

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

# Wholesale News

Vol. XIV.—No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1876.

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



THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY POLICY.  
A BRYDGE-MENT OF A SPEECH RECENTLY DELIVERED AT HALIFAX.

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

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required stamps for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

### NOTICE.

We are constantly receiving letters and messages for back numbers or extra numbers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Our friends should remember that, in every case, a sufficient sum should be enclosed to pay for the price of the paper and the postage.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 30th Sept., 1876.

### INDUSTRIAL CANADA.

This a subject about which too much cannot be written. It is the question of the day, facing us on every side, and appealing for a solution which at present appears hopeless. Hitherto, it has not risen out of the narrow domain of partisan politics, the Opposition using it as a weapon against the Government, and the Ministerialists unwisely going into an extreme advocacy of their Free-Trade principles, thus injuring, instead of effectually defending themselves. We have constantly urged that the question should be treated purely and simply on its merits, without any attack on the undoubted responsibility of the Government, or any attempt to further the apparently reviving fortunes of their opponents. This has been done in several quarters by independent men whose views are all the more weighty because they are neither personal nor political. Among these we may instance A. BAUMGARTEN, Ph. D., of this city, the author of a pamphlet lying before us, on the Duty of Canadian Development and How to Accomplish it. The work is not intended to be exhaustive by any means, but its analysis is searching enough for all practical purposes, and the spirit in which it is written is highly commendable.

Mr. BAUMGARTEN lays down this proposition which ought to be copied and printed until every man in the country knows it by heart:—"The argument brought forward that a country of four millions and one half inhabitants cannot support industries is a farce and a miserable excuse for our impotence." That is it exactly. We cannot exist on farming alone. We tried that for generations with the woful result of stagnation and poverty. Then we changed our system, with the establishment of Confederation. The country at once assumed a new face, and it is precisely because we do not want to fall back into the old grooves, that the subject of protection to our industries has become the vital question of the day.

The means of recuperation which our author suggests are not new, but being aptly grouped together, they carry the force of a cumulative argument. He first demands a strong protective tariff, and calls upon the Department of the Interior to aid in the promotion of agricultural industries. There is no doubt whatever that this Department could be made a beehive of encouragement and accomplishment, as the example of the United States proves, and the Government would only consult their own interest in thoroughly re-organizing it.

Mr. BAUMGARTEN next proceeds to discuss the causes of our present distress which he attributes mainly to the pernicious system of credit, to the disproportion between producers and barren consumers, to the want of technical instruction in our schools, to the lack of proper

advocates of our industrial interests in Parliament, and to our scant facilities in freighting and shipping. The remedy for these lies mainly in the hands of the people themselves, as the writer points out, and they should act in the premises without entirely relying on the initiative of the Government. Ministers will always be ready enough to move if they are supported, or—what is better—compelled by public opinion. One thing is very certain—the country cannot long remain as it is. Its defunct industries must be revived, its moribund manufactures must be restored to a state of normal prosperity, and new spheres of progress must be opened, if Canada is at all to fulfil the promises of Confederation. Financial, commercial and industrial depression—if found to be inherent—will inevitably lead to political change, and that is a consummation which no true friend of this Dominion can contemplate with composure.

### THE ROCK CITY.

Our remarks last week upon matters concerning the municipal government of Quebec were not written with any personal reference, and certainly not with any intention of attaching blame where praise only was due. The municipality was appealed to in that article, and it may be hoped they will take the hints so gently given, and provide patrols and the water supply at the desire of all sensible citizens. Had the late public meeting nominated an acting committee for emergencies such as the present, great good might have resulted. As it is, we hope the city, collectively, will have the good sense to do what is necessary. The latest event we have to record is painful enough—although not perhaps (until we get our general inspections for the security of life) in itself a municipal affair—being no less than the instantaneous death of a respected merchant and citizen by the fall of a wall weighted up on one side only with coals, in ignorance of the simple mechanical principle that ordinary walls have very little resisting power laterally. Their power, let us remark, is vertical, but because with proper treatment they will last for a long time, walls become associated in our minds with a strength they do not possess. If loaded on one side, a wall always requires corresponding support on the other to make it safe. Engineers know this, but many who have the care of walls are not engineers. There are, moreover, at this moment, a good many unsafe remaining walls of buildings left from the fire in Montcalm Ward, and single chimneys also, which need props of some kind to make them safe for passengers along the roads now receiving the new buildings. A city by-law seems to be needed here. A night or two before the above sad occurrence a sailor had been drowned off a Lower Town wharf from the mere want of gas-lights—a matter so often before urged upon the civic authorities.

The New York Sun declares openly that the best show of fruit, including apples, grapes, pears and peaches at the Centennial, taking into consideration variety, quality, number, and taste, is from Ontario, Canada. The region where the fruit exhibited is grown is along the northern shore of Lake Ontario, Niagara river, and of Lake Erie; and receiving the influence of the south-western winds from over these waters, it has a "water climate" peculiarly favorable to fruit. We believe that Quebec sent no contributions of fruit, the reason being given that it is too early in the season. We know not how this may be, but surely some efforts might have been made to show the superb apples of the Island of Montreal.

As we go to press, it seems confirmed, from authoritative sources, that all the Great Powers have come to an agreement regarding the conditions of peace to be proposed to the Porte; the programme

drawn up by the British Cabinet will form the basis of the proposals; steps will now be taken, without delay, at Constantinople, to obtain the Porte's acceptance of these conditions, and, as the latter has already in principle signified its readiness to meet loyally the wishes of the European powers, so far as compatible with the interests of the Turkish Empire, there cannot now be much doubt that they will soon be confirmed.

MR. WALTER, of the London Times, now on a visit to the United States, says that the New York pavements are the worst in the world, and a disgrace to the city. In Chicago they have beautiful, smooth wooden pavements, easy and comfortable, and in London they are taking the hint from American cities and laying wooden blocks in the most frequented thoroughfares, such as Oxford street and Piccadilly. Spite of many glaring deficiencies, Mr. WALTER would be pleased with the efforts being made to pave the streets of Montreal.

### A NEW SERIAL.

We begin in this number the serial publication of

GEIER-WALLY,

A Tyrolese story of striking novelty and originality. Auerbach, the distinguished writer, pronounces it the best short story in German modern literature. Accompanying this work will be found short stories, original poems and essays, and a large amount of varied literature, embracing all branches.

### ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

Algernon Charles Swinburne was born in Chester Street, Lower Grosvenor Place, London, April 5, 1837, and is consequently in the fortieth year of his age. He is the son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne, by Lady Jane Henrietta, daughter of George, third Earl of Ashburnham, and grandson of Sir Edward Swinburne Bart, of Caphaeton, Northumberland. Where his early training was undergone we do not know, but we find him entered a gentleman commoner at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1857, when he had reached his twentieth year. What progress he made here is uncertain, for he left Oxford without taking any degree, and went on a tour of Italy, which was far more congenial to his taste than the curriculum of the venerable edifice on the Isis, and its highly conservative discipline. At Florence Mr. Swinburne spent some time with the late Walter Savage Landor, whose poetical genius, though now comparatively unknown, was once looked upon as of a very high order. It was not, however, till 1860 that the now famous poet ventured to solicit public attention. He then published "The Queen Mother," a five-act play in verse, and "Rosmond," a drama in one act. Brought out in one volume, they did not attract any marked attention, nor have they since been recalled from the obscurity into which they passed. They were followed, in 1864, by "Atalanta in Calydon, a Tragedy," and "Chastelard, a Tragedy," in 1865. In 1866 came a volume of "Poems and Ballads," which was the first of Mr. Swinburne's work to which special notice was directed by the critics. They gave rise to a species of literary warfare between the author and his antagonists, which has not even now subsided. For a time there was a lull in the storm, and it was thought the combatants had exhausted their spleen, but a recent law case, of which the controversy was the indirect cause, demonstrated that the fire still smouldered, and only needed fanning to kindle into a flame. In 1866 Mr. W. M. Rossetti published "Poems and Ballads, a Criticism;" and Mr. Swinburne issued "Notes on Poems and Ballads, a Review." We had next from his pen "A Song of Italy," in 1867; also "William Blake; a Critical Essay," a second edition of which was called for in 1868, in which year appeared "Sienna; a Poem." In conjunction with M. Dante Rossetti, two pamphlets were published in 1868, "Notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition." The first part was the production of the former; the second of Mr. Swinburne. The French Revolution, which succeeded the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon, inspired Mr. Swinburne's muse which brought forth a song of praise in favor of human liberty, in the "Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic, September 4, 1870." This was followed by "Songs Before Sunrise," in 1871, in which the coming millennium is to be found in the prevalence of Pantheism and Republicanism. The attack of a contemporary poet on what he styled the "fleshy school" of poetry gave rise to "Under the Microscope," 1872, and so the attacks and rejoinders were perpetuated. In 1875 Mr. Swinburne produced "Songs of Two Nations," and an important work, "Essays and Studies," chiefly essays reprinted from the "Fortnightly Review." Besides these original works Mr. Swinburne has given us the choice

productions of some of the poets, with introductory remarks, "Selections from Byron," in 1865; "Christabel," in 1869; "The Works of George Chapman," in 1874; and "Bothwell a Tragedy." "George Chapman, Critical Essay," was privately printed in 1875. "Joseph and his Brothers (Wells)," in 1876, had his introduction.

### DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti is a favoured member of a distinguished and highly gifted family, whose traditions are intimately associated with Italy and Italian literature and art. He was born in London in 1828, and was named Dante after the great bard of the "Inferno" and in honour of the Italian literary labours of his father, who was for years professor of Italian literature and language at King's College, London, and attained some celebrity as a commentator on Dante. Young Rossetti's first predilection was for art, and he early manifested much taste in that direction, his efforts being so praiseworthy that he at length determined to follow it as a profession. Though not an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, Mr. Rossetti has sent pictures to the National Institution, and worked assiduously to win a name as an artist. But he had in his youth giants to deal with, and in the struggle he fell in the rear. So early as 1849 we find him exhibiting and standing forward with the devoted band of enthusiasts who were to regenerate painting from the mannerisms which works of art had, in their opinion, taken. He was a member of the "Brotherhood of Pre-Raphaelites," and he helped in "The Germ" to sow the seeds of the reform which was to make every painter a student of nature. However, like the rest, he found the task a formidable matter. The world was not to be revolutionized in a day, nor was personal prejudice to be swept away as by the wand of a magician. Mr. Rossetti's compeers were William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Madox Brown, and others of equal power, who have made their mark, and will leave their impress on a future age. It cannot be said he has achieved an equal reputation as an artist, nor is he now ever likely to do so, but he fought the battle valiantly with them, and though they appear as a body to have relinquished the faith they once had in their cause, their efforts have not been without some influence over the art work of the nineteenth century. At the Liverpool Academy, in 1858, Mr. Rossetti exhibited three subjects in water colours—including the "Wedding of St. George," and "Dante's Dream on the Day of the Death of Beatrice, 9th June, 1290,"—all remarkable, says Otley, for graphic qualities of design, great force of effect, singular brilliancy of colour, and—the Dante especially—for devoted expression and points of sentiment. He was, with Hunt and Millais, among the contributors of designs to an illustrated edition of Tennyson.

Of late years, Mr. Rossetti is chiefly known as a designer for the high-class illustrated literature, and as an art critic. He has, in a measure, followed in the footsteps of his father; for, in 1861, he published "The Early Italian Poets;" and, in 1870, a volume of "Poems." In conjunction with Mr. C. Lyell, Mr. Rossetti published a "Life of Dante," in 1866, and "Poems and Ballads: a Criticism." With Mr. W. Rossetti and Mr. Gilchrist, he issued a "Life of Blake," in 1863. Again, in 1874, we had "Dante and his Circle;" and, in 1873, he privately printed "Sir Hugh the Heron," in quarto.

### FORT BRISEBOIS.

Fort Brisebois is built at the junction of Swift Creek and Bow River. It is distant from the base of the Rocky Mountains about forty miles, and is consequently the most westerly post of the North West Mounted Police. According to good authorities, the Bow River district will be the best farming and stock raising section of the North West. Mr. Shaw, a gentleman from British Columbia, wintered five hundred heads of cattle there last winter, and never lost one. Pine timber is plentiful on both Swift and Bow Rivers, and there is an inexhaustible supply along the base of the Rocky's. The Rev. Mr. MacDougall's Wesleyan mission is thirty miles up Bow River, and the Rev. Father Scullen has built a mission one mile from the Fort. Three large trading firms have established posts there, the Hudson Bay Co., Messrs. S. G. Baker & Co., of Benton, and Messrs. T. C. Powers & Bros., also of Benton. Mr. John Bunn, of Winnipeg, is in charge of the Hudson Bay Post; there is also a Billiard Hall in course of construction. The Fort is garrisoned by "F" Division N. W. Mounted Police, commanded by Inspector Brisebois, under whose direction it was built, partly by contract and partly by the men of "F" Division. Mr. Bunn is going down shortly to explore the River, and if navigable, as there is hardly any doubt of it, the Hudson Bay Co., and we hope the Government also, will have a steamboat go up next summer.

### ROUND THE DOMINION.

The Ottawa lumber market is looking up. The Governor-General has sailed from Victoria, B. C., en route for Ottawa. DIPHTHERIA is prevalent among young children at Nanaimo, most of the cases proving fatal. SMALLPOX is raging among the Indians in the neighbourhood of Victoria, B. C., and many deaths have occurred.



**BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.**

WHAT part of speech is most distasteful to lovers?—The third person.

It is estimated that the number of ladies who cannot pass a mirror without glancing into it averages about twelve to every dozen.

Quoting poetry and repeating Shakespeare, don't possess half the attractions to win a wife that a quart of warm roasted peanuts do.

A woman-suffrage meeting on West adjourned without transacting any business. Somebody let down a bushel of mice through the skylight.

An honest dame, standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed, "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as ever they were."

The young married couple who thought they could live on love and moonlight, find there is some virtue in roast beef. For taking the romance out of young folks' marriage is nearly as bad as a lawsuit.

A MAN had a placard up—"Cheap Ladies' Shoes for sale here." He found that not a woman entered his store. No wonder; the ladies don't like to be called cheap—they want to be called dear.

A damsel was asked, "When a lady and gentleman have quarrelled, and each considers the other in fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance towards a reconciliation?"

Her reply was, "The best-hearted and wisest of the two."

Professor: "The ancient Egyptians were in the habit of sacrificing red-headed girls to the devil." Auburn-haired student: "What did they do with the red-headed boys?" Professor: "They supposed they would go of their own accord."

REPARTEE.—"Please accept a lock of my hair," said a bechelet to a widow, handing her a large curl. "Sir," she replied, "you had better give the whole wig." "Madam," he responded, "you are very kind indeed, considering that your teeth are porcelain."

He was carving at dinner, relates the Cincinnati Times, and thought he must talk to the aesthetic-looking angel on his right. "How do you like Beethoven?" asked he at a venture. "Well cooked," said she, interested in the business at hand. Thus does a casual remark often awake unexpected harmonies.

"Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the witty old Admiral Ferragut, to his friend, President Johnson, as they were walking arm-in-arm along Pennsylvania Avenue. "That," said the President, "is a Miss Glass, from Tennessee." "Glass?" reiterated the facetious and gallant old sailor; "I should often be intoxicated could I put such a glass to my lips."

RECENTLY, a man and his wife in New York brought cross actions, as the lawyers say, each charging the other with having committed assault and battery. On investigation it appearing that the husband had pushed the door against the wife, and the wife in turn pushed the door against her husband, a gentleman of the bar remarked, "that he could see no impropriety in a man and his wife *assaulting* each other."

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

CHILDREN.—Hard be his fate who makes not childhood happy; it is so easy. It does not require wealth, or position, or fame; only a little kindness and the tact which it inspires. Give a child a chance to love, to play, to exercise his imagination and affections, and he will be happy. Give him the conditions of health—simple food, air, exercise, and a little variety in his occupations—and he will be happy, and express his happiness.

MAN'S CHARACTER.—We may judge a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him. If a person manifests delight in low and sordid objects, debasing song and vulgar language, in the misfortunes of his fellows, or cruelty to animals, we may at once determine the complexion of his character. On the contrary, if he loves purity, modesty, truth—if virtuous pursuits engage his heart and draw out his affections, we are satisfied he is an upright man. A man debased shrinks from association with the good and wise.

MARRIAGE.—As regards marriage, let the woman's first requisite be a man whose home will be to him a rest, and the man's first object to a woman who can make home restful. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is the really domestic man in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, who feels, in the small circle where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a heaven of ease and reparation.

