idea is the weakest of fictions, for the two are absolutely united. The one quality is but the visible representative of the other. We do not go the length of declaring that all healthy women are beautiful, in the more refined and æsthetic sense of the word, although perfect health has always a certain beauty of its own, but the most refined general outlines will completely fail to constitute beauty in the absence of health, and this is the point we particularly wish our young ladies to consider for themselves—that along with the departed health will vanish all the charms of expression—and if they consider the matter aright, they will readily see that the only value mere outlines can ever possess will be in proportion as they conduce to the ensemble of the expression of a physical and mental gracefulness, and in its due proportion of strength also. There is no beauty in mere weakness.

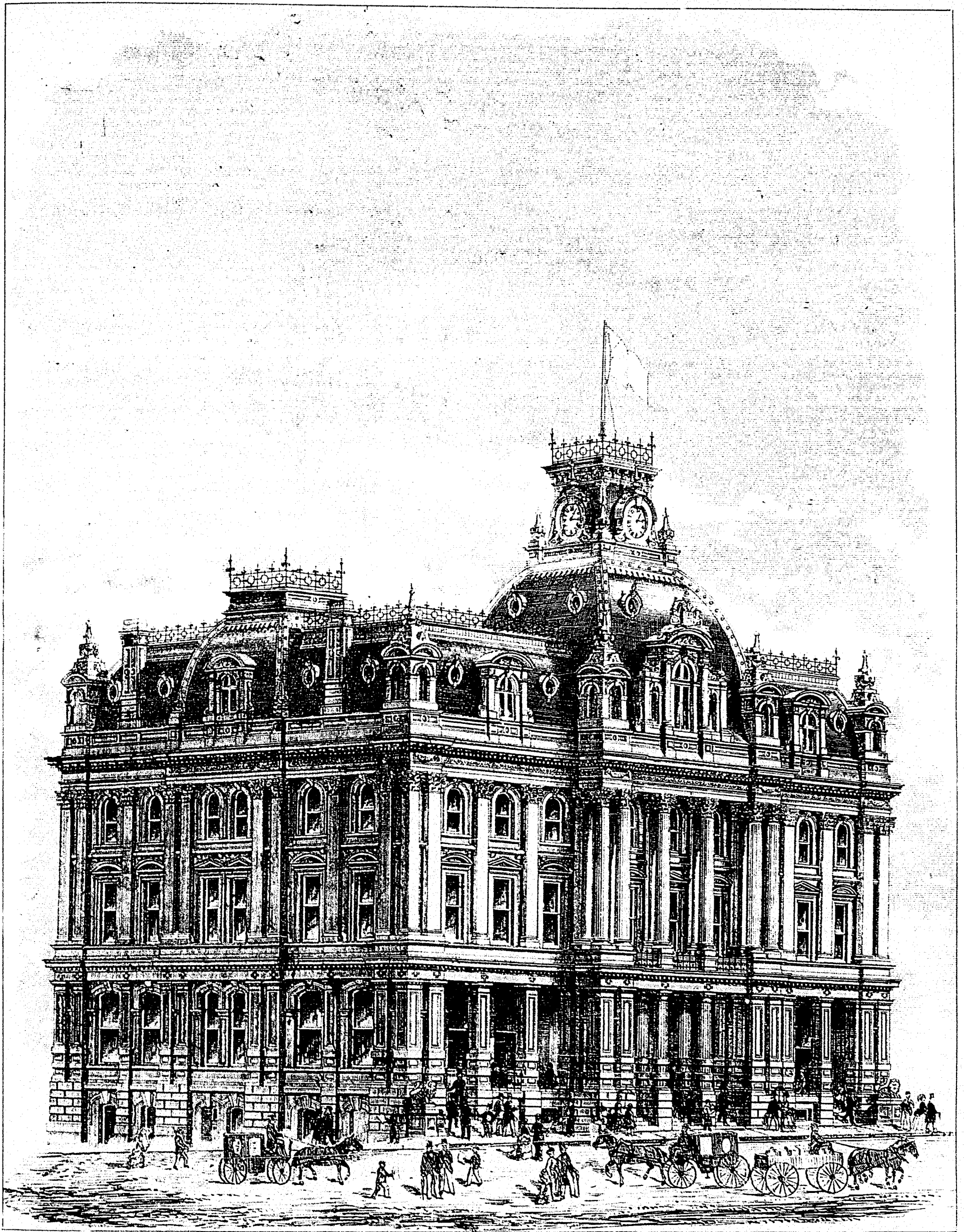
If our friend be familiar with those original designs of Phidias in the museum in London, which until Lord Elgin made prey of them formed the frieze of the Parthenon at Athens, and which, it is not too much to say, will leave an abiding impression upon the mind of every faithful student, he will admit that we have there almost a perfection of grace



A. BERNARD, Esq., MAYOR OF MONTREAL.



THE "POLARIS" EXPEDITION.—THE STEAMER TIGRESS.



MONTREAL.—THE NEW POST OFFICE.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

FUTURE YEARS.

Sweet little sleeper, with bright rich hair
On the pale hill, wavy clustering fair,
Deep in the dark-ness of times to be,
Wait the years that shall welcome thee.
Dimly I view their forms and mark
Face after face through the solemn dark;
Yet, little sleeper, I cannot say
Which are the grave ones and which the gay.

Some may bear thee the gifts that please:
Ah, thou shalt smile when thou meetest these!
Jewels of riches in grand array,
Jewels of learning more grand than they;
Jewels of beauty and healthful life;
Jewels of peace, unsoiled by strife;
And the jewel of love, that o'er the rest
Glitters the rarest and loveliest.

And yet, little sleeper, there wait some years
Eager to bring thee sorrow and tears;
Eager to gird thee with bitter gloom,
That which hides in the fresh-made tomb;
Eager to stab thee with pang of loss,
Eager to gird thee with dreary cross.
For ah, little sleeper, as years lapse away,
Some are the grave ones and some the gay.

POST CHESTER, N. Y.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

AN AWFUL POSITION.

BY EDWIN JAMES.

So you wonder I gave up the saw mill work if I was such a smart hand, do you? Well, the story is not very long, so I'll let you know all about it.

I was raised in what was then a village, now it is a good-sized town, in western Ontario, and after I had done my schooling I went to work in a large saw mill, and kept steady at it till I was turned twenty, and then I fell in love—as most do—with as pretty a girl as there was in the township, and she loved me back. We used to walk out and go to meeting together and all that, and her parents no way objected to me and all seemed to be going on swimmingly. But there was a fellow in the place named Bill Smithers, who was a carpenter when he worked, which was seldom, for he liked loafing round a tavern better than anything else, and he was sweet on Mary, too, but she never gave him any encouragement; she was the wrong sort to take up with a coon like that, and it appears Bill he teased and teased till last of all she told him right up she wanted nothing to do with him. This was before I walked out with her, and when Bill saw us together he was pretty well riled, I can tell you. He was a roguish chap when he was put out, and never let a chance slip of saying something annoying whenever I passed him, which I generally did if I happened to go by the tavern, for he always hung round there.

I took no kind of notice of what he said; I wanted to have nothing to do with him, and again, I felt it was kind of hard on a chap to miss such a nice girl as Mary was, so I could not help pitying him, and put up with a good deal from him on that account. But this only seemed to make him more mad, and one day I was going past the tavern door home from work, when just as I got up there, swat came a lot of water right in my face, and looking in I saw Bill with a tumbler in his hand grinning all over his face; well, my dander was up, you may be sure, so I said:

"Bill, did you do that accidentally or did you mean it?"

"Just which you like," he said, "I am not afraid of a sneak like you."

"Bill," said I savagely, "I'd knock you into a smashed pumpkin quick as wink for a red cent."

Now, he was a pretty powerful fellow, but I was mad and spoke savage, so he came out and said:

"You would knock me into a smashed pumpkin, would you, you mean skunk? Why you are not fit to do it, and if you say another word I'll give you such a going over as your own mother and somebody else you know would not know you."

I am pretty quick tempered, and couldn't stand this, so I up fist and fetched him a blow that was so sudden he never stopped it, but caught it full in the face, and went staggering into the middle of the road.

A mob now collected, sides were formed and I found myself in for a fight; we went at it. I was pretty smart on my feet and was able to jump about, and give him a knock here and there, and so I got the advantage of him though he was the strongest and heaviest man. Last of all I saw a chance of giving him a settler, and I let him have my fist right in his mouth. It knocked out his front teeth, cut his lip, and sent him rolling on the road; he struck his head in the fall, and lay quiet for about a minute; a shout was raised by the lookers on, and they cheered me. Bill picked himself up, cursed me most heartily, and slunk away. I had beaten the village bully.

Bill left those parts next day, and I went on working as usual for about twelve months, when I began to think I'd like to settle on a lot and get married; so I went to a new settlement about eighty miles back to see if there was an opening for a chap like me. I footed it all the way, and did it in two days and a-half. When I got there I went to two or three people and asked questions, and soon found I could get a very good lot with a mill privilege, and they all promised me help if I would start a mill; so I reckoned up and found I had funds enough to start a single saw which was all that was wanted, and the agent of a lumbering firm told me his people would let me have supplies if I would build my mill to cut thirty feet logs, which I agreed to do. Having done this I went back home, made my arrangements, took leave of Mary and started for the settlement.

The neighbours made a bee, and I got the mill working after a time, and a young fellow used to come and help me at the mill and I helped him on his farm, turn about, and that's how we worked it; but it often happened that he could not come and I had to do the best I could alone.

Well, one day I was working in this way, sawing hard, when a man walked into the mill; who should it be but Bill Smithers; he was ragged, wretched-looking, and half-tight. He looked kind of savage, I fancied, when he saw me, so I said:

"Now look here, Bill, I want no more lip from you. I don't want any quarrels, so you'd better get."

"Who wants to quarrel with you," he replied, "are you always going to be bad friends, can't you see I'm down on my Jack?"

This softened me a bit.

"I don't want to be bad friends, Bill," and I held out my hand which he shook.

We talked together a bit, and having a thirty foot log out in the pond that I wanted to saw, but had left it for want of help, I asked him to give me a lift with it which he agreed to do. So I went down to the pond, hooked on the dogs, came up, set the bull wheel running and so had it up, and the two of us soon put it on the rollers and fastened it tightly ready for the saw. Little did I think what was to follow. I sat down on it, and Bill came and sat down beside me.

"Look here," said he, "I am awful hard up, could you spare a fellow a dollar?"

Now if I had spoken the truth I could not, for I was saving all I could to get a house ready for Mary; but I said nothing but put my hand in my pocket and gave him four quarters, which he soon put out of sight. We sat talking for some time together, he all the time playing with a rope that lay on the floor. Presently I gave myself a stretch and said:

"Well, I must get to work again."

"So must I," said he savagely.

And before I could say snap, he sprang on me, threw me on the log face downwards, knelt on my back and stuck his fists on my shoulders. I struggled to get free, and tried to throw myself off the log, but in a moment he was lying flat on the top of me. Oh! how I struggled, but he put his long arms on each side of me and clutched the log tightly; still I tried hard to get away; when he drew up one leg and planted his knee in the small of my back and pressed with all his might; then suddenly making a dive he passed the rope he had been playing with, under the log, brought it up each side and tied me down tight.

I kicked and struggled, but he only laughed the more. He kept on passing the rope round, and drawing it awfully tight each time, till he had lashed me down all the way to the knees. There he fastened it.

"I'll let you have a little play with your legs," he said. "It might amuse you." And he looked in my face and grinned like a devil.

I shouted, but he only laughed the more, for he knew I was far away from anybody.

"You are not going to leave me like this, are you, Bill?" I at length said.

"No," said he; "not exactly. I shouldn't have taken all that trouble and then leave you like that."

"Why," I said, "you don't mean to say you are going to be coward enough to hit me while I am like this?"

"I guess not," he replied. "But listen to me. First, then, I will tell you I hate you worse than anything I know of. You have cut me out with Mary; I hate you for that. You knocked my front teeth out—exhibiting his toothless gums; I hate you for that. You beat me before the whole village; I hate you worse than all for that!" he hissed, with an awful oath. "And now," he continued, "you want to know what I tied you there for. I'll tell you, just before I go to spend the dollar you gave me in whiskey to drink yours and Mary's health: I am going to set the saw working. The way you lie you will be able to see it, and see yourself coming nearer and nearer to it, till it saws you right in two! Then won't Mary's proud head hang down. Ha, ha, ha!" he shrieked.

He then went and set the saw working, and ran out of the place.

"Bill, Bill!" I shrieked. "For the love of God, don't leave me like this!"

But he was gone. I struggled to get myself free. I twisted and turned till my body was fairly racked by the many coils of rope which were twisted round me. Oh! how fast the saw seemed to dash up and down, as if anxious to reach its victim. How horribly bright and sharp the teeth looked as each stroke brought me nearer to my awful fate.