MARRIAGE.—Why cannot people enter into the marriage state without such a troublesome exhibition of joy? We see nothing in the occasion calculated to inspire mirth, but, on the contrary, much that might justly awaken solicitude and tears. Who can tell what may betide? That nuptial wreath may not yet have faded when the eye now flashing beneath its fragrant bloom may be closed in death! That costly bridal dress, enriching and betraying the beautiful form, may not yet have received a soil from time or an invasion from fickle fashion, when it

must be laid aside for the purseless shroud; and those who have now met to congratulate and make merry, may, ere another moon shall wane, meet to sympathise and mourn!

BE RULLE OVER YOUR OWN SPIRIT.—A hasty temper often leads young men into great mistakes. It frequently causes them to misunderstand an employer's intention, and to resent as insult what was meant only as a just rebuke. In this way a man sometimes loses a situation, and has to begin the world again. And unfortunately his hasty temper does not permit him to learn wisdom from his experience. On the contrary, it too often leads him again into the same mistake, and he is again set adrift. His temper grows worse and worse, until at last he becomes unbearable and nobody will keep him long in employment. On the other hand, a good temper and an obliging disposition, when combined with honesty and industry, are invaluable qualities in every one who has his way to make in the world.

MOONLIGHT.—Moonlight sheddeth her gentle influence o'er me, tranquil, soft evening hour, calm and beautiful as twilight in Eden. Wondrous enchantress, why larest thou us? Why lead me to Eden's bowers? Is not earth less bright than thy own home? I am mortal; thy companions are angels. Oft has thy magic influence been felt, and yet one cannot tell why thou wilt thus enrapture. Who hath not loved to watch thy silent majesty! Who would not woo thy gaze? Thou art a bright-winged messenger sent to cheer us. Without thee earth would seem nought but a barren waste, a desert without an oasis. 'Tis thou who givest cheer to the benighted traveller, and doth lead him through the trackless forest. Day seems to smile upon us even after she hath departed, for thou wearest her apparel. Magic moonlight, all feel thy power, all are led captive to thy witching charms.

SELF-HELP.—Fight your own battles. How your own bow. Ask no favours of any one; and you'll succeed five thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's patronage. No one will ever help you as you help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another, and stand firm in that while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who had five hundred pounds given them to start with, but started fair with a pound or two. Men who have by their own exertions acquired fame have not been thrust into popularity by pulls, begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have stretched out their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart, and brain. Say "I will" and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say: "I have dragged you up. I have made you what you are." Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

**THE GLEANER.**

LOUIS DEFEENIX has an annual income from real estate alone of £21,000.

A lady is going to attempt to swim across the Channel from Dover to Calais.

Our gossip suggests the probability that the Earl of Beaconsfield before twelve months or over may be made a K.G.

A contemporary says that the Queen offered to confer on Mr. Disraeli the rank of a duke, but that he preferred the more ancient title of earl.

A critic says that the pig is the great civilizer of the Pacific, and that no preaching against cannibalism has been so effective as placing before the native a more dainty dish than man.

The family of Sir Isaac Newton is represented by the Earl of Portsmouth, whose ancestor married a daughter of the philosopher's niece; and a mass of Newton's manuscripts have been preserved.

OF STRAKOSCH'S opera troupe expected in Montreal, Belceca is Russian, Persiani is Italian, Mme Palmieri is English, George A. Conly is American, Brignoli is Italian, and Pretzser and Henne are German.

The French authorities are taking time by the forelock in the matter of the International Exhibition of 1878. The preparatory works on the Champs de Mars and on the Trocadero have already been commenced.

The medical examiner of a prominent life insurance company says he has to turn away three-fourths of his applicants who excel in athletic exercises, because they have dangerously strained the organs of the heart.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is said to be the inventor of the common hand-stereoscope, and his work has been given to the world without the protection of a patent. He has an immense collection of stereoscopic views from all parts of the earth.

The first appearance of the potato bug in Europe has been made in Sweden, where a number of potato crops have been devastated this season. The bugs are supposed to have had American parentage, and have emigrated with grain cargoes.

MR. DISRAELI will be legally entitled to draw the salary of both the offices which he now

holds. In former cases, however, when a Minister has filled two offices under the Crown, he has been content to draw half of the salary of the second office.

It is rumored in London that before Colonel Valentine Baker quit Horsemen Lane Jail, he was visited by the Prince of Wales, who gave him letters of recommendation from himself and the Duke of Cambridge to the Ottoman Government, the service of which he has entered.

A great number of the articles in the Philadelphia Exhibition are sold, and will be removed by the owners on November 10, the time set for the close of the show; and most of the exhibitors will exercise their privilege of then taking away their property. Consequently the display, if prolonged, would be very meagre.

The deleterious influence of the moon upon the insane is merely a popular superstition, unsustained by any satisfactory evidence. Mr. Olbers has affirmed that "in course of a long medical practice he was never able to discover the slightest trace of any connection between the phenomena of disease and the phases of the moon."

The following figures show the healthiness of French commerce in comparison with that of other countries:—The value of the French importations during the first seven months of the present year amounted to 2,140 million francs, against 1,861 millions in the same period of 1874. The exports during the seven months amounted to 2,055 millions, against 2,181 millions in 1875.

It is thought that the dying Cardinal Antonelli will leave 20,000,000 francs, beside objects of art to the extent of a further 1,500,000. He possesses one of the finest collections of precious stones in Europe, including diamonds of purest water, emeralds unexcelled, and pearls and turquoises of great size. He has several nephews, but it is asserted that much of his wealth will be given to the Pope.

GLADSTONE rises at seven o'clock every morning, and at eight walks to prayers in the village church. He drinks bitter beer with his breakfast, a glass or two of claret at dinner, and sometimes a glass of port later. An egg beaten up in sherry and secured in a tiny glass jar is the fortifier with which he supplies himself when about to make one of his speeches of three or four hours' duration.

George H. Russell, before killing himself in San Francisco, wrote this:—"Dear wife—I prefer death to seeing you and our children in want for the necessities of life. If I could support you and them I would like to live; but for several years we have been in want most of the time." Preferring death to seeing his wife and children destitute, and therefore leaving them to shift for themselves, seems like bad logic.

This year, at the Sorbonne, a young fellow, named Reinach, carried off eight prizes. Among these was one for rhetoric. And it was the boy's first year of rhetoric. But he beat all the other old ones. As the last prize was named, with the boy's name attached to it, the whole assembly rose and applauded, as if a favourite actor had appeared. His music master declares he would astonish the world as a composer, and his drawing-master predicts a second Michael Angelo in him. If the boy lives, no doubt he will be heard of again!

AMONG the Parisian houses now undergoing demolition in the Bastille quarters for the opening of the Boulevard Henri IV., is that of the celebrated Marchioness De Brinvilliers, the beautiful prisoner, who was executed in 1676. Underneath the cellar have been found the skeletons of two tall men and a woman. They are thought to be those of the brothers and sister of the Marchioness, who mysteriously disappeared, and were considered to have been among her many victims.

A most useful application of the electric light has been made on the French Transatlantic Company's steamer *Americque*. A lamp fixed about thirty feet above the water gives a light extending to ten miles, which is much more than sufficient to guard against collision or other mishap. The light is useful, too, in steering in and out of port, and during loading operations at night. The necessary apparatus is said to be non-expensive, easily managed, not liable to get out of order, and to occupy little room.

A Mourning Reform Association has been formed in London and is rapidly gaining in numbers and popularity, under a special papetus given by the clergy. The members are asked to subscribe to a declaration that the present mode of sepulture is unsatisfactory, and that double coffins and brick graves should be discouraged as far as possible. They are also asked to put in practice, or at least recommend, the dispensing with scarfs, hat bands, mourning coaches, palls, and other ostentatious adjuncts of funerals.

Mr. Ralph Scott intends to start on his trial voyage from Dover to Calais and back on Oct. 9, and expects to accomplish the feat in sixty minutes. He describes his machine as a strong-built light frame, in which a peculiar mechanical arrangement is placed, and acted upon by a spring. This spring is compressed by a screw and wheel something like the brake of a railway car, and when it is desired to set the machine in motion one end of the spring is allowed to press against the forepart of the frame, while the other part presses the mechanical arrangement.