Would no one come to my aid? Was I to die such a horrible death as this? I, so young, and but a few minutes ago so full of hope. Again and again I shrieked, as I never shrieked before; but the woods around only echoed a mocking reply that was driving me mad. Oh! it was agony, fearful agony. Great drops of perspiration covered my face, but my mouth seemed on fire. The saw, going rapidly up and down, looked like some fearful demon hastening through all obstacles to its prey. What would I give if some of the gearing would only give way! But, alas! I knew it was too well put together for that. Ah! the horrid thing is coming nearer and increasing its deadly pace! I yelled again, but no answer. What should I do? I was rapidly drawing near to a death. I could see, but not escape. I tried to pray, perhaps I did; but I could not take my eyes or thoughts off the awful saw that seemed to be panting for its helpless victim. And yet, in spite of all, I began to remember every event in my life. Things I had long forgotten came up before me in all their reality. And still the saw panted and groaned for its victim. I fancied I could see Mary, too, looking on with a calm smile. Oh! how desperate this made me. Again and again I struggled to free myself, but could not alter my position in the least. My legs below the knees were free; I plunged them about desperately, and I could just raise my head sufficiently to see the horrid thing in its awful onward speed. At times I would shut my eyes to hide my doom, but then the saw seemed to be working faster and faster.

Only ten feet from my fate now! Would no one come to my help? I shouted with all my might—called out names that I knew; but all was no use. Nearer and nearer I got to it. I appeared like one intoxicated; everything was beginning to swim before me. I became desperate. I began to feel the saw-dust, as it was dashed from the horrid thing, come pattering in my face. Nearer and nearer the frightful glittering teeth came to me. Oh! it was horrible. Struggling was useless. I could feel the draft of the saw fanning me. To my imagination it took all sorts of horrible shapes; sometimes like huge snakes, sometimes like frightful beasts, but always with those fearful glistening teeth (which were soon to do their work) forming the most prominent feature. As the sound of its working came nearer, it seemed like the triumphant yell of some monster who was sure of its prey. I was in a frenzy. My brain grew dizzy. I gave one long, piercing, agonizing cry, and all became as black as night.

When I came to my senses, I found myself in bed in a strange place, feeling awfully weak.

"Where am I?" said I.

"You are with me," said a voice I knew well, and turning feebly round, I saw Mary, who had watched me through all the dangers of a brain fever.

It appeared my shrieking was heard by two men who were passing by on a hunting tour. They came in, saw my posi-

tion, and, scarcely believing their eyes, but rushing forward, stopped the saw when it was within five inches of my head.

I soon regained my strength, and the first time I left my room was on Christmas Day.

Mary and I were married the following spring. My story is now ended, and you know how I came to hate the sight of a saw-mill and be in my present business.

What became of Bill Smithers, did you say? I forgot to tell you that. The woods were scoured in search of him, but he could not be found. But during the winter the body of a man was found some miles away in the woods. He had been frozen to death. It was recognized as that of Bill Smithers, and from the fact of a bottle partly full of whiskey being found near him, it is supposed he had lain down in a drunken sleep, and so ended his career.

Our Illustrations.

A MURRAY BAY SCENE.

Our artist has depicted on our first page a scene with which those of our readers who are in the habit of visiting the watering-places of the St. Lawrence are doubtless familiar. "Seeing the boat in" is one of the many pleasant recreations which the *Staneurs* and *Staneuses* can indulge in without breaking in on the sweetness of the *far niente* so dear to them during "the heated term." Mr. E. Jump is the artist.

A biography of His Worship

THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL

appears on the next page. The photograph from which our portrait is taken is by Messrs. Notman, Montreal.

THE SS. "TIGRESS."

This staunch little vessel was, it will be remembered, a Newfoundland sealing steamer, and during her last trip came across the party from the "Polaris" who floated down from the north on an ice-bog. She was subsequently purchased by the United States Government, and fitted out to follow the "Junata" on the "Polaris" search expedition. She is a small, compact vessel, of about three hundred tons burden, strongly built, and fitted with every appliance which experience could suggest. Her bows for about fifteen feet aft of the cut-water are defended by iron bands against the ice. Two ice saws, each twenty feet in length, with teeth an inch deep, and a large assortment of ordinary ice-hooks, constitute the outfit for working a passage through the floes. Steam coil pipes run all around the interior of the vessel for heating purposes, to be supplied from the boiler when under steam; but a number of stoves, with a supply of pipe, have been put on board for use in the event of the ship being frozen in, or when the steam-boilers are not in use. In the lower hold there are two hundred tons of coal, and all the remainder of the space in the hold and between decks not above accounted for will be filled with provisions and clothing. The provender includes every variety of canned meat and vegetables. The personnel of the "Tigress" comprises forty men. Her captain, Commander James A. Greer, is Professor of Seamanship at the U. S. Naval Academy, and is an officer of great experience and ability. He is forty years of age, a graduate of the Academy, and during the late war was in command of several important expeditions. The family of Hans, the Greenlander, will be taken back to Disco on board the "Tigress" and the Equimaux, "Joe," will accompany the ship in her search, to act as interpreter.

A full account of

THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" BALLOON

is given elsewhere. The energy of our New York contemporary in the cause of science is deserving of a high reward, and we join in offering our best wishes for the success of this novel and daring expedition.

THE DECKER PARK RACES,

which opened in this city on Saturday week and continued until the following Friday, have given our artist a subject for some characteristic illustration. The picture sufficiently explains itself.

THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

We copy from the *Illustrated London News* a scene at the great naval review held at Spithead on the 30th ult. in honor of the Shah. The illustration shows the royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," with the "Alberta" and the "Vigilant" conveying the Shah's attendants, passing between the lines of iron-clad war-ships. Those on the right hand are the "Agincourt," flag-ship, which is nearest; the "Northumberland," "Audacious," "Hector," "Hercules," "Zealous," and "Valiant." On the left are the "Sultan," "Achilles," "Vanguard," "Monarch," "Black Prince," "Caledonia," and "Penelope." The turret-ships "Devastation" and "Hecate," on the right hand, the "Glatton" and "Hydra" on the left, are not shown in the sketch, having been passed by the royal yacht before the moment at which the sketch was taken; and the other steamers, "Enchantress," and "Galatea," "Tamar," and "Simoom" are not yet come up.

THE FASHION PLATE

is fully described in the Ladies' Department.

KATE STODDARD,

the Goodrich murderess, who, after baffling the New York police for months, has finally confessed her crime, has been variously known as Minnie Waltham, Jessie Willoughby, while her real name appears to be Lizzie M. King. The *Daily Graphic*, from which the portrait is taken, says:—She is neither remarkable for beauty, wit, nor accomplishments, but is endowed with a fortitude and nerve rarely to be found in those of the weaker sex. She claims to have been the victim of a mock marriage with Mr. Goodrich, and the palliation offered for the murder is that she shot him when he desired to cast her off. If her story be true, she had suffered extreme wrong at his hands. Her emaciated and attenuated figure gives evidence of suffering. Heretofore she was described as handsome in person, stately and lady-like in demeanor, and fashionable in dress. Now she is careworn and distressed, and indifferently clad, while her face is that of a woman prematurely old. Few could suffer unconcernedly the wrongs of which she complains. But her sorrow was light then to what it is now, though she seems to express little or no regret for the deed. Fiction rarely surpasses in dramatic interest the true story of her life, or that of the woman she chose to call her rival.

THE NEW POST OFFICE, MONTREAL.

This extensive building is being erected by the Dominion Government on the site of the old Banque du Peuple, St. James Street, corner of St. Francois Xavier Street, and adjoining the Montreal Bank. The foundation was, it will be remembered, laid on the 12th inst. by the Hon. the Minister of Public Works. The structure is to have 120 feet frontage on St. James Street, and 92 feet frontage on St. Francois Xavier Street, the whole being built of Montreal grey stone, the internal faces having an air space and brick lining for protection against dampness.

The facade on St. James Street will have an imposing appearance, the ground floor story being in the Doric style, and the second and third stories having full carved Corinthian columns pilasters and window dressings of a rich design. On St. James Street front there will be an arcade or portico for summer and winter entrances, with the latest improvements for the convenience of the public, with letter and paper slides inside and out of the building. The facade on St. Francois Xavier Street will be in keeping with St. James Street front, this facade having Corinthian pilasters, and being finished in every other respect similar to the main front. The other fronts will be of a plainer character. The top cornice for the two principal fronts is of a rich finish, with ornamental fascia with pateras, dental blocks and carved modillions with pannelled and moulded top finish to the roof. The roof as well as the towers will be in the French style, with crescent work for top finish; the centre or main tower terminating above the Mansard roof with a cornice and creating work, will have a clock showing three faces. This clock will have scroll and ornamental finish. The angle pedestals above the cornice including returns, as also chimney stacks, will be highly moulded and finished with top finials. The main lucarnes or dormer windows including the circular roof-lights, &c., will be of a neat style, giving an imposing appearance. The interior will be finished in keeping with the general design, and will have the latest and most approved arrangements for the public, and the Post-Office officials and employees. There will be strong fire-proof safes for all documents, letters, papers, &c., and hydrants and hose will also be provided in the building. The basement story will be occupied by the newspapers and mail-bags department, also keepers' apartments, coal cellars, furnaces, &c., &c. The ground or principal floor, will be occupied by the Post Office department, including Post Master's offices, Assistant Post Master, &c., &c. The second story will be occupied by Post Office Inspector, and others; leaving a third story to be laid out hereafter as occasion may require. The contractors are Messrs. Allard & Dufort, and the architect is H. M. Perault, Esq., of this city.

ALDIS BERNARD, Esq., L.D.S.,
MAYOR OF MONTREAL

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers a portrait of the chief magistrate of the City of Montreal. Dr. Aldis Bernard is a native of Canada, having been born on the banks of the beautiful Lake Memphremagog. He studied Dental Surgery in Philadelphia, and spent several years in the Southern States. In 1841 he came to Montreal, where he has ever since resided, and for many years he has enjoyed an extensive and lucrative professional practice. He has always taken an active interest in public matters, and has been prominently connected with several educational and other public institutions, such as the Mechanics Institute (of which he was at one time the President), the Natural History Society, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, &c., &c. In 1858 he was elected a member of the City Council for the Centre Ward, which, except during a short period when his residence was outside the city limits, he continued to represent up to the time of his election to the Mayoralty. He was for many years an Alderman, and was successively chairman of the Health, Police, and Finance Committees, as well as of many important Special Committees. He has been an active, energetic, and laborious member of the Council, and has taken a very prominent part in promoting the various improvements made by our Municipal Government while he held a seat in the Council. He was the author or chief promoter of many of the most beneficial laws enacted by the Council, such as the City Passenger Railway Law, the Prohibitory Sunday Liquor Law, the Northern Colonization Railway, &c., &c., all of which he advocated with great zeal and extraordinary eloquence. Last winter he was deputed by the Finance Committee to proceed to England to effect the sale of City Bonds, and he succeeded in negotiating a loan of two and a half millions of dollars. On the 23rd of last month he was elected Mayor of Montreal by the unanimous vote of the Council. From his extensive knowledge of city affairs, and his universally recognised executive ability, the people of Montreal are justified in expecting a wise and vigorous administration of our Municipal business.

THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

The Atlantic is first in the field this month. It opens with another of Mr. Parton's papers, "The Art of Being President," in which we get a fair insight into the ways of life at the White House at the commencement of the present century, and an interesting appreciation of Jefferson's administration in the Arcadian days when bribery was unknown—comparatively speaking—and nepotism was not. In bright contrast to this Golden Age of politics, is the description of the corruption of the present day given by Mr. De Forest in "Honest John Vane." The quiet style of irony in which this writer indulges is quite refreshing this hot weather. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, contributes a second, and more satisfactory instalment of "Gunnar, a Norse Romance," in which we follow the hero from his home into the small world of Norwegian country life. "The Social Experiment at New Harmony," is another chapter in Robert Dale Owen's Autobiography, in which, however, we are only taken as far as the writer's arrival in America. W. J. Hoppin commences a series of papers on Contemporary Art in Europe which promise to be of value; and Mr. H. James, Jr., gives in "Roman Rides" another chapter of an artist's recollections of the City of the Seven Hills. "Miss Helen" is a reasonable sea-side story, and Mr. James' review of Williamson's "Modern Diabolism," though brief and somewhat unsatisfactory, is good enough to make us wish for more. Louisa Chandler Moulton's poem "Question," is very far beyond the usual standard, and, with Oliver Wendell Holme's "Fountain of Youth" stands pre-eminent in this number. The Sanitarian contains as usual much interesting infor-

mation on the subjects belonging to the particular branch to which it is devoted. We recommend this publication to all interested in sanitary matters, of which it treats fairly and fully. Were a little more attention given to the instructions and precepts given in its pages we should speedily have occasion to congratulate ourselves on the diminution of the death-rate.

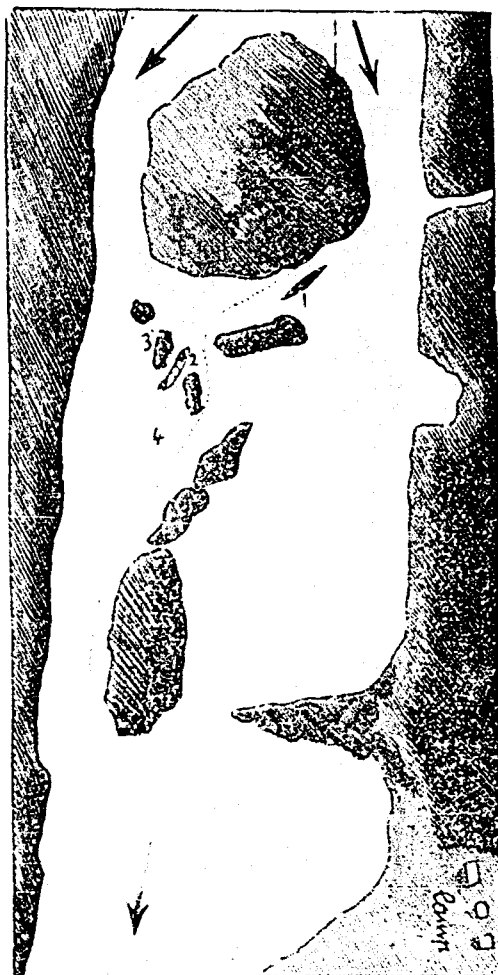


DIAGRAM OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER RAPIDS, THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT BY WHICH MESSRS. THOMPSON AND MCFARLANE LOST THEIR LIVES.

1. Canoe upset. 2. Canoe passing between rocks. 3. Rock from which the canoe was rescued after 26 hours' exposure. 4. Spot where Messrs. Thompson and McFarlane were last seen by the canoe man on the rock.

A private letter from Cacouna to a gentleman in this city gives the following details of the sad accident which resulted in the death of the late Messrs. McFarlane and Thompson:—"They went up a rapid in a canoe. One of the boat-men told them they had better not attempt it, but the other told them it was all right, and he was the best man down in these rivers. He was drowned, too, and his body was not found. The other man was on a rock for twenty-six hours, when a boat came to his help. It was a lonely place and not a human being was near, but one of the party, Mr. Thompson's servant, was on the shore, and when he heard a shout he went to the river side, and hearing what had happened, he started for the mouth of the river, a distance of eighteen miles, which he reached in nineteen hours—of course over a terrible road, where no one had ever been before. Fortunately, there was a boat there, with men who had landed for wood. They took him across, for he was on the wrong side of the river, and Mr. Macnab, the agent, went up to the place with him and they rescued the boatman on the rock. They did not find the bodies for ten days after."

THE GRAPHIC BALLOON.

The New York Daily Graphic gives the following details as to the dimensions, material, outfit, &c., of the balloon to be used in the great Transatlantic voyage. They are from specifications made by Mr. Donaldson:

There will be two balloons, the largest of which will be 318 feet in circumference, 100 feet in diameter, and 110 feet in height. When inflated and ready to start, the extreme height of the apparatus, from the crown of the balloon to the keel of the life-boat, will be 160 feet.

The great balloon will require 4,316 yards of cloth. The material is unbleached sheeting—of a thick, close quality, of the brand known as "Indian Orchard," purchased from Eldridge, Durham & Co., 340 Broadway. The crown of the balloon will be doubled for a distance of fifty feet from the top, with 150 yards of the same material, and a third thickness will be added of "Manchester Mills," bleached, of which 250 yards are required.

There will be 14,080 yards, or eight miles of sewing, in which 10,137,600 stitches will be made. The stitching is now being performed at the show-rooms of the Domestic Sewing Machine Company (corner Broadway and Fourteenth Street), by a force of twelve seamstresses. The thread used is silk and cotton, the top spool being silk.

The valve of the balloon will be three feet in diameter, and made of Spanish cedar, with a rubber-coated clapper closing on a brass plate. The valve fixtures and top of the balloon are the essential parts of the apparatus, and are being constructed with special care to guard against any accident of derangement.

The network will be composed of three-strand tarred rope, known as "marlin." The width of the net will be 212 meshes, and its breaking strength will be 58,300 pounds. Five hundred pounds of "marlin" will be used. From the netting 53 ropes, 1/2 inch in diameter, of Manilla, will connect with the concentrating rings. These ropes will each be 90 feet in length, or 2,770 feet in the aggregate. The concentrating rings will be three in number, to guard against breakage, and will be each fourteen inches in diameter, each ring being of wood, iron bound. These rings will sustain the car, life-boat, and trailing rope, and will bear the strain when the anchor is thrown out in landing. From the concentrating rings twenty-

four Manilla 1-inch ropes, each 22 feet long, or requiring 528 feet in all, will depend and form the frames for an octagonal-shaped car. They will be kept in place by light hoops, made of ash. The lower ropes will be connected with network, and over the network at the bottom of the car a light pine floor will be laid loosely, so that it can be thrown out if required. The car will be covered with duck, of which fifty yards will be needed. Attached to the side of the car will be a light iron windlass, from which the boat and trail rope can be raised and lowered as may be desired. From a pulley attached to the concentrating rings a heavy Manilla rope will fall down through the car, and thence to a sling, attached to which will be the life-boat. This boat will be of the most approved and careful construction. It will have water-tight compartments, sliding keel, and will be so made that it will be self righting. The boat will be provided with a complete outfit of oars and sails, and to it will be lashed instruments, guns, lines, &c., and provisions for thirty days, all in water-tight cases.

The trial rope, by which the aeronaut can maintain any desired altitude without resorting to ballast, will be of Manilla rope, 1 1/2 inch thick, and 1,000 feet long.

The car will be fully provided with instruments, provisions, &c., independently of the boat. It will be so constructed that it can be taken apart piecemeal and disposed of as ballast. It will carry about 5,000 pounds of ballast, which will consist of bags of sand, each carefully weighed and marked. Among the instruments to be carried in the car there will be a galvanic battery, with an alarm, two barometers, two chronometer watches, a compound thermometer, a wet and dry bulb thermometer, a hygrometer, compass, quadrant, chart, parachutes with fire-balls attached, and so arranged as to explode when striking the water, so as to indicate the direction traversed; marine glasses, two vacuum tubes, a lime stove, &c. A number of carrier-pigeons will be taken along, and despatched at intervals on the route with intelligence of the progress of the expedition.

The smaller balloon will be 40 feet in height and 34 feet in diameter, and will be made from 408 yards of "Manchester Mills." Its network will consume 20 pounds of 40 thread cotton cord and 6 pounds of Italian hemp. It will be attached to the concentrating wings of the large balloon, and will be used as may be required to test the upper currents or assist in feeding the large balloon.

The balloons will be coated with a varnish made of boiled linseed oil, beeswax, and benzine, and of these ingredients 1,000 gallons will be used.

The capacity of the great balloon will be 600,000 cubic feet of gas, but it will be inflated with but 400,000 cubic feet, which, at the height of one mile and three-quarters, will expand sufficiently to fill the balloon. The lifting power of illuminating gas is about 35 pounds to the 1,000 feet, so that the balloon will have a lifting capacity of 11,600 pounds. The pressure will be 1 1/2 pounds to the square inch.

The weight may be summed up as follows:

	Pounds.
Balloon.....	4,000
Net and ropes.....	800
Car.....	100
Boat.....	1,000
Dray rope.....	600
Anchor and grapnels.....	300
Sundries.....	300
	7,100

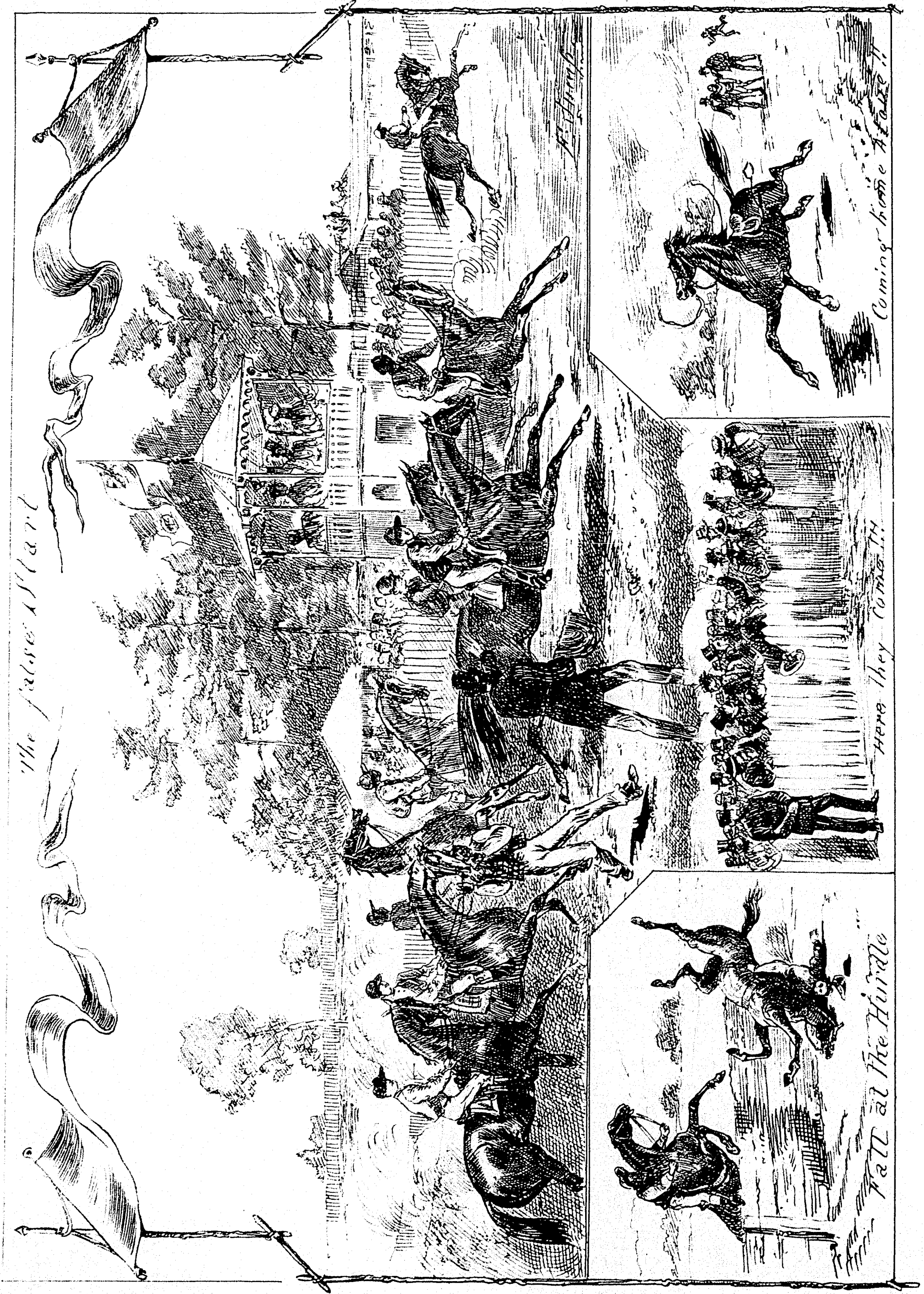
Then 4,500 pounds will be allowed for passengers and ballast.

Religious Intelligence.

NEW CHURCH.—A new Roman Catholic Church has been erected at Sutton, Ont.

CLERICAL NEWS.—The consecration of the Right Rev. Chas. S. Seghers, Bishop elect (R.C.) of Vancouver Island, took place at Victoria on the 3rd inst.—The Archbishop of Quebec has resumed his pastoral visits.—An ordination was held on the 16th instant at the Presbyterian Church, Nerepis, N.B., when the Rev. Isaac S. Simpson was inducted into the pastoral charge of Pisarisco, Nerepis, and Jerusalem.—The Rev. Mr. Hoffman, rector of the Levis College, has been appointed Curé of Saint Frederick, County of Beauce, vacant by the death of Rev. Mr. Moore.—The Rev. A. J. Mowitt (Presbyterian) has been inducted into the pastoral charge of Windsor, N.S., and the Rev. Mr. Rosborough to that of Musquodoboit Harbour.—The Rev. Jas. C. Smith, late of Belleville, was on Tuesday inducted into the pastorate of St. Paul's, late St. Andrew's Church, Hamilton.

GENERAL.—The Fifty-fourth Annual Conference of the Primitive Methodist Church met in London recently. The Conference was attended by over one hundred delegates, representing a body of a denomination embracing 160,658 members in Church fellowship; travelling preachers, 1,005; local preachers, 14,751; class leaders, 9,997; connexional chapels, 3,797; other preaching places, 2,535; Sabbath Schools, 3,506; teachers, 43,973; scholars, 296,512; day schools, 44; teachers, 79; scholars, 4,317. The decrease of 806 members on the year has met with a searching inquiry on the part of the Conference. It was stated that over 20,000 new members have been added to the various societies during the year, but this large number was not sufficient to cover the losses occasioned by death, falling away, and removals.—At the Centennial Session of U. S. W. M. Church at Philadelphia, on the 15th instant, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, the representative of the Canadian W. M. Church, of which he is the senior minister, stated that the denomination in this country now numbers 70,684 members, 632 preachers, and 233 missionaries, and during the last year Methodist churches have been built at the rate of one a day.—The United States census gives some interesting items about the Jews. In 1850 they counted only 13,371 members in the country, and in 1870, 73,265. In 1850 they had but 36 synagogues, and in 1870 they had 152. Such progress as this shows the attraction this country has offered this people. In Philadelphia they have eight synagogues, and in New York twenty-six. Metropolitan centres appear to be their favourite fields, and they will be found strong, relatively, in all the leading towns of the nation.—The Congress of Old Catholics is to be held at Constance in September, where John Huss was condemned and burnt to the stake, and where the innovation of depriving the laity of the sacramental cup was first sanctioned by a church council. They assembled at Cologne in June for the election of a bishop.



The false start

Coming home a fair!!

Here they come!!

Fall at the Hurdle

MONTREAL.—SKETCHES AT THE DECKER PARK RACES.