PARIS owes much of its good health to a lavish use of water. Besides the reservoirs of Menilmontant and Montsouris, there are sixteen other reservoirs on a smaller scale, where water is collected before being forced through the 1,500,000 metres of pipes which extend into even the smallest streets and passages in the city. In the squares and public places there are fountains which play daily, refreshing the air. There are sixty-one in all. For the washing of the streets and boulevards, there are, in addition to the 725 hydrants, 4,563 water jets, which the employes have the keys of, and which are opened every day in order to sprinkle the streets and wash out the gutters. Every morning fresh water is thus made use of. There are 2,820 pipes used for sprinkling the streets and pavements, and an immense number of sprinkling machines drawn by horses. During the recent hot weather the authorities watched zealously over the refreshing and cleaning of the capital, and thus, doubtless, avoided much sickness.

It is rumored that preparatory to the Paris Exhibition—which, en passant, is being pushed on rapidly, so far as marking out the site and giving to each man his allotted task—numerous streets in the city will be re-named, the rule being to select the new title in reference to some local peculiarity or point of notoriety. This would be better than falling back on politics. The desire is not now very great to baptize a rue after a foreign city or foreign celebrity. Paris does not find these compliments have ever been returned, and, in addition, are in opposition to the new political French departure—that of being French before being cosmopolitan. But, then, some of the honours are conferred on meagre whereabouts; "Europe" is given to a place which simply covers a huge railway bridge; the *cité de Londres* suggests very much a blind alley; the Stockholm recalls building sites to let, and so on. But the intention is good. On the Avenue de l'Opera, which will run from that costly piece of ginger-bread named after Jeanne d'Arc, it is proposed to construct the new houses on each side, arcade fashion, as in a portion of the Rue de Rivoli.

**HOW TO BECOME A KINDERGARTNER.**

It may be asked, What sort of training does the young kindergartner receive at the school, and how does she learn her calling? The answer is very simple. She becomes a child herself, goes to school with the children, learns with them and from them, joins in the plays, builds and takes a part with the rest, and learns all the work the same as they do, and in the same order. The only difference is that the trainer explains to her more deeply than to the children the meaning of everything. Toward the end of the course the more capable teachers are allowed to assist in the simpler plays and occupations, but only very gradually, as they acquire experience. The course lasts in each year from the first of October to the first of June, eight months, and the terms of teaching are uniform in all the model kindergartens, \$200 a term. Most of the pupils can only afford a single term, but for the young kindergartner to acquire perfect command of her art, so as to ensure the success which attends thorough training, a second term is very advisable. Remarkably earnest and capable women, such as Miss Blow has proven herself, may work well after a single term, but such cases are rare.

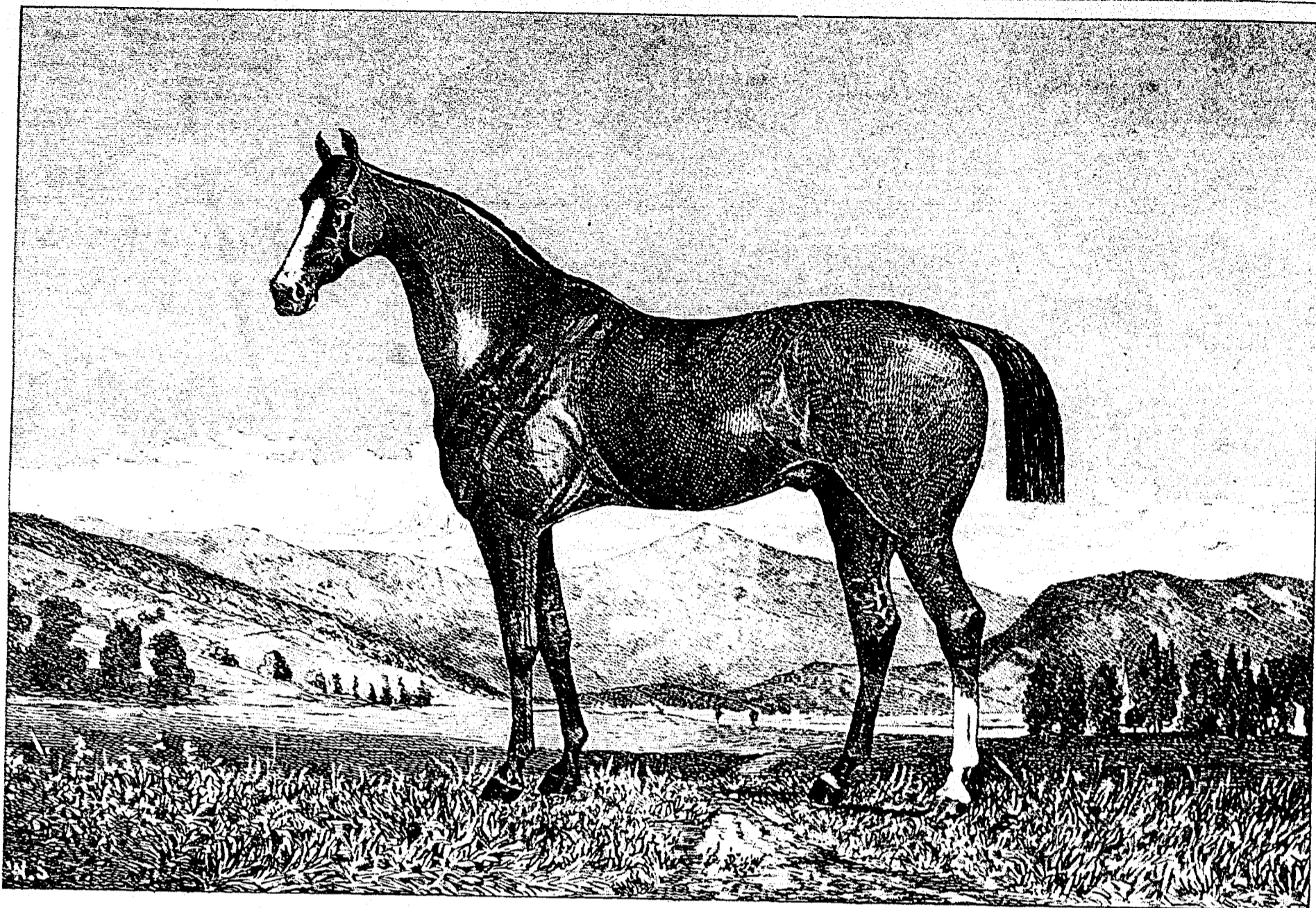
There is no amount of previous education and accomplishment that cannot be utilized by a kindergartner. For the full and speedy development of the system in America it is above all things desirable that highly educated and accomplished women should enter its service, for nothing they have learned will come amiss. Even if they never take up teaching as a profession, they will have learned something that will be of priceless value to them as wives and mothers. Man for the worker, and woman for the teaching mother is the ideal rule of happiness for the world. Under the kindergartner system it becomes a reality, and when the time shall come for that system to be universally ingrafted on the public schools of the land, we shall have real cause to boast thereof, for it will be a long step nearer perfection. One marked feature of all who have closely investigated the kindergartner system is the enthusiasm of their advocacy. It appears in every kindergartner, young and old, and in the children manifests itself in a perfectly feverish anxiety not to miss a day.—*The Galaxy for October.*

THERE are few preparations now-a-days but require a great amount of puffing to keep them alive. We see enough of this every day in our newspapers and on the street fences and corners. The one great exception to this rule, and which will stand on its own merits, is certainly Devins & Bolton's QUININE WINE. This valuable preparation being honoured by the approval and sanction of twenty-four of our city Physicians to whom it has been submitted, now recommend Devins and Bolton's Quinine Wine when they consider their patients require this tonic. What more can be said in its favour!

**DOMESTIC.**

HASHED BEEF.—Slice and brown one large onion with a small piece of butter in an iron saucepan; then add one teaspoonful of moist sugar, which also brown well. Mix in a small cup a dessert-spoonful of flour with a little water. Pour this into the saucepan, mix well, and add a breakfast-spoonful of good plain beef or veal gravy, stirring occasionally. Cut your cold beef into thin slices, pepper it, and put into the saucepan with a bunch of sage. Let the whole stew until it boils. Serve up, garnished with pieces of toast.





MONTREAL:—THE HUNTER CHESTER, 1st PRIZE AT THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, OWNED BY DAVID MORRICE ESQ.



TORONTO:—LACROSSE MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP; MONTREAL vs TORONTO.—FROM A SKETCH BY WM. CRUICKSHANK.

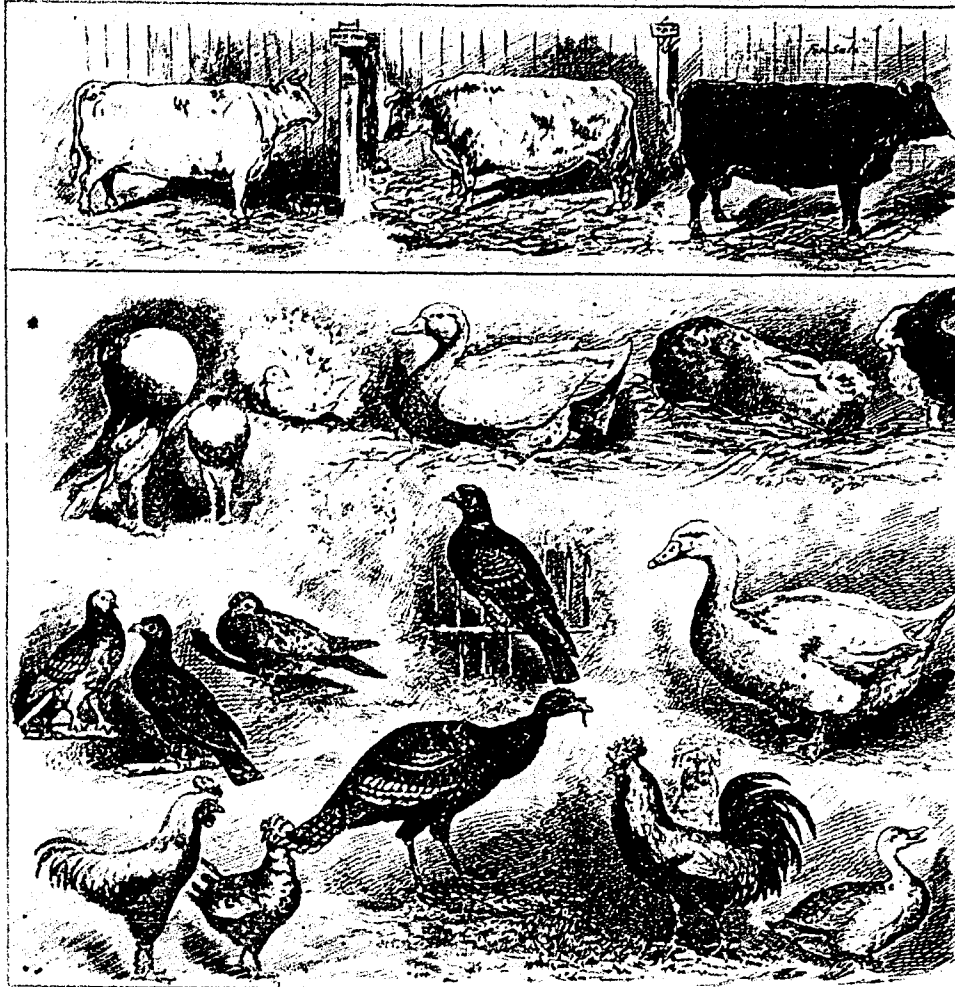


**CHAMPION LACROSSE MATCH.**

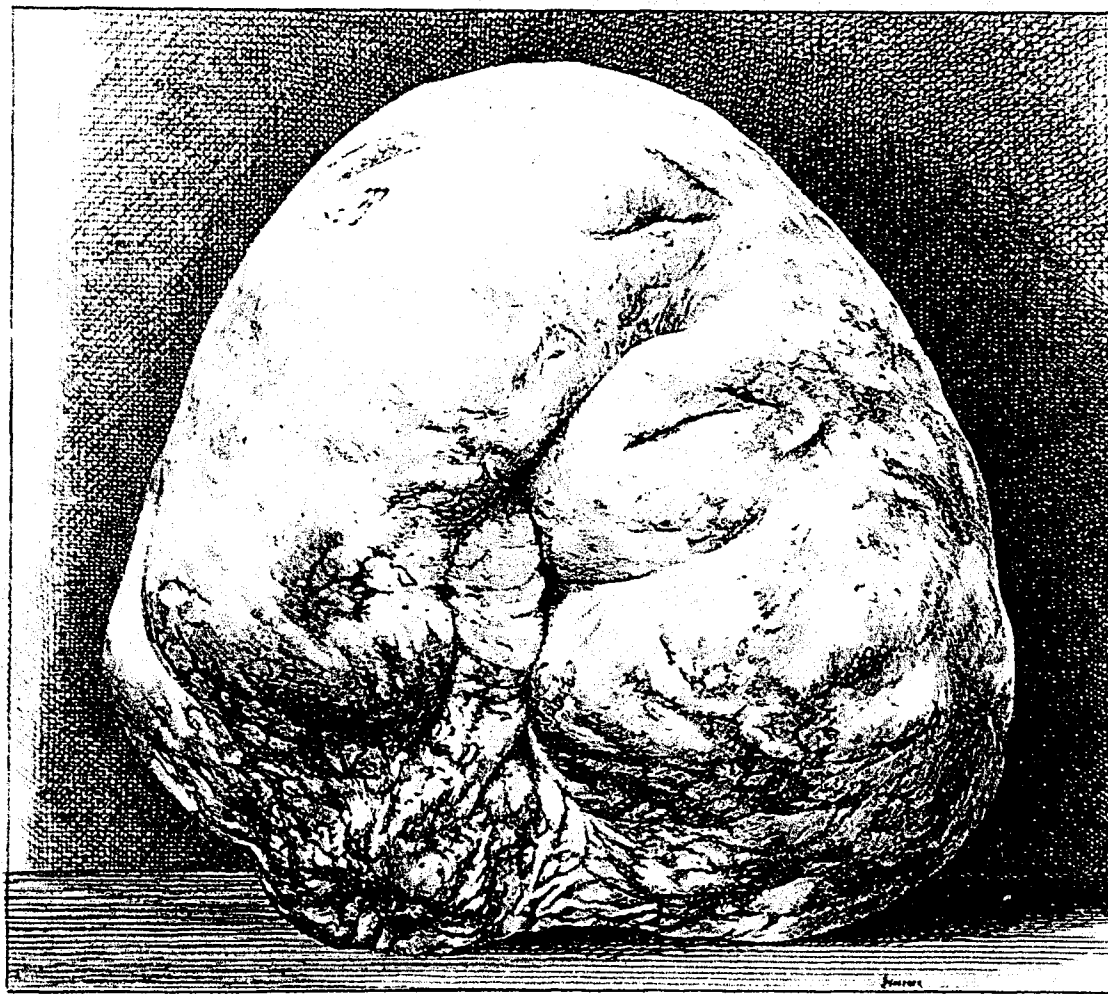
Quite nine thousand people were present on the Toronto Lacrosse ground the 9th inst., to witness the match for the championship of the world, between Montreal and Toronto. The greatest excitement was manifested throughout the whole game, and after the ball passed through the flags the last time, cheers rent the air. Amongst the crowd on the grand stand were a large number of ladies. The weather was fine and cool, and a better day in every respect could not have dawned. The ball for the first bout was faced five minutes past three, and a minute and a half afterwards was passed between the Montreal goal by T. Arthurs; the play was quick and active; and at the outset, set off with vigour, both teams being on their mettle; after a brief wait the game commenced, and though the Toronto goal was several times in danger, the rubber was put through the Montreal flags after 2½ minutes play by R. H. Mitchell. The third game was the toughest of the series, and up to the very last was in doubt, for struggles of a very hot nature took place round the flags of each team; finally, after fifty-three minutes of truly scientific play, entirely free from roughness, and in strict accordance with the rules, R. H. Mitchell again passed the ball through for the Torontos. In this game, after it had progressed twenty three minutes, the ball was so near going through the Toronto flags, that the spectators cheered lustily, thinking the Montreal had scored one, but a protest being entered, the flag went forth no game, and the ball was again faced; the result therefore, three straight games for Toronto. Large sums of money changed hands betting at the starting being slightly in favour of Montreal, but as the match proceeded, it underwent a change and before the last game odds were freely offered on the home men. The heat of feeling was manifested throughout.