PROF. WISE'S AERONAUTIC ENTERPRISE.—THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" BALLOON.

HANS'S VISIT TO DER "GARDEN."

I.
 Von nichd I thought I'd go ub to der "Garden,"
 Vid my girl vat lif: vay off in "Avenue A."
 Cans I had some season tickets vat I'd borrowed.
 Ven der man vat kep' der blocs vas cross der vay.
 Ven I got into der hall I musd do something.
 In society to show I'd peen before.
 So I kissed a girl vas dhrinking sherry cobbleshtones,
 And purdy soon vent shkipping oud der door.

II.
 Dey vas blaying awful purty kind ov moosic:
 Dere vas f'lies, bolkas, succotsches too;
 Der first ting vas a "solo by a quartette."
 Und der next vas somevone's "sympathy in Q."
 Bud der best ting dat I saw blayed in my lifetime
 Vas cometing dat I'm going to relate:
 It vas blaying ov a liddle game ov "noker."
 Ven a fellow played two pair I had a "shstraight."

III.
 I shtayed at dat concert purty latish.
 Till der hour ov ten shtruck twelve upon der clook:
 My key hole it couldn't find my night-key.
 Und my house vas blaying tag ar-und der block.
 My boarding-house keeper vas looking oud der vinder.
 It vas yust so shstill you couldn't drop a pin.
 Ven a great big man, mid shield und club like so big,
 Came und said "he thought he'd haf to take me in."

IV.
 Now, I next before der Judge vas prought up shtanding.
 Mid two b'licemen py me all der time.
 Ven der Judge said to me, "Vat's your abb'lation?"
 I said, "Hans von Nicholas Gilseyhauseheim."
 He wrote dat on a great big sheet ov baber.
 Und den dat kind Judge to me did say:
 "Hans, you go up to der Island; it's so pleasant.
 Und shtay dere yust three weeks vrom to-day."

V.
 Und I said "Justice, don't you tink dat's blayed oud,
 Vat you send me to der Island right away?
 Here's der man vat keeps der boarding house I lif in.
 Vell shvare him dot I don't know vat I say;
 Und dat he always thought me kinder crazy."
 So Justice, vont you please to tink agin?
 But der Judge righd on dat point vas lefel headed.
 Said he didn't "vant to make me ond insane."

VI.
 So I shtayed on dat Island dere vor three weeks:
 But I don't tink dat I'll go ub dere agen.
 I can bedder spend tree weeks at Coney Island.
 Or can haf a bedder time at Hoboken.
 Und all a's came ov going to der "Garden."
 Und drinking beer.—Now, I shtay away, von bet.
 Vat? Vere's der girl dat vent dat night ub mid me?
 I don't know, perhaps she's vaiting ub dere yet.

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 Vat? Vere's der girl dat vent dat night ub mid me?
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GEORGE HOKY, in the Daily Graphic.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

RUNNING AWAY.

BY

A.

I like reading the advertisements of papers. It is well enough that I should know that the Carlists have routed the Republican forces in Spain, though it will be contradicted tomorrow; it is desirable that the extreme illness of the Sovereign Pontiff at Rome should be painfully perused by me half a dozen times, without that wonderful old man having passed to the shadowy realms beyond the Styx. It is my duty to read the political diatribes of the *Independent Highflyer*, though I see next day that its bitter denunciations against the Government are flung back with bitterer scorn by the *Thunderbolt*. I say it is well that I should read all these, I must be *au courant* with these statements; but I come to the advertisements *con amore*. Here I get revelations. I know the state of trade, I know how many struggling governesses are begging for places, I know how many mistresses are employing female help in their kitchens, I know how many poor clerks—and I see their pale wives and meagre children—are beseeching situations; and then, what gleams of romance we sometimes come across! "Tootles, come home and all will be forgiven." Oh, you wicked Tootles, what did you do? Go home this instant and be forgiven. "Minnie waited at the old place. For God's sake, write." Sir, have you betrayed that girl, and will not that passionate wail reach your heart? These little glimpses of romance are usually of the sorrowful sort. They are glances, momentary glances at the naked heart, and we know, madam and sir, that when we apply the moral scalpel to that organ we find much sorrow and sadness.

Hand me my pipe. I lie down and weave these shadowy hints into little romances, which live and die in the smoke wreaths. There is an unpersonal sorrow and we enjoy it. I don't know Minnie or Tootles and may never know them in the flesh; but they live their brief existences for me. Puff, puff, they breathe and speak, they have their heartaches and sorrows. They run away and return again and are reconciled. The spark has died out in my clay pipe, the tankard of porter is exhausted and the little drama of their existence is over. I gave them a fanciful romantic existence, and my dream children pleased me:—perhaps Tootles in the flesh is a drunken roval, perhaps Minnie is no better than she ought to be.

The other day my glance fell on the following advertisement:

"Ran away, on Monday last, a young Italian boy, 12 years old, dark complexion; used to play violin on the streets. Any one giving information that will lead to his recovery, to his guardian, will receive \$5 reward."

I would like to meet that dark complexioned little Italian boy, with his passionate soul, in revolt against a cruel master. Do you recollect the sunny South, had you parents who sold you away into another land, or were you kidnapped and have you known hunger and angry blows? Did you once love to converse with your violin, now a badge of slavery, and hear its sweet low response to your gentle touch? Have you heard of Baptiste Lulli, and have you longed for some Michael Lambert and kind-hearted Mademoiselle to take you by the hand and lift you out of the drudgery and toll, and encourage you in your love of the sympathetic violin? And you ran away. Take care, my *ragazo*, that you have not committed the ab-

surdity of *Gribouille, qui se cacha dans l'eau crainte de la pluie!*

I have a sympathy with you in your running away. Who of us but has a longing to do the same at times, and leave his business and his labours? But Care, like our own shadow, pursues us. We mount our good nag and the Care is behind us; we go aboard the railway cars or pace the deck of the steamer and, all too constant, our companion is by our side. Sinbad was not happy when he had that uncomfortable old man on his back, with his ugly short legs twisted about his neck; but have we not all this old man; is not that *Atra Cura* always clinging about us and weighing us down, and is it any wonder that we have that passionate longing to run away? The wail came from the heart of David when he prayed for the wings of the dove that he might fly away and be at rest, and the wail breaks from our hearts now in sighs and passionate longings.

I knew a certain statesman who had the confidence of his Sovereign, and could command majorities in the House,—a hard-working, far-seeing, astute politician; but Care pursued him. When he left his office (whether in Downing street or Rideau street,) Care followed him home; did he take a holiday, Care was with him; he was worried, as you and I, sir, with our little troubles have no conception of, and he would seek relief in the wine-cup, and thus for a little while leave Care behind him.

I know a newspaper writer, a hard worker, who furnishes many articles to the leading dailies, and who writes extensively for magazines and weeklies, who regularly takes opium every Saturday night and goes to the theatre. He leaves the ugly Care behind him. Under the influence of the drug he takes a rosier view of life. The clumsy flounderings, to you and me, sir, of Mlle. Zepherina, are poetic and sylph-like motions, set to the rhythm of music, to his quickened faculties. The very ordinary singing of Miss Squeakforth takes a higher range in his fancy. The glamour that he has purchased for so many cents is on all he hears and sees, and *Senor Cura* is left grinning and mowing out of sight.

God knows, I am no advocate for getting drunk; but I can look with less harshness on my brother when I know he plucks off the lotus fruit not through a depraved appetite, not for mere sensuous indulgence, but as an escape from Care, a means of unbending the strained mind that without relief must break. God help us! Who are you, madam, sitting in purple ease, to judge of my case? What do you know of the racked mind and the intense sensitiveness of some brother, at whose very name you curl your aristocratic nose? Has Care never rustled near you, madam, and have you never taken your dram of Bitters to nerve you against his whispers?

How strong this desire to run away comes on us all at times. Madam, you have run away from that *fanfaron*, your husband. His silly braggadocio drives you into the mild dissipation of gossiping, and you run from home and children and domestic affairs, and you chat and chat with Mrs. Saweeds and Miss Spargrass and Mrs. Spergus and others,—you know you do. You run away!

You poor old soul, I pity you, with your limp, untidy wife, who suggests dampness, with the ill-kept, peevish children. While I condemn you as a judge for running away and going to the theatre and flirting with the *ballerina*, I sympathize with you as a man.

How many boys run away because home is cheerless, because a gloomy spirit of fanaticism, misnamed religion, clings to everything like a wet blanket, and innocent amusements are tabooed, and the home circle is more dismal than the front seat in a mortuary chapel during an epidemic. Tom ran away, and is to be found with M.M. Carom and Blackleg in a certain gaming-hell night after night. Were it not better, sir, that your son were at home playing a rubber of whist with you and his two charming sisters, while Ma was playing one of Schubert's exquisite symphonies or mending the stockings, and that you could relax that gloomy scowl of yours now and then?

Girls, too, run away to escape from nagging mothers, who are always fault-finding and wishing for old heads on young shoulders. Oh, fathers and mothers, for God's sake make home a happy place, which your children will long for as an asylum where Care cannot enter, and let them have no desire to run away from their own ingle nook.

Art and Literature.

A statue to John Stuart Mill will shortly be erected in London.

The Appletons have nearly ready "The Geneva Arbitration," the official report, including all the documents.

The Utrecht manuscript of the Athanasian Creed, concerning which so much discussion has arisen, has been lent by the Dutch Government to the British Museum.

M.M. Erekmann-Chatrian are writing a new story, "Une Campagne en Kabylie, racontée by a Chasseur d'Afrique."
 Mr. G. A. Sala is now entirely recovered from the severe ailment under which he has for five months been labouring, and has resumed his literary duties.

Estes & Lauriat, the new Boston publishers, announce a volume of lectures by Rev. Morley Punshon, the eloquent and popular English preacher.

The Rembrandt, commonly known as the Portalis Portrait, the subject being the daughter of a Dutch burgomaster, was sold in London recently for \$3,000. At the same sale Holman Hunt's "Strayed Sheep" went for \$5,105.

The French Academy has appointed the Duc d'Aumale director, and M. Littré chancellor for the quarter beginning the 1st instant.

The Committee of the Superior Council of French Public Instruction, charged to revise the famous circular of M. Jules Simon on education, has pronounced unanimously for the reestablishment of the Latin verses. They are also about to resuscitate the practice of Greek themes.

Wilkie Collins recently made his first appearance in England in the character of a reader, the occasion being a musical and dramatic matinee at the Olympic, London. The "dramatic story" which he selected was his tale, entitled "The Four-post Bed," which, originally inserted in *Household Words*, subsequently appeared in the collection entitled "After Dark."

Anthony Trollope's new serial, "Phinias Redux" was commenced in the number of the *London Graphic* for the 19th instant.

The nephew of the well-known Dutch painter, Ary Scheffer, M. Arnold Scheffer, a young artist of considerable promise, has just died at Venice.

Dr. Colby's Pills a radical Cure for Diseases of the Bowels.

Music and the Drama.

Mr. Toole, the celebrated English comedian, is about to visit this continent.

An opera in four acts, "Raphael," the libretto by the late M. Mery, and the music by M. Bellini, said to be a nephew of the great composer, has appeared at the Athénée, in Paris, and failed.

According to the *Presse Musicale*, Mme. Carlotta Patti having made an ample fortune, is about to retire from public life.

The latest Parisian lion is a tenor, who has just been discovered by M. Halanzier, the director of the Opera, and who, in addition to a lovely voice, is the lucky possessor of a handsome face, a fine figure, and a romantic history. M. Ludliss Mierzwinski had been condemned to death in Russia for a political offence, but his punishment having been commuted to imprisonment in Siberia, he was bought off by his father for £12,000, and despatched to France, where he is studying hard for his *debut*.

The "School for Scandal" has run for a whole year at the London Vaudeville.

Mdlle. Ima di Murska is engaged for the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, to appear as "Ophelia," next month, and will go in the autumn to America, to John Madame Pauline Lucca in an operatic tour.

Mr. T. C. King, the well-known English tragedian, has accepted a long engagement in the States.

Howe's new opera bouffe, in three acts, "Le Cid de Normandie," will be produced this winter in Paris, and probably in London.

The sale of the late Mr. Macready's effects was held in London on the first and second instant. Among the books were many presentation copies with autographs, and copies of plays marked for the stage by Mr. Macready.

The Viennese journals have published an appeal to the Beethovenists to afford aid to the widow of Carl Beethoven, the nephew of the great composer. The widow, it seems, had a small allowance for a short time from the opera-house at Vienna, but it was withdrawn when the new administrative arrangements were made.

Mdlle. Albani has left Paris altogether, and will in future reside in Milan.

There is no foundation for a report which has been circulated that Sir Michael Costa is about to retire from the musical profession.

It is stated that Mdlle. Wilt, a prima donna of the opera in Vienna, has been engaged to appear at Covent Garden during the next four seasons.

"Antony and Cleopatra" will be produced at Drury Lane this fall.

A difficulty has arisen over the Mass that Verdi has undertaken to compose in memory of the late Manzoni. The ecclesiastical authorities at Milan decline to permit women to sing in it, and the maestro, we are told, is not disposed to cut down his ideas to the standard of intelligence and ability possessed by boy choristers.