**THE EMPRESS CHARLOTTE.**

Nine years ago Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, closed his brief reign in the courtyard of Queretaro, where he was shot by command of the late President Juarez, and ever since his widow, the ex-Empress Charlotte, has been a prey to acute melancholia—the paroxysms of which, however, were at first followed by intervals of partial return to reason. In these she was allowed to amuse herself—if amusement be the word for an occupation which turned upon the deepest tragedy—in writing the experiences of her husband and herself in their few months'



MONTREAL:—SKETCHES AT THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

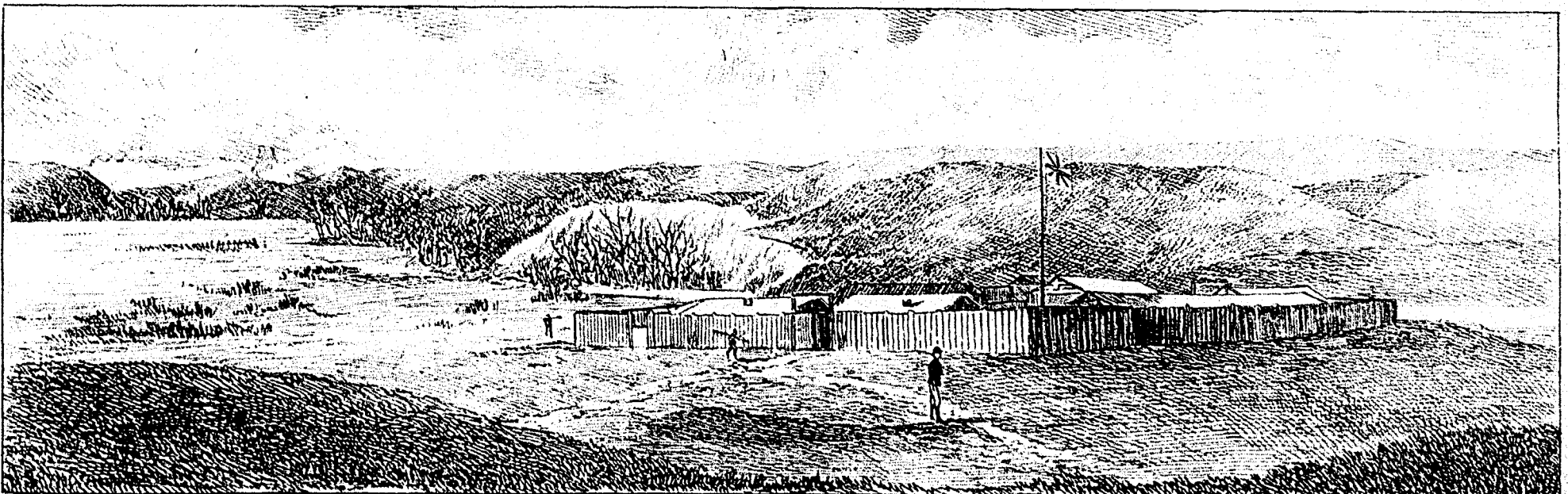


THE LYCOPERDON GIGANTEUM, (or Puff-Ball.)

sojourn in Mexico. This she has long abandoned, and in the *chateau* of Laeken, where she is under strict medical surveillance, she has relapsed into confirmed dementia, which her physicians have given up all hope of curing. As in similar cases, she recurs to the predilections of childhood, one of which was a passion for flowers, and, Ophelia-like, she spends most of her time over them, feeding as they do her once lively but now diseased imagination. Their attraction for her was touchingly manifested the other day. Eluding the watch of her attendants, she had fled from the castle, but when overtaken it was found impossible to induce her to return, except by the use of means which would certainly have proved hurtful. One of her physicians betought himself of her morbid affection for flowers, and by strewing them time to time before her she was gradually lured on her back to the *chateau*, where a closer surveillance has since been placed over her.

**VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.**

Victor Hugo had four children, two sons and two daughters, and they were all remarkable for talent and culture, and the daughters for beauty. Both of the sons were literary, and if they had not been overshadowed by their father's lustre, would have been much more distinguished. However, even that has not been able to dim the fame which Francois Hugo has left by reason of his admirable translation of Shakspeare—the best in the French language. One daughter alone lives, the wife of an English officer. The other daughter died under strange circumstances. She had just been married to M. Vacqueri, (brother of one of the editors of the *Rappel*), and was walking with her husband beside the sea in Guernsey. Suddenly a huge wave leaped up on the shore and swept her away; her husband plunged after her, but could not save her; the two bodies were found afterward clasped together in a last embrace, and so they were buried. Victor Hugo impressed me more than any other man to whose conversation I have listened. In the first place, he is the first man talking in the French language on important themes whom I have ever been able to understand. His French is so clear, his sentences so marked out by round tones and full accentuation, in short, he talks so like the classic style of his own books, that much of what he says could be understood by any person well acquainted with Latin, even though he might never have studied French. He reminded me at times of those old writers like Chaucer and Froissart, whose every word conveys an etymological significance.



NORTH-WEST TERRITORY:—FORT BRISEBOIS, ON BOW RIVER.

## UNFORGOTTEN.

Have I forgotten thee? Oh, no!  
I could not, if I would, forget  
Thy tender, loving trust, nor let  
The billows of oblivion overflow

My one fair garden in the waste  
And dreary desert of the past!  
Ah, me! Can I forget our last  
Sad tryst? Our aching hearts embraced;

We sighed; we clasped our hands; we vowed  
Our hapless love should never die.  
You grieve apart; you weep; and I—  
My heart is sad, my head is bowed.

For much I hold me in thy debt;  
And spite of all life's rubs and rust,  
And buffetings of Fate, O, trust  
Me, darling, I shall not forget!

Toronto, Sept. 9th, 1876.

R.

## GALLOWS HILL.

As you pass out of St. John's Gate, Quebec—not the real gate, but the monument of military and municipal folly dating from 1867—you encounter first the ditch surrounding the *enceinte*, next the *Glacis* of the bastions, and then turning to the right, a steep hill, called in the street nomenclature of the city, "Glacis," but traditionally known to the population as "Gallows Hill." It leads from St. John's Suburbs to St. Roch's and the Lower Town, and, as a thoroughfare, is one of the most execrable in the world. It is steep, rocky and abominable; the pedestrian has to struggle with dilapidated pavements bristling with lacerating spikes; the unhappy horse dragging the cruelly laden woodcart has a murderous contest with a roadway of loose, sharp stones. No attention on the part of the Road Department appears to be competent to the management of the hill as a street, for every storm precipitates the road-metal in heaps at the foot, and leaves the rocky bed a scene of desolation and despair.

The present masculine generation knows Gallows Hill chiefly as a battle ground. Fifteen or twenty years ago there existed between the French Canadian and English youth of Quebec a deep national hatred, which worked itself out in innumerable fights. An English boy could not trust himself in any of the French quarters without danger, and the French-Canadian intruding upon ground which the English regarded as exclusively their own, was invited to leave, after submitting to some personal inconvenience. Naturally the schools took up the subject of national dislike enthusiastically, and it became a sort of social duty on the part of every boy to be ready for a fray upon the call of his leaders, and to go into it, as if some great public issue depended upon his individual exertion. Gallows Hill was the scene of many a tough encounter. He who has the honour of addressing you will bear on his head to his dying day a memento of a fight which required the application of all the force at the command of the civic authorities to terminate. However badly the boys fought on the Hill by day, few of them cared to pass it at night. For there were creepy stories connected with it. Though they would play about the rickety platforms erected upon a spur on its crest, up till dusk, not a soul would dare stay after dark. As soon as the short twilight departed so soon departed the boys, and if, by any chance, one had to go up or down later, it was in fear and trembling. Speaking for myself, and at this distance, I am not ashamed to say that they and I feared ghosts. There were terrible legends connected with the Hill that so abundantly furnished stones for the well-organised rows gotten up between the St. Roch's and Suburb's crowds. According to local tradition, night was seized upon by the restless spirits and numberless men who had been hanged there as their own especial time for promenading, and woe to the wight whom they encountered in their rambles. They were credited with disposing of their victims as readily as the Diamond Harbour crimps of the period silenced the remonstrances of their dissatisfied clients. To this day the Hill bears an undesirable name, and it is likely, for more reasons than one, to remain an unfashionable, if not generally disliked, neighbourhood to the end of time.