The receipts for the Parisian theatres during the month of April afford a curious indication of the direction of public tastes in Paris. At the head stands the Folies-Dramatiques, which with the "Fille de Madame Angot," an opera-bouffe, took upward of 150,000 francs; next comes the Opera, with 124,000 francs; and after that comes the Théâtre Français, with 121,000 francs. Last on the list of the principal theatres comes the Vaudeville, the receipts at which reached only the small sum of 40,000 francs.

It is related of Charles Matthews, the comedian, that he once put a ticket on his chamber door in a hotel in London, "Will be back in five minutes;" intending to step into the street and see a man in the next block. He did not, however, return for five years, having in the meantime gone to Australia and half over the world. It is evident from the elastic method of keeping engagements that Matthews should make his home in New York.

The London theatres are by this time nearly all closed. The latest intelligence is as follows:—"Charles I" is to be reproduced at the Lyceum, where "Richard" is to be revived in the fall. At the Gaiety Charles Matthews had given place to Mr. George Conquest, who has appeared in what is described as the "fantastic drama" of the "Snowfall." The hero of the piece is a drunken sexton, who in his delirium fancies that he is turned to stone, that he has afterwards awakened to find himself sobly in possession of a head; and finally that, restored to the use of a supple body and agile limbs, he is compelled to disappear down traps and reappear by sudden springs on trapdoor bars, to escape the capture of King Alcohol. At the St. James's, Offenbach's "Brigands" has been produced, with Mdlle. Front in the principal character, and at the Princess's Mdlle. Desclée has appeared in M. Sardou's "Maison Neuve."

The following is the latest London operatic intelligence:—On Friday, the 27th ult., "Il Barbiere di Siviglia;" on Saturday, "Rigoletto," with the resumption of the title-character by Signor Graziani; on Monday, "La Sonnambula;" on Tuesday, "L'Elisir d'Amore;" and on Thursday, the first performance in England of the Italian version of Auber's "Les Diamants de la Couronne;" on Friday, "Martha;" on Saturday, a repetition of "Les Diamants de la Couronne;" on Monday, "Il Trovatore;" and on Tuesday, the 8th, "La Nozze di Figaro," with Mdlle. Albani's first performance of the character of the Countess. At Her Majesty's Opera the performances have been: On Saturday, 28th ult., "Lucrezia Borgia;" on Monday, "Mignon;" on Tuesday, "Il Trovatore;" on Thursday, "Rigoletto;" on Saturday, "Norma;" on Monday "Faust;" and on Tuesday, "La Nozze di Figaro," for the first time this season.

A bold New York "conductor," Mr. Theodore Thomas, has determined to mend the manners of those concert *habitués* who talk persistently to their nearest neighbour, or for that matter, across a table or two, utterly disregarding the performance, and spoiling the enjoyment of those who have come simply to hear the music. One evening, when, during the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, the usual ill-bred chatter was at its height, he suddenly turned with a gesture of command to the drummers. At first the talkers, not seeing the point, kept on chattering. But the continued rolling of the drums, the laughter of the orchestra, and the emphatic applause of their music-loving neighbours, presently revealed it to them, and there was an end of the annoyance for that evening. At the very next concert, however, it was renewed, and accordingly Mr. Thomas abruptly broke off the "Masaniello" overture, and said he would wait till the ladies and gentlemen had quite finished. An evening or two after he had occasion to repeat the lesson—and did it.

At the Dramatic Lyceum last week "The Winning Hand" ran for six nights. This week Oliver Doud Byron has been appearing in his well-known specialties.

The Lindley Combination Troupe were playing in Toronto last week, the bill of fare consisting of "Cynthia the Zingara," "Cato," "Bossy Leigh," "Oliver Twist," "Dora;" or the Christmas Dinner," and "John Bowtry." "The Black Crook" has been running this week.

"Chris and Lena" was the sensation at the Montreal Theatre Royal last week. On Monday, J. W. Albaugh opened with a new drama, "Watch and Wait," of which he intends to make a specialty.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

SUNSTROKE ONCE MORE.

There have been learned discussions upon sunstroke lately, which have dealt with various climatic influences to which the dire calamity may possibly in part be attributed, apart from the great heat of the season; but these have altogether left out of sight that important part of every discourse—the application to practice. After all, it is far better to be useful than clever. There can be no objection, of course, to our acquiring the fullest knowledge of all the causes that contribute to bring about such a terrible human infliction; but it is not the ultimate cause so much as the infliction itself that we have to battle with; and when the "heated term" is upon us it is the very last occasion to be impractical and merely speculative in our enquiries. So we say again, the people should be warned, and the editorial conscience should take upon itself the duty. The brain is the sensorium of the human body, all the other organs being subsidiary to it. Whatever may be the influences in climate or clothing that accelerate the seizure,—and it is quite right that we should study them—it is certain they can operate for evil only through the brain and its dependent nerves. Till the brain is thus overpowered, the general frame will not give way. The true protection is to keep the brain cool. We may do this by remaining in a perfectly sheltered place, but failing that, both shade and evaporation applied to the brain have the effect of warding off the heat. Therefore the white cover for the hat, and the moistened handkerchief or sponge within it, with just sufficient water (taken when the body is not too warm) to appease the stomach and its nerves, are once more recommended. Clothing, generally, should be so light in hot weather as to avoid the sense of oppression from that source.

GOSSIP ABOUT TELEGRAMS.

The word "telegram," as our classical readers know, and as it appeared in a learned correspondence in the Times some thirteen years ago, is a barbarism. It ought, grammatically speaking, to be "telegrapheme." From grapho we should no doubt have "gram," but then, grapho, according to the analogy of the language, would, in composition with any word but a preposition, become "grapeo." Hence the verb would be "telegrapeo," and the derivative "telegrapema," "telegrapeheme." "Monogram," which would seem to be a precedent for "telegram," belongs to an age of degenerate Greek—the age of Chrysostom. In the adoption of "telegram" instead of the grammatical "telegrapeheme," we have one of the many thousands of instances in which the genius of our language prefers brevity to accuracy, or, as some would say, utility to pedantry. By the way, how much we are indebted to the Greek language for compound terms, in business as well as in science! There have been a greater number of useful and wonderful inventions during the last hundred years than during any previous century; but though some of these inventions are more useful, none is so wonderful as the electric telegraph. Had the Arabian Nights related the delivery of a message and the receipt of an answer to it at the distance of a thousand miles within two minutes, we should, in pre-telegraph days, have classed the tale with the marvels of Aladdin's lamp or Fortunatus's cap. In this achievement science has produced nearly as great a wonder as magic has been supposed to produce, or an Oriental imagination has conceived. The electric telegraph, with its preponderating advantages, has some evils in the opposite scale. It brings grievous news with a terrible celerity. It gives an enormous accession of trouble in official and mercantile life. A despatch or a letter has been written after much deliberation and consultation. Suddenly a telegram comes, altering all the conditions of the problem which had to be solved. The whole subject must be reconsidered and a fresh massive composed. The man of business never knows when his correspondence during the passing day will end, for news requiring an answer may reach him at any moment. Or he has laid out his day's work; then comes a telegram involving an entire alteration of his plan, and the relegation of present business to another day. Or a number of telegrams pouring in perplex him by the multiplicity of different matters, each demanding immediate attention. Or he thinks he has finished his day's work; before he leaves his office, possibly when he has reached his home, a telegram comes, and he has to resume his task. The telegraph is the messenger of the unforeseen and unexpected. It may also be the irresponsible and untraceable means of spreading mischievous falsehood, for the receiver has no guarantee of the sender's truthfulness, or even of his identity, such as would be furnished by his handwriting or signature. The style of telegraph writing is a curious innovation on received forms of speech. There is a condensation of meaning, an elliptical mode of expression, where words are sent so many for a shilling! Such language has hitherto been called "laconic;" it might now be termed "telegrammatic!" If something of this style were to be extended to our literature, and still more to our public speaking, there would be a saving of time and patience. The publication of the telegrams which have passed through a large office during one year would present a complete "section" of human life, with its joys and sorrows, interests and anxieties, prosperous and adverse occurrences. What Juvenal says of his "Satires" would apply to such a publication:

"Quisquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira voluptas, Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli."

"All men's affairs, their hopes, fears, pleasure, rage, Joys, and pursuits, are, crowded in my page."

"Your house burnt down"—"Dead"—"Dangerously ill, come directly"—"Has had a bad accident"—"How is"—"Much better." A telegram we know of came from the western coast of America with the single word "married." There would be invitations to public meetings of every kind, invitations to dinners, festivities, and other occasions of indoors or out-of-doors pleasures, invitations to baptisms, weddings, funerals! One telegram would announce a bankruptcy or a failure, another a splendid success in trade, or in intellectual competition. An intelligent clerk at a telegraph office has the best opportunity of taking a wide survey of human life, and obtaining a knowledge of the world. No event would surprise him, from a revolution down to a broken leg. He has the materials for making himself a philosopher!—Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

No person should be without Jacobs' Liquid.

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. H. R.—The request in your last favour will be attended to. Problems will appear in due course. J. H., St. Liboire.—We shall endeavour to make room for your interesting communication at an early date. A. T. M., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 88 received. G. E. C., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 88 received, correct.

We presented, a short time ago, a game, which was one of several played by correspondence between Messrs. J. A. Russell, Toronto, and J. White, Montreal; our readers will find appended two others of the series.

Scotch Gambit.

- White—Mr. W. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. P. to Q. 4th 4. B. to Q. B. 4th 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd 6. B. takes K. B. P. ch. 7. Q. Kt. takes P. 8. K. Kt. to Kt. 5th 9. B. takes P. 10. Q. to K. B. 3rd ch. 11. P. takes Kt. 12. Q. to Q. 5th 13. Castles. 14. B. to K. 3rd (c) 15. Q. Kt. to Q. Kt. 5th 16. Kt. takes B. 17. B. to K. B. 4th 18. B. takes Kt. 19. Q. takes B. P. ch. 20. Kt. to K. 6th ch. 21. Q. to K. B. 4th ch. 22. Kt. to Q. B. 7th Black—Mr. R. P. to K. 4th Q. Kt. to B. 3rd P. takes P. B. to Q. B. 4th P. takes P. K. to B. sq. K. Kt. to K. 2nd P. to K. Kt. 3rd P. takes B. (a) Kt. in Kt. to K. 4th (b) Q. to K. 2nd P. takes P. B. to Q. 3rd (d) Kt. to K. B. 2nd Kt. takes K. Kt. R. to K. R. 4th P. takes B. K. to Kt. 2nd K. to R. 3rd K. to R. 2nd Resigns.

(a) Kt. takes B. would have left White a forced won game. (b) Q. to K. 2nd ch. might have been better. (c) The best move, apparently, to maintain the attack. (d) Instead of this, Black might have equalized the game, at least, in a few moves by playing—14. B. takes B., and 15. P. to Q. 3rd for the White Kt. would then have been forced to retreat.

Evans' Gambit.

- White—Mr. W. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. B. to B. 4th 4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd 6. P. to Q. 4th 7. Castles. 8. P. takes P. 9. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd 10. P. to Q. 5th 11. Kt. takes Kt. 12. K. to R. sq. 13. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd (b) 14. P. to K. B. 3rd 15. P. to K. Kt. 3rd 16. Q. takes Kt. 17. K. to Kt. 2nd 18. Resigns. Black—Mr. R. P. to K. 4th Q. Kt. to B. 3rd B. to Q. B. 4th B. takes Kt. P. B. to Q. B. 4th P. takes P. P. to Q. 3rd B. to Kt. 3rd B. to Q. 2nd (a) Kt. to K. 4th P. takes Kt. Kt. to K. B. 3rd Kt. to K. Kt. 5th Kt. takes K. R. P. (c) Kt. takes R. Q. to K. Kt. 4th P. to K. K. 4th Resigns.

(a) This and Black's next move are not considered reliable if the attack be continued correctly. (b) An error, as will be seen presently. (c) The winning move; Black's attack on the King's side becomes irresistible in a few more moves.

A dashing skirmish played recently in the Montreal Chess Club.

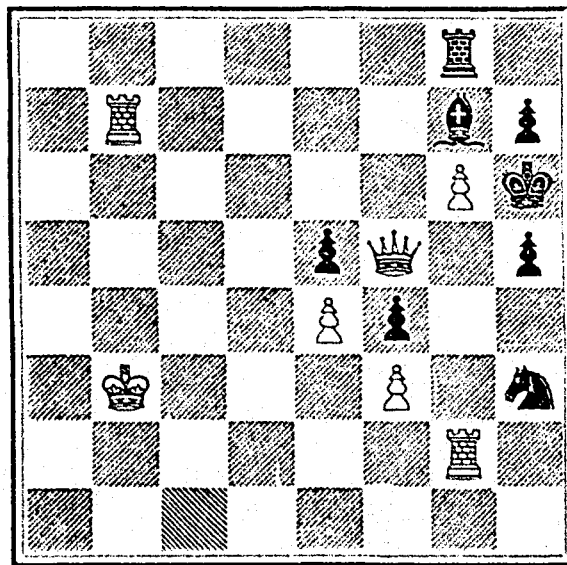
Irregular opening.

- White—Attack. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. B. to B. 4th (b) 4. B. to Kt. 3rd 5. P. to Q. R. 3rd 6. P. to Q. R. 3rd 7. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd 8. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd 9. Castles. 10. B. takes Kt. (c) 11. Kt. to Kt. 3rd 12. Kt. to K. B. 5th 13. Q. to Q. 2nd (d) 14. P. takes Kt. 15. Q. R. to K. (e) 16. K. to R. 17. K. to K. 4th 18. Kt. to R. 4th 19. Kt. takes Q. 20. K. to Kt. 2nd 21. Q. takes P. Black—Defense. P. to K. 4th B. to B. 4th (a) P. to Q. Kt. 4th P. to Q. R. 4th Q. Kt. to B. 3rd P. to Q. Kt. 5th K. Kt. to R. 3rd Castles. P. takes Kt. K. to R. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd Kt. takes Kt. Q. to K. B. 3rd K. R. to Kt. R. takes Kt. P. (f) Q. takes P. R. takes B. P. R. takes K. ch. R. takes Kt. R. to Kt. sq. ch. And Black has a forced won game.

(a) In defiance of "authorities" in general. (b) White, of course, should have taken the K. P. (c) The advantage of doubling an adversary's Pawns, in similar positions, is frequently more than counterbalanced by the open file for his Rooks. (d) Kt. takes R. P. or Kt. takes K. P. would have been better. (e) Probably the best move, as the Pawn at B. 5th was indefensible. (f) Well played; the ending is brilliant on the part of Black, and perfectly sound.

PROBLEM No. 90.

By J. W. BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 88

- White. 1. Kt. to Q. 5th 2. Kt. to Kt. 2nd. dlo. ch. 3. Kt. to R. 4th. mate. Black. B. or Kt. takes Kt. (best) Any move.

News of the Week.

DOMINION.—At Halifax the "City of Washington" enquiry has terminated in the suspension of the captain's certificate for one year.—The Governor-General has visited Charlottetown, P.E.I. Considerable enthusiasm was manifested by the citizens.—We learn from Toronto that small-pox is on the increase.—The Duke of Manchester and Viscount Mandeville have arrived per SS. "Prusslan." They will be the guests of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Madame Caron.—The Menonite delegation are in Ottawa, and will have an interview with the Hon. Minister of Agriculture, with a view to ascertaining what the Dominion Government will do towards aiding their countrymen to settle in the North-West.—Rev. Mr. Ancient has received a magnificent gold watch from the citizens of Chicago for the bravery displayed by him in rescuing passengers from the ill-fated "Atlantic." Mrs. Riley, daughter of Mrs. Cleary of Prospect, and Misses Agatha and Kate O'Brien, daughters of a Prospect fisherman, also received from the citizens of Chicago a locket and gold chain each; also Mrs. Riley \$98, and the Misses O'Brien \$48 each, for the attention shown by them to the shipwrecked passengers on that memorable occasion.—At Lindsay, Ont., last week, one Nesbitt, a carpenter, shot a girl with whom he was keeping company for refusing to go out with him. A verdict of murder was returned. The murderer is a married man.—The crops throughout Nova Scotia are promising. In Cape Breton the fishery has proved very remunerative, and there is considerable activity at all the coal mines.—Shipbuilding is brisk this year at Prince Edward Island.

UNITED STATES.—The following despatch has been received by the Anglo-American Cable Company's agent in New York: "The telegraph fleet arrived at Sydney, C.B., last night. The cable from Placentia was buoyed thirty-five miles from Sydney, the 'Hibernia' having paid out all she had on board. As soon as the shore ends are laid, the 'Edinburgh' will lay the other cable from Sydney to Placentia.—At a meeting held recently at the University in Washington in favour of international arbitration instead of war in cases of national dispute, resolutions were offered endorsing the resolutions of the British House of Commons, and were adopted.—There were several large fires at Louisville last week.—Yale proved the victor in both University and Freshman races at the College Regatta at Springfield.

UNITED KINGDOM.—The Queen has given her consent to the marriage of Prince Alfred and the Grand Duchess Marie.—The Directors of the Bank of England have reduced the rate of discount to 4 per cent.—The Irish team have won the Echo Shield at Wimbledon. This is the first time Irish rifle-men have succeeded in carrying off the prize.—Lord Westbury is hopelessly ill.—It is stated that Parliament will be prorogued on the 2nd prox. The Judiciary Bill, abolishing the powers of the House of Lords as a Court of last appeal in certain cases, has passed in Committee.—A disastrous accident occurred last week on the Caledonian Railway, by which two persons were killed outright, and thirty injured, some fatally.

FRANCE.—Henri Rochefort will be sent to New Caledonia on the 31st inst. The Assembly will shortly adjourn till November.—The Government has instructed the Prefects of the occupied Departments to interdict public rejoicings on the occasion of the evacuation of the territory by the German troops.

GERMANY.—In consequence of the outbreak of rinderpest among Russian cattle, importation has been prohibited.—Cholera is on the decrease.

SPAIN.—The report of the capture of the town of Estella by the Carlists is confirmed.—The Captain-General of Barcelona has authorised the citizens to organize for protection against the operations of the International Society.—The following is the official list of the new ministry:—President, N. Salmeron; Minister of Finance, Fernando Gonzalez; Minister of State, Senor Loller; Minister of Justice, Senor Rodriguez; Minister of War, Senor Gonzalez; Minister of Interior, Senor Malonave; Minister of Marine, Senor Oviedo; Minister of Colonies, Senor Palanca; Minister of Public Works, Senor Gondalen.—Two thousand Carlists have entered the Province of Valencia.—President Pi y Margall has refused to negotiate with the Carlists for the exchange of prisoners, but he authorised the Republican commanders to come to an understanding unofficially with the Carlist chiefs to secure the proper treatment of Spanish troops falling into the hands of the insurgents.—The Carlists have again laid siege to Puycerda. They claim that they have now 10,000 men under arms.—The Spanish Government has ordered war vessels to cruise along the Coast of Biscay, to prevent the landing of cargoes of arms and military stores for the Carlists.

AUSTRIA.—Several cases of cholera have occurred at Vienna. It is said the authorities of that city are endeavouring to suppress the particulars.

BELGIUM.—The ex-Queen of Spain has arrived at Brussels. RUSSIA.—It is reported that four hundred German residents of Russia have left in a body for the United States, the Government having declared them liable to enforced military service.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

THE FASHION PLATE.

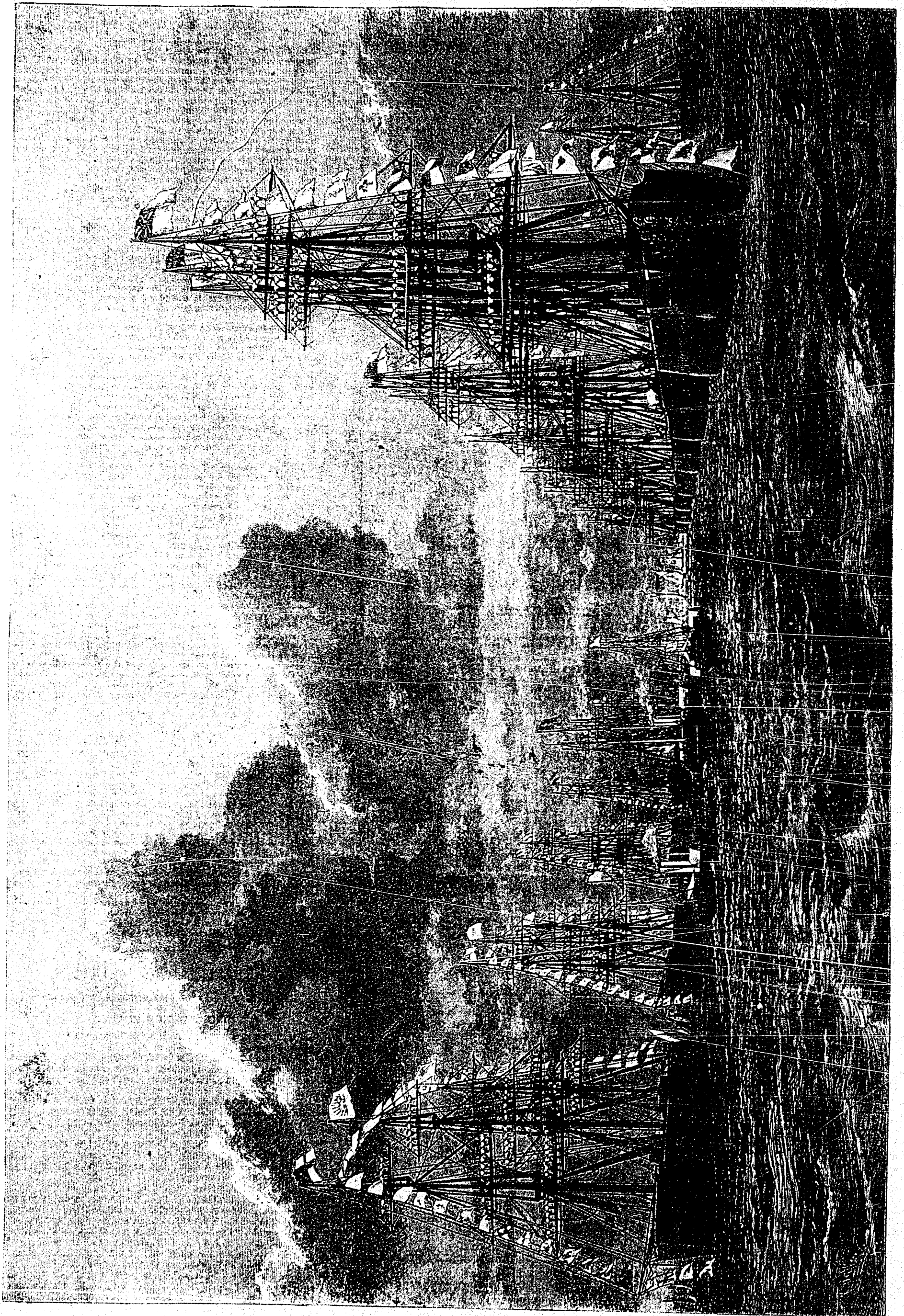
Fig. 1 is a revers collar, made up of Swiss muslin, embroidery and lace.

Figs. 2 and 3.—The collar is of fine white linen, trimmed with pleated lace edging and pale lilac crepe-de-chine. The cuff is arranged in a similar manner, with a pleated trimming edged with lace.

Fig. 4. Collar and Cuffs.—The collar is of Swiss muslin, trimmed with inch deep lace insertion, 3/4 inch and 1 1/4 inch lace, 1/2 inch embroidered border, and bows of 1 1/2 inch pink grosgrain ribbon. Cuffs to match.

Fig. 5. Cashmere Mantelet.—The material is black cashmere, with a lustrine lining, and trimmed with gathered black lace, passementerie border, and tassels. The mantelet is fastened with hooks and eyes.

Fig. 6. Swiss Muslin, Insertion, and Lace Jacket.—This jacket is made of gathered puffs of Swiss muslin and lace insertion an inch and three-eighths wide, and trimmed with gathered lace five-eighths of an inch and an inch and three-quarters wide. First make the back and fronts, as shown by the illustration, of Swiss muslin puffs and lace insertion, and trim the jacket on the edge with a straight strip of Swiss muslin half an inch wide, to the under edge of which the wide lace is sewed. Trim the jacket with the narrow lace as shown by the illustration, and furnish it with buttons and button-holes for closing. Make the sleeves of Swiss muslin puffs and lace insertion, gather them on the under edge, and set on one row of insertion, a puff, and another row of insertion, as shown by the illustration. The puff is two inches and



ENGLAND.—THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.—THE ROYAL YACHT, WITH THE SHAH ON BOARD, PASSING BETWEEN THE LINES OF IRONCLADS.



FIG. 4.—Swiss Muslin Collar and Cuffs.



FIG. 2.—Linen and Lace Collar.



FIG. 1.—Revers Collar.



FIG. 3.—Cuff for Collar, Fig. 2.



FIG. 5.—Cashmere Mantelet.



FIG. 7.—Swiss Muslin, Lace, and Ribbon Cap.



Nr. 18. Jacke aus Mull. Einsatz und Spitze.
FIG. 6.—Swiss Muslin, Insertion and Lace Jacket.



FIG. 8.—Swiss Muslin, Lace and Watered Ribbon Cap.