Gallows Hill acquired its name at a time when it was found more convenient to terminate the career of criminals of every sort with the rope than to keep them in prison. After the conquest the worthy gentlemen, who managed the business of the country in every department, were less of humanitarians than those who fill our penitentiaries with murderers to-day, and they had such an appreciation of the virtue of the gibbet as a correction of crime, that they found it necessary to have a regular place where the subjects of their judgments might be effectually suspended in the sight of the populace, *pour encourager les autres*. The vacant place outside St. John's Gate suited the ends of justice so exactly as a site for public strangling, that it was adopted without discussion, and became a sort of entertaining ground of a high order of interest to a populace that lacked many of the elements of amusement and instruction enjoyed in the present day. Gallows Hill has not been alone in hanging distinction, for we know that the murderous locksmith, Jean Duval, was hanged at the foot of the Mountain Hill, on the site of the *Morning Chronicle* office, by Champlain in 1608, and under the French Régime they had a sprightly way of hanging criminals, and exposing them in cages on the summit of Cape Diamond, but the name of Gallows has clung to the Hill in question, and it will probably retain it, with all its grim associations, as long as Quebec exists.

Upon this Hill took place the first execution

for high treason under British rule in Canada. It was such an ending of the life of a man as civilization will not permit to be repeated, and at a time when the "march of progress" is obliterating everything of historical value in Quebec, when the people appear to be utterly incapable of appreciating the treasures they are sweeping into oblivion, it is well to recall a bit of lugubriousness connected with Gallows Hill, before it, too, is intersected by a new business street.

An American citizen named David McLane came to Quebec in 1796, ostensibly as a trader. Canada at the time was, in the opinion of the English Government, and especially in that of the officials who managed the colony, infected somewhat with the revolutionary spirit which had reaped such horrible fruit in France, and it was known that emissaries of the Republic were endeavouring to spread the doctrines of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* among the *habitants*. It was reserved for an American to be seized upon as a propagator of the theories of the French Revolutionists and he was tried and condemned upon a charge of having conspired the death of the King, and having levied war against his crown and dignity. From all that has been recorded, McLane appears to have been a good deal of an enthusiast. He was infected to the full with the teachings of Tom Paine, and however extravagant may have been his ideas and opinions, he was at least in earnest, and risked and sacrificed his life for views in which he thoroughly believed. It would not be going too far to say that there was just a trifle of monomania in the man on the subject of liberty. Whatever may have been his motives in acting as strangely as he did, it is certain that he managed to speedily attract the attention of the authorities. The first scare of 1793 had passed off, but there was enough of suspicion left to make the business in which McLane was engaged a particularly dangerous one.

McLane came to Canada with no less a purpose than the inciting of a rising among the French Canadians against the British power. He was, as he acknowledged himself, the agent of the French *chargé d'affaires* to the United States, D'adret, and he held rank as General in the service of the French Republic. His knowledge of the French language enabled him to circulate freely among the *habitants*, and he represented to those with whom he was in communication that an army of ten thousand men was being organized to retake Quebec from the English, and establish the tri-color over the *enfants du sol*. As for himself, he was to lead an army from the United States, which would be joined by the disaffected Canadians who would flock to his banner, and with the pike—and spear-armed brigade of raftsmen and habitants, the garrison was to be overwhelmed, and English power in North America annihilated for ever. The creation of disaffection was McLane's mission, but he either went to work too carelessly, or he had among those in whom he trusted, some very treacherous individuals, for before long he found himself a prisoner, the Advocate-general Jonathan Sewell, prepared an indictment against him, and he was brought before Chief Justice Osgoode, on the 7th July, 1797, on a charge of high treason.

This was no slight charge. It was but a short time before that the good people of Quebec had learned of the murder of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and their minds were full of the horrors of the Terror. Besides, it was a time—though only eighty years distant from our own day—when human life was held in very little account, and the dislocation of the neck followed very small offences. Thirty years later indeed, a man was hanged in St. Stanislaus street, for stealing a sheep, and there be those who recollect when the Quebec jail front was ornamented with a permanent gallows, ready for use as soon as ever the course of the law provided subjects for strangulation. In McLane's case, however, the consequences were considerably worse than mere hanging. Hanging, indeed, were a merciful ending in comparison with the sentence which the law then demanded, and yet demands. There was little chance for escape for him, even though two eminent lawyers were appointed by the Court to defend him. The Counsel knew better than to put forth any extraordinary efforts in his behalf, and when the worst came to the worst, the defendant broke down and confessed the whole of his puerile plan. Reading now of his plot, we are almost instinctively reminded of the Fenian arrangement interrupted on the frontier by Canadian volunteers.

McLane was arrested in his lodgings, in St. John's suburbs, in May, 1797. He described himself as an insolvent merchant of Providence, R. I., and a General in the French Republican service. He was tried before a jury composed of twelve of the best citizens of Quebec, and as was expected from the first, convicted. The sentence passed upon him by Chief Justice Osgoode would be repeated by a judge in the present day required to condemn a prisoner convicted of high treason, "that you, David McLane, be taken to the place from whence you came, and from thence you are to be drawn to the place of execution, where you must be hanged by the neck, but not till you are dead, for you must be cut down alive, and your bowels taken out, and burnt before your face; then your head must be severed from your body, which must be divided into four parts, and your head and quarters be at the King's disposal; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

McLane heard this horrible sentence with the calmness of a brave man, and prepared at once for his end. He knew that there was no

hope, he had to meet an atrocious death either as man or as a coward, and he chose to act the man rather than the craven. As for the authorities, they were determined to make the event of the execution one of note, that would strike terror into the hearts of all who might have become disaffected with English rule, or have imbibed dangerous revolutionary doctrines from the emissaries of France. Every possible effort was put forward to make the occasion an imposing one. The garrison was under arms from morning, artillery and infantry paraded the streets, and when the appointed hour came, McLane was led forth and seated in a sledge with his back to the horse. Before him were an axe and block, and the executioner who would carry out his brutal office. Troops surrounded and guarded the miserable procession, as it passed through the streets slowly, and enabled the condemned man like Marie Antoinette, to "drink long of death." But the preparations had little effect upon McLane. He was calm and collected, betraying no fearsome emotion, looking quietly and with self-possession upon the multitude. There was nothing of defiance in his attitude. His magnificent stature and handsome face won the hearts of the women who saw him go to his death. Some of them remembered the Indian custom which spared the lives of French captives who had been claimed by savage maidens as their husbands, and many a one exclaimed, "ah, if things were only as they were in the olden time, some brave girl would claim him as her future husband." It was not to be however. McLane died the death.

Arrived at Gallows Hill the procession halted, and the doomed man was led to the gibbet, and placed upon the ladder,—and here let me say that the sentence of the Court was not carried out implicitly. The executioner, Ward, refused to consummate it literally. Inured as he was to the business of strangling his fellows, he was forced to protest, and declare that though he was a hangman, he was not a butcher, and it required a good deal of auriferous persuasion to induce him to do as much as he did. No. They allowed McLane to hang until he was really dead, and then the butchering part of the sentence was carried out. I have no heart to recount what the historians of the day say about it.

I know I am only telling in weak language what Mr. De Gaspé and Mr. J. M. LeMoine, the accomplished and able author of "Maple Leaves" and "Quebec Past and Present" have more effectively narrated, but I think this notice of a rather obscure little roadway in Quebec, that has more than once echoed the tread of armed men, will not be utterly thrown away. With all its demerits as a road, the Hill is one of the most magnificent scenic stand-points in Quebec. On the dilapidated old platform I stood not long ago and took in at one sweeping glance the broad estuary of the St. Charles, the Basin, the Island of Orleans, with its two grand Channels, and its noble bluff, rising high in air; Montmorenci in its glorious dark green cleft, and quiet issue into the St. Lawrence; the Laurentides, from where they fade away in blue-gray haze in the distance, to their deep solemn presence in front; the fields, once moistened in blood, now laughing in peace; the flats covering the bones of those 500 that Wolfe sacrificed before he developed his plan for the ascent of the river; the smiling valley in which so many happy villages nestle; the site of the old fortifications along the St. Charles, St. Roch's and St. Sauveur; the scenes of so many fiery visitations, and to come back to the affairs of to-day, the site of the shipyard whence was launched the first steamship to solve the problem of ocean steam navigation. This is one of Quebec's chief—and least recognized glories—that the *Royal William*, a steamship constructed within her boundaries, was the first to cross the Atlantic, and defeat practically the requirements of the theorists who had demonstrated, to their own satisfaction and that of the English public, the impossibility of the passage.