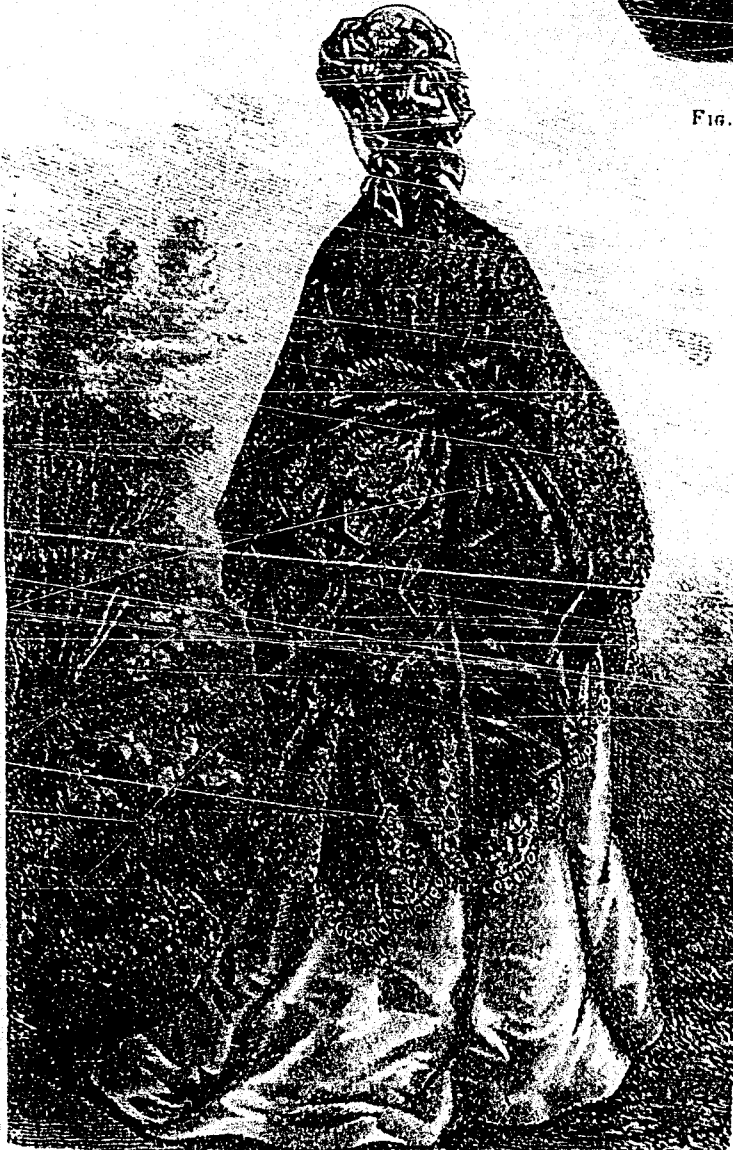


FIG. 11.—Lace Shawl arranged as a Mantelet. (Back.)

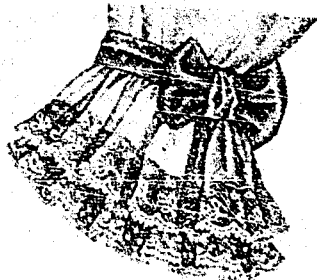


FIG. 9.—Cuff for Collar, Fig. 10.

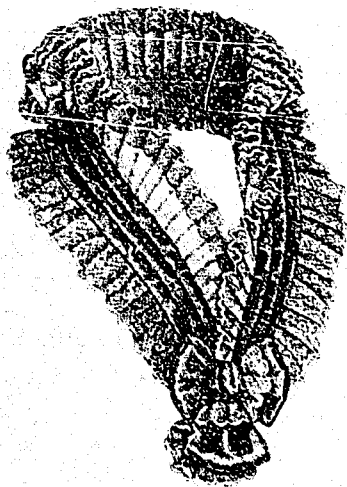


FIG. 10.—Swiss Muslin, Lace and Faille Fichu Collar.



FIG. 12.—Lace Shawl arranged as a Mantelet. (Front.)

seven-eighths wide in the middle, and is sloped off toward the ends to a width of an inch and a half. Join the under row of insertion with a Swiss muslin ruffle twenty-two inches and a half long, three inches and a quarter wide, and sloped off towards the ends to a width of an inch and three-quarters; this ruffle is bordered on the under edge with insertion and lace. Finally, set the sleeves into the corded armholes. The bows of pink grosgrain ribbon are set on as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 7. Swiss Muslin, Lace, and Ribbon Cap.—For the crown of this cap cut of double stiff wire, and bind it all round with lilac grosgrain ribbon. On the front edge of the crown set a pleated tulle ruffle an inch and a half wide, edged with lace an inch wide. Cut of Swiss Muslin on the bias one piece. Border this piece on the edge with lace an inch and a half wide, and cover the seam of the lace with a needle-work border three-quarters of an inch wide. Pleat the Swiss muslin, and gather it. Sew the Swiss muslin on the crown, and trim the cap, as shown by the illustration, with loops and ends of lilac grosgrain ribbon an inch and a quarter and two inches and a half wide.

Fig. 8. Swiss Muslin, Lace, and Watered Ribbon Cap.—For the crown of this cap cut of double stiff lace, edge this with covered wire, and bind it with blue ribbon all around. Sew the box-pleated Swiss muslin ruffles trimmed with lace on the crown as shown by the illustration, on the back edge of the crown fasten a veil arranged of Swiss muslin, lace insertion, and lace, and set on loops and ends of blue and brown watered ribbon two inches and three quarters wide.

Figs. 9 and 10. Swiss Muslin, Lace, and Faillie Fichu-Collar and Sleeves.—This collar is made of lace two inches wide, a pleated Swiss muslin ruffle trimmed with lace seven-eighths of an inch wide, and a pleated pink faillie ruffle, on a foundation of Swiss muslin. The seam of the ruffles and lace is covered by a pleated strip of faillie. A bow of faillie and lace is set on the front of the collar. Gathered Swiss muslin ruffles trimmed with lace are sewed on the under edge of the Swiss muslin sleeves. The seam of these ruffles is covered by a pleated strip and a bow of faillie.

Figs. 11 and 12. Lace Shawl arranged as Mantelet.—This mantelet is made of a shawl sixty inches square, which is folded in a triangle and cut through along the fold. Fasten the front ends of the mantelet at the bottom of the waist on the belt, in doing which lay them in several pleats, as shown by the illustration. The draping is effected by means of a band, thirteen and three-quarter inches long, fastened to the mantelet on the wrong side in the back at the bottom of the waist. Furnish the mantelet with a sash of black grosgrain ribbon as shown by the illustration.

DRESSING ON \$75 A YEAR.

Now that there is so much discussion about ladies' dress, the following from the *Pall Mall Gazette* may prove of interest:—"Dr. Johnson held that a man could live on threepence a day; twopence, we believe, for bread, and a penny for milk. A humourist, too, of the present time, has shown that it is quite possible to exist on a shilling a day, by breakfasting and dining with friends and keeping the shilling for cigars. A book was published a year or more ago to teach the art of keeping house on two hundred a year; and now a lady has come forward with a series of instructions on the mystery of dressing for £15 a year. Whatever may be thought of the means by which this end is to be attained, there is something very practical and straightforward in the reply the writer makes to those of her readers whom she imagines objecting to her at the outset that on £15 a year the thing cannot be done. For such the book is not written; and she admits, in any case, that it would be better to have twenty, or five-and-twenty, or fifty, or a hundred, to dress upon. The problem, however, is to dress on £15 a year, and the lady, we think, makes out her case that with good-will and determination it can be managed. To decide the point absolutely a jury of matrons would perhaps be necessary; but the project looks feasible enough as put forward in the little volume. It is sad to learn that the chief obstacles to dressing upon £15 a year have hitherto been husbands and male relatives generally, who are ready enough to complain if the ladies of the family spend too much money on their toilette, but the first, if they really endeavour to dress economically, to accuse them of 'dowdiness.' The dresser on £15 a year seems to get a good many dresses for her money in the course of the twelve-month; and though she cannot expect, on such a moderate outlay, to qualify herself for appearing at balls, she can attend dinner parties arrayed in black silk, which must be trimmed from time to time in new and various ways, so as to escape recognition. Her wardrobe, however, is organized with a special view to pic-nics, archery meetings, and water parties. Apart from the useful black silk, the costumes of the lady who is to dress on £15 a year are uniformly of a light and cheerful character, which, indeed, is to be maintained in spite of everything. Thus, if any member of her circle dies, she must not go into mourning, or, if she does, there will be an end to her dressing on £15 a year."

The latest *mode de Paris* is to have one's furs trimmed with lace; which is something like having hot plum pudding with ice cream sauce.

An Aberdeen testator has given, devised, and bequeathed his wearing apparel to his wife, for the reason that she had been accustomed to wear them during her married life.

On June 11, in St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, four candidates were admitted to the office of deaconess by the bishop of the diocese. There are now eleven deaconesses in the diocese of Long Island, who are well reported for character and efficiency in good works. The admission of the four was accompanied by services of great interest.

A lady of Massachusetts has a fuchsia which held for several successive weeks 250 scarlet and purple blossoms.

A wealthy but infatuated woman of Savannah has paid over \$1,600, at various times, to fortune-tellers; but her luck has never changed.

A young lady on the third tier of the opera proposed this riddle to a married gentleman while he was looking up admiringly at her from the stalls:—"Why is a hen-pecked husband like an opera-hut?" He said, "As you are apparently so much more elevated than I am, I give it up." She replied, "Because he's very big when he's out, but immediately shuts up when he gets home." He responded by the following:—"We are told that there is nothing made in vain. But how about a pretty young girl? Isn't she maiden vain?"

The Woman of the Future, according to an English authority, is to be dressed as follows: I think that a hat of one of the many

pretty shapes which have been worn for some years past, with the glossy hair floating over the shoulders, the figure displayed by a tight-fitting dress, a looped-up skirt, full at the hips; a bright-coloured sash, tied behind; the petticoats excessively short, fully displaying long, brilliantly white trousers, falling gracefully across the instep, just showing the open-worked stockings, and the feet flashing brightly in the pretty patent-leather shoes and sandals I have written of before, constitute the most piquant, dainty, and captivating costumes devised for girls.

An eighteen-year old girl in Cincinnati has had six thousand photographs taken of her. Think of the number of negatives from one so young!

Nearly all the married women in the world wonder whom their husbands will marry next. And a good many of these husbands don't care a fig what becomes of the querists.

The fashions in ornaments are undergoing quite a revolution, as very few earrings and lockets are now worn by our *légionnaires*. Bracelets, which had to some extent been abandoned, are now, on the contrary, very much in favour, particularly a style of bracelet called "porte-bonheur," which is a plain gold circle, of equal width all around, and without the slightest ornamentation. The only styles of earrings now affected are diamonds and pearls without drops. Chatelaines are in great favour, and especially old ones; and on the right or opposite side there is a silver or gold hook, from which is suspended the large black fan, painted with flowers and mounted on ebony sticks.

Here is a fine type of young woman pervading Michigan: Lizzie and Lydia Taylor have been settling type in the office of the *Battle Creek Journal* for five years, earning from \$8 to \$20 a week. From their earnings they support their mother, have lived well as housekeepers, bought a piano, taken music lessons, given \$100 toward the building of the Baptist church, and saved \$1200. They are unmarried! Are the young men of Battle Creek idiots?

TRAVELLING DRESSES.—For midsummer journeyings, a dress which separates at the waist, thereby permitting the use of linen blouses, is on every account most desirable. For cooler wear, one of the new redingote polonaises of gray de balze, with a black skirt, is the most serviceable suit. The redingote is a very long garment, fitting the figure behind, and being double-breasted and loose, or half-fitting in front, as choice or necessity dictates. It is closed in front by a double row of large buttons—moulds covered with the material or silk—and has large square pockets, square cuffs, and coat-collar either of the same, black silk, or silk the colour of the polonaise. A plain two-inch hem edges it, and it is looped behind, and left open half-way down the front. It covers the skirt so much that an old one will answer excellently, thereby saving a good one for a more important occasion. Linen dusters are not only convenient but necessary to comfort in a journey of more than a few hours. They are made either with a skirt and half-fitting sacque, which can be slipped over the dress (and we think this the most convenient form), or in a loose, gown-like garment, covering the dress to within a few inches of the bottom, and provided with sleeves that draw round the hand with an elastic. Buff linen collars and cuffs are used especially for car-wear, and do not show soil so soon as white; but for long trips we recommend paper cuffs and collars, which are now made in pretty shapes for ladies, and can be so readily renewed that the wearer need never look otherwise than fresh and neat.

Glass bonnets are among the novelties of the Vienna Exposition. These articles come from Bohemia, and specimens have been sent to Paris and London, and some also to this country, in the hope that they will become popular, and be "all the fashion" next fall. The hat is described as made of loose pieces of glass fastened closely together by a gutta-percha band, which allows it to conform to the head. Inside there is a lining of silk, and the trimmings are various. Birds and flowers are chiefly used for ornamentation, coloured so naturally that in appearance they are far superior to the usual artificial goods. A bonnet of glass weighs but a few ounces, only a very small quantity being used in its construction. Of course they are very durable, rain will not spot them, and the cost is said to be small.

DRYING FLOWERS IN NATURAL COLOURS.—A wooden box must be procured, deep enough for the flowers to stand up in without crushing; and in this they must be fastened upright, either by means of fine wire or cotton drawn round the stems to the sides of the box. The flowers should be freshly cut, but not wet. Take silver sand, and wash it, to remove all organic matter; dry it thoroughly, and wash again and again, till nothing but pure sand is left and perfectly dry. Then gently pour the sand into the box with the flowers, taking care that it supports the leaves, twigs, petals, &c., and does not crush them. This is a troublesome part of the process, as the sand must be poured in so very gradually, until the flowers are perfectly surrounded; and then proceed to pour a layer over the surface till quite covered. Leave the box in a place where it will not be disturbed for at least a fortnight, when the sand will have absorbed all the moisture of the flowers, and may be gently poured off. White flowers seldom answer well, as they will turn yellow. Cup flowers are best, but not double flowers or roses.—*BLUMEN.*

Forty-one of the leading artificial flower-makers of Paris have combined to send to the Vienna Exhibition a specimen of their united skill, which will prove incontestably that the capital of France still reigns supreme in the matter of flower manufacture. This patriotic contribution consists of a complete greenhouse, filled with flowers of every description, perfectly imitated. In it are hyacinths, the illusion of which are the fibres thrown out by the roots; bouquets, in which one sees the flower freshly-blown, and that which has been in existence but two hours; wild flowers, the soft grey down of which seems ready to float away. The whole work is a marvel of artistic skill and unexampled patience.