I leave Gallows Hill where it is. People in Quebec pay it little attention, but there are some memories, of a lugubrious character, no doubt, about it, worthy the attention of the antiquarian. To the lover of the beautiful, however, it is to be heartily commended. From the *Glacis* is to be obtained a softened view of the Laurentian range, and of the St. Charles valley which is far superior to the glaring baldness accorded from the walls of the Citadel.

W. LESLIE THOM.

MONTREAL.

## CHESTER, THE FIRST PRIZE HUNTER.

In our illustrations of the present issue we give the portrait of this fine horse, winner of the premium in the class of hunters at the Provincial Exhibition for the Province of Quebec—recently held in Montreal. This is the second time he has been awarded the first prize. He is well known to the members of the Montreal Hunt, having, previous to being purchased by his present owner, been a regular attendant at the meets, and was always looked upon as one of the best fenceurs in the Club. In 1869 he won the green steeple chase, ridden by Mr. C. J. Alloway. He is out of a half-bred mare, by "Lappidist" (Imported)—he by "Touchstone." As a weight-carrying hunter over a stiff country he has few equals anywhere, and would not disgrace the best meet even in England.

## THE SAGACITY OF A MOUSE.

A bird cage hung on the wall of a tiny sitting room, and ever and anon the canary within sent his notes thrilling through the air. On removing the cage, a neat round hole was discovered, just opposite to the highest stick in the cage, and where bits of bread were placed for the refreshment of the songster. It did not require much reflection to come to the conclusion that a mouse had made that hole, with the intention of devouring whatever might offer in the way of food, but the question arose how did the mouse find out that there was food or a probability of it there? Was his sense of smell keen enough to pierce through the lath and plaster and paper on the wall? He certainly could not see through it. My theory is that, in his ramblings up and down and everywhere, he caught the song of the bird, and was charmed by it to the very point opposite to where the bird was perched, but who shall explain the train of reasoning that must have ensued that led him from the charms of music to his low and normal state of burglar and thief, or would instinct at once flash into his mind the fact that a piece of bread was waiting there for him? Otherwise, he must have reasoned as follows: I hear a song. That is a bird singing. That bird must be just opposite to me. Probably in a cage. Birds in a cage require to be fed. Therefore there is food. The bird, I know by the sound, is opposite to me. I will bore through here then, and take a peep, as I am sure of some sport. Whether he succeeded in removing any food there are no indications to show, but what must have been the frightened sensations of the poor bird on the advent of Master Mouse, unless indeed, with additional cunning he stole a march on him in his sleep? *Quien sabe?*

Ottawa, 20th, September 1876.

## A PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENT.

A Granger in the upper end of the county read this item in his paper: "A Massachusetts Professor declared that an ordinary squash would lift a door-step weighing over half a ton, one inch in one night." The Granger thought he would try the experiment, so he placed a pretty good size squash on his front door step, drew a mark all around the stone, and took a seat just inside the door to await developments. He watched and listened for five hours, but neither the step nor the squash moved. He thought perhaps the squash was aware of his presence, and wouldn't get down to business as long as he kept vigil. So he quietly closed the door and retired; but was up at daylight, inspecting the step. When he discovered that it had not been moved the thirty-seventh hundredth part of an inch, he got mad. The squash was lying placidly on the step just where he placed it—and the next minute it wasn't. He gave it a vigorous kick and frightfully "squashed" it all to pieces, and as he was going into the house, trod on a fragment of the fraud, which impelled his legs to shoot out horizontally and himself to sit down on the step with a force almost sufficient to move the step about two inches more than the Massachusetts Professor said the squash would do it. So the experiment was not altogether a failure, after all. Maybe he used the wrong kind of a squash—one that wasn't enjoying good health.

## OUR PICTURES.

The vast majority of our illustrations this week will be found separately described in different parts of the paper. The front-page cartoon refers to the question of trade by the Intercolonial Railway, as set forth lately by Mr. Brydges at Halifax. While hailing the completion and the prosperity of this new line, and with every desire to see the cities and towns of the Lower Provinces profit by it, we must regard it as a matter of concern if it should be found to operate in a hostile sense against Montreal, and the other great emporiums of Quebec and Ontario. Illustrative of the Eastern War we give a view of the important battle of Yavor, and a sketch of women conveying wounded soldiers to the hospitals of Ivanitz.

## LITERARY.

A collected edition of the poems of Ebenezer Elliott, "the Corn Law Rhymers," in two volumes, is being prepared for publication by Messrs. S. King & Co., under the editorship of his son, the Rev. Edwin Elliott, of St. John's, Antigua. It will contain a steel engraving of the tomb and statue erected to his memory by the working men of Sheffield.

It is reported that Mr. William Morris has an epic poem in the press, the subject of which is the northern story of Sigurd and the Nibelunga. For the most part it follows close the Eddala version of the tale. The Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, has collected his verses into a volume. R. H. Stoddard is compiling a life of Shelley. The Rev. E. P. Roe, is finishing a new novel. Sidney Lanier has collected his poems for publication. Montgomery Blair is engaged on a life of Andrew Jackson. A committee has been formed in Paris, headed by Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc, for the purpose of publishing an edition of Edgar Quinet's writings.

When Wordsworth and Coleridge were at work on the "Lyrical Ballads," Wordsworth one day, being at Nether Stowey, produced the poem known as "We are Seven," all but the first stanza, in a little wood near by. It was based on actual talk with a child, met when he had visited Goodrich Castle some years before, the dialogue yielding fit matter for a poem, since it involved suggestion of the natural instinct of immortality. When Wordsworth repeated what he had murmured out to himself in the open air (the manner of producing nine-tenths of the poems), and it was written down, he said that it wanted an opening verse, and he should sit down to tea more comfortably if that were supplied. "I'll give it you," said Coleridge, and gave at once the first stanza, which—as addressed to a friend, James Tobin, with whom they were on terms of playful friendship—he began "A little child, dear brother Jim."



**THE NEW OTTAWA POST OFFICE.**

The new Post Office Building at Ottawa may well claim consideration as one of the sights of that city. Its central position, and the elaborate character of its details which are enhanced by the beautiful stone employed, renders it an object of admiration alike to strangers and residents. Its site is well chosen, the plan of its front forming the base of a nearly isosceles triangle, which triangle is completed by the converging lines of Dufferin and Sapper's bridges crossing the Rideau Canal and meeting in Rideau Street. As these bridges are important works we will notice, in passing, that the Dufferin bridge has been completed a couple of years, while the Sapper's bridge although lately added to, is part of old Bytown, in whose earlier days its stone archway was built by the Royal Engineers. Dufferin bridge has stone piers, carrying boiler-plate lattice girders; and its roadway 30 feet in width is covered with wooden pavement.

But, to return to the Post Office Building, we find that in viewing it from any point of observation, excepting only Wellington Street, the Departmental Buildings are in the field of vision, and these, having a poetical variety in massing, aid in accentuating the strongly practical and business-like general character of the Post Office Building.

This building accommodates the city of Ottawa Post Office, Inland Revenue, and Custom House. It is divided into five flats or floors, viz: a sub-basement, a basement, a ground floor, a first floor, and an attic; the sub-basement and the basement being both below the street's levels. The sub-basement is entered from the front on the level of the Rideau Canal bank, and is devoted to Customs Examining Warehouses. The basement is entered by the rear, from an area, and opens on the canal immediately over the sub-basement entrance. It contains boiler and fuel rooms, a room for weights and measures, a room for the appraiser of customs, an additional examining warehouse, a porter's living room, a safe room, an extra room, a water closet, and two staircase lobbies in north western and south western corners, in each of which a staircase continued upwards to the attic and having landings at the several floors. This floor is plain in finish throughout.

The ground floor is entirely devoted to the local Post Office excepting two lobbies containing the staircases to the upper flats and basement. The Post Office has six entrances, viz: three public entrances, a clerk's entrance, a Departmental messenger's entrance, and one additional from the Custom House entrance in the South Western lobby. In the South Western corner is a safe room, and, excepting this, the entire floor is unobstructed except by twelve columns of cast iron, ornamental in pattern, which support the ceiling. This room is irregular in plan covering an area of about six thousand square feet, and divided by wooden partitions, eight feet in height, of ash and black walnut richly moulded and carved. The Post Office fittings are carried out in the same character as the partitions. The inner face of the outer wall is richly panelled in wainscot, the window jambs are panelled, and heavily moulded architraves follow the lines of arched openings having, at the crowns, heads in *carton pierre*. The ceiling is divided into panels by moulded and enriched beams, while the panels thus formed have rich centre