A girl presenting herself for a situation at a house where "no Irish need apply," in answer to the question where she came from said: "Sure, couldn't ye persuade by my accent that it's French I am?"

One of the neatest little inventions of the time is a patent bath-tub for birds. Every one who has had any experience in taking care of cage birds knows how shy they are in performing their ablutions. Now they will be no longer obliged to wash themselves in public. The new bath-tub is open at one end only, being covered by a hood. The bird is secure from curious eyes, and does not spatter the cage.

A Cincinnati man is said to be training himself for his approaching marriage by passing several hours every day in a boiler shop.

P. T. BARNUM TO THE PUBLIC.

A rumour,—originating with, and industriously circulated by unscrupulous showmen,—having gained credence, that I would divide my *Great Travelling Exhibition* on leaving Boston, I beg to state that such an idea has never been entertained for a moment. The vast enterprise,—involving a cost of one million five hundred thousand dollars,—is the crowning event of my managerial life, and, although acting against the advice of many experienced showmen, I will adhere to my determination to keep the monster combination intact during the entire season.

The public's obedient servant,

P. T. BARNUM.

Fun.

A farmer laughed himself almost to death "to see a cholera thief try to climb a tree with his knees all full of buck shot."

Statistics show that four thousand tons were frozen last winter through the carelessness of young ladies, who kept their beaux standing at the gate instead of asking them in. It wasn't much of a time for toes either.

A Danbury boy was on the stoop reading a murder trial, Saturday afternoon, when his father said to him, "How does the thermometer stand, Thomas?" "Unanimous for acquittal on the ground of insanity," was the mechanical reply. Thomas is sore yet, he says.

BRILLIANT.—An exchange says: "The Nebraska Indians are allowed to ride free on all the trains they can jump on while the latter are in motion. The tribe is being reduced very rapidly." This is by all odds the most effective and economical system of dead-heading on record.

COURTEOUS VERDICTS.—A coroner's jury, empannelled to ascertain the cause of the death of a notorious drunkard, brought in a verdict of "Death by hanging—around a shop." In California, a coroner's jury, under similar circumstances, rendered a more courteous verdict: "Accidental death while unpacking a glass."

THEORY AND PRACTICE.—A high school girl who was recently graduated in a neighbouring city, said in the course of her essay, "Let us avoid the frivolities of life and pursue the noblest ends only." The next day she was moved to tears in an agonizing attempt to decide the proper shade of blue for her complexion.

Houghton's "Monographs" has this new story of Sydney Smith:—He was good-natured and tolerant; but when Lord Melbourne, whom he had gone to see upon some business, interlarded his conversation with much cursing and swearing, he quietly remarked, "Let us assume that everybody and everything are damned, and proceed for the subject."

A young Englishman, by learning a little caution through service as a lawyer's clerk, got out of a breach of promise case very nicely. He paid his addresses chiefly by letter, in the most poetic strain, to a very pretty girl, but the ingenious young man invariably styled himself, "believe me, my own dearest, divinest, dearest Angelina, your fondest, most devoted (but without prejudice) Tommy." Angelina didn't understand the legal phrase, but it saved Thomas.

Some folks say that advertisements in the papers are not read. Upon this subject the *Mobile Register* says: "If any man affects to believe that advertisements are not read, let him advertise that he wants to buy a dog, for instance. If he is not furnished with every variety of animated sausage that morning, before breakfast, and, besides, with one or two sound grounds for suits against him for assault, we will break our golden rule, and dead-head his advertisement."

A Titusville man, being jealous, asked his wife to get him some poison. She obeyed, left him to take it, looked through the keyhole, and saw him pour it out of the window. Then she came back and he began to die for her benefit, kicking about and making a great disturbance. Then she said she would die too, snatched up and drank off the rest of the poison, and after he had called in all the neighbours and four physicians, she told him that the poison was liquorice water.

A correspondent says: "I have recently heard two stories about Israelites, which I know will be amusing, and which I hope will be new to your readers. The first is of Sir Moses Montefiore. When negotiating a loan on the Bourse, on which he was very 'keen,' a small knot of capitalists approached him. 'Oh dear,' says one, 'he is going to swallow us all.' 'No, my dear Sir,' said Sir Moses, with a caustic smile, 'my religion forbids me that.' The second is of a German Jew, who was eating a pork-chop in a thunder-storm. On hearing an unusually loud clap, he laid down his knife and fork, and observed, 'Well, did any poty efer hear such a fuss about a liddle pid o' bork!'

An exchange notes that at a shore-dinner, or clam-bake, in its vicinity the other day, a mother was *not dum tuent* clam-bake. She was accompanied by a son of five or six years, who, having gone through baked clams andchowder once to his stomach's content, and commenced over again on clams, drank heartily of water, and passed his cup for more. At this the mother, with a smart sprinkling of asperity in her tone, and with a manner that showed her to be oblivious to the fact that any one else was within hearing, said: "Look where! I've paid for a clam dinner for you, and now I ain't going to have you fling up with water." The little fellow paid strict attention to clams after that.

Scene in an Ohio smoking-car. Enter woman with poodle-dog. Deposits her companion on one seat, turns another seat, and sits facing the canine. Conductor soon appears, and advises her to find accommodations in another car which is not devoted to smokers. She prefers to remain, saying her presence would deter the occupants from the use of the weed. Gentleman in front of her presently produces his cigar, and commences puffing. The woman becomes aggravated. By a sudden strategic movement she wrests the cigar from his mouth and throws it out the window, exclaiming, "If there is any thing I do hate, it is tobacco-smoke!" Passengers are convulsed with laughter. Insulted gentleman is imperturbably grave. He calmly rises, reaches over the seat, takes the poodle by the neck, throws it out the window as far as possible, saying, "If there is any thing I do hate, it is a poodle-dog!"

The *Country Gentleman* suggests a way to prevent hens from eating their eggs. It is to fill an egg with a solution of pepper, and put the egg back in the nest. A Danbury man has tried this, and says it works like a charm. He put a pretty good dose of pepper in the egg, and placed it in the nest of the criminal. Pretty soon the hen came round, and took hold. It was a brindle animal, with long legs, and somewhat conceited. It dipped in its bill and inhaled the delicacy. Then it came out doors. It didn't gallop out, we don't mean, but it came out—came out to look at the scenery, and see if it was going to rain. Its mouth was wide open, and the feathers on the top of its head stood straight up. Then it commenced to go around the yard like a circus horse. Once in a while it would stop and push out one leg in a tone of astonishment, and then holler "fire," and start on again. The other hens came out to look on. Soon the hens from the neighbours came over the fence, and took up a position of observation. It was quite evident that the performance was something entirely new and unique to them. There is a good deal of human nature in hens. When they saw this hen dance round and have all the fun to itself, and heard it shout "fire," and couldn't see the conflagration themselves, they flared up with wrath, and of one accord sprang upon it, and before the Danbury man could interfere, the brindle hen with the long legs was among the things that were. He says the recipe is effectual.—*Danbury News.*

The proposed Academy of Music in Halifax will cost \$15,977 for which sum the contract has been awarded.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Prize Meeting

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

POINT ST. CHARLES RANGES

ON

TUESDAY, the 12th AUGUST,

AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

John Fletcher, Lt.-Col.,

Secretary.

July 8.

8-4 3f

Notice of Removal.

JAS. WALKER & CO., HARDWARE DEALERS, beg to inform his friends and the public that they have removed their Business to

165 ST. JAMES STREET,

First door West of Messrs. Dawson Brothers' Book Store.

July 16th, 1873.

8-4 2f

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE.

RECTOR:

THE REV. C. H. BADGLEY, M.A., Queen's College, Oxford.

SUB-RECTOR:

A Clerical Sub-Rector is now being selected in England.

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W. A. POWELL, Esq., B.A., Corpus College, Cambridge.

G. THORNTON, Esq., B.A., Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

C. L. WOODRUFF, Esq., B.A., Trinity College, Toronto.

MONS. L. DIONNE, French Master.

A. H. HOOKER, Esq., University of Heidelberg, German and Drawing Master.

MR. PRIME, Gymnastic Master.

SERJ. BOCHE, (date of H. M. 17th Regt.) Drill Instructor.

The School will re-open for the Michaelmas Term on Saturday, September 6th. New boys will be examined and entered on Monday, Sept. 8th.

8-4 4f

REV. CHAS. H. BADGLEY, Rector.

LACHINE BOATING CLUB.

ANNUAL ROWING REGATTA.

THE ANNUAL ROWING RACES of this Club will take place on

SATURDAY, 30th August,

When the following Prizes will be offered for competition:

Single Scull Outrigged Boats—Two miles—Prize: A Cup presented by the President, open to members of the Club only. Entrance fee, \$5.

Single Scull Outrigged Boats—Two miles—Prizes: 1st, \$150; 2nd, \$50. Entrance fee, \$10.

Double Scull Outrigged Boats—Two miles—Prizes: 1st, \$100; 2nd, \$50. Entrance fee, \$5.

Four-oared Outrigged Boats—Four miles—Prizes: \$150; 2nd, \$50. Entrance fee, \$5.

Four-oared Outrigged Boats—Four miles—Prize: Cup or Medals. Entrance fee, \$5.

The above races, which are open to all, will be subject to the Rules of the Club. Copies of these may be had on application.

Entries must be made with the undersigned before 9 p.m. on WEDNESDAY, 27th August.

8-4 3f

S. KINNEAR, Hon.-Secretary.



LACHINE CANAL.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Flour Sheds," will be received at this Office until Friday, the 1st day of August next, at noon, for the construction of two Flour Sheds on the St. Gabriel Basin, now being constructed.

Plans and Specification can be seen at the Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Monday, the 21st inst., where printed forms of Tender will be furnished.

The signatories of two solvent and responsible persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 17th July, 1873.

8-4 2f

DOMINION THERMOMETERS Register the highest summer heat and the coldest winter. Simple and strong in construction and entirely reliable. To be had of all dealers. ROBERT WILKES, Montreal and Toronto, Sole Wholesale Agents. 8-4 1f

Bulbs direct from the Growers

ANT. ROOZEN & SON, FLORISTS, Overveur, near Haarlem, Holland.

GLADIOLI, LILIES, HYACINTHS, TULIPS, IRIS, CROCUS, SNOW DROPS, CROWN IMPERIALS, DAHLIAS, ANEMONES, RANUNCULUS, AMYGLUS, NARCISSUS.

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A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varounes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence.

The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to

D. R. STODART, Broker, 146, St. James Street.

4-12 1f

Grand Trunk Railway

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave

RICHMOND at 5.30 A.M., arriving at MONTREAL at 9.10 A.M.

Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5.15 P.M. arriving at Richmond at 9 P.M.

C. J. Brydgos, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

7-21 1f

DR. BESSEY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 8 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL.

7-15 1f

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

MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover.

I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOARHOUD AND CHERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately.

I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above.

ALFRED KNUCKLE, MR. RICHMOND SPENCER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 19th March, 1873

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 12 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

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STOCK'S CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather.

From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Olive Oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully,

F. W. GLEN, President.

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"What Woman Should Know," A Woman's Book About Women.

By Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY.

The only work of the kind ever written by a woman, is a necessity in every household, its entire novelty and eminent practicalness will create an immense demand. Notwithstanding the delicate subjects necessarily treated, it is written in such a brave, pure style as will not offend the most fastidious. Lady agents never have had such an opportunity to make money and do good. Terms and sample sheets mailed free on immediate application.

LANCEFIELD BROTHERS, Hamilton, Ont.

7-18 1f



Ottawa River Navigation Company's

ROYAL MAIL LINE OF STEAMERS. MONTREAL TO OTTAWA DAY AND NIGHT LINE.

New Iron Steamer "Peerless," Capt. A. Bowie.

Steamer "Prince of Wales," Capt. H. W. Shepherd.

"Queen Victoria," Capt. P. Y. Macdonnell.

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Passengers leaving Ottawa by the evening steamer will descend the Rapids. No Through Passengers taken on Saturday Evening Boat.

The Comfort and Economy of this Line are unsurpassed, whilst the Route is one of the most picturesque in Canada. Tourists will find this a delightful trip.

FREIGHT FOR ALL PORTS ON THE OTTAWA SENT THROUGH WITH DESPATCH.

Single and Return Tickets may be had at the Company's Office, 13 Bonaventure Street; at the Grand Trunk Depot, Montreal; and at the Office, Queen's Wharf, Ottawa.

7-25 1f R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

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WINGATE'S

Standard English Remedies.

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

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Wingate's Cathartic Pills.—For all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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The above Remedies are sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines. Descriptive Circulars furnished on application, and single packages sent, post paid, on receipt of price.

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7-14 1f

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Strength & Vigor to the debilitated.

DOES NOT REQUIRE COOKING OR WARMING.

Is the most TONIC Stimulant AND NUTRITIVE.

INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN, CURES ALL WEAKNESSES.

Consumption, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Lowness of Spirits, Fever, Ague, Cholera, all Female and Children's maladies, Sick Headache, Bladder Complaints, Sea Sickness, Influenza, Purifies the Blood and THOROUGHLY RENEWS THE SYSTEM.

THERE IS ONLY ONE LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF IN EXISTENCE.

Signature of the Inventor:

Baron Justus Liebig, M.D., F.R.S., Professor in the University of Munich.

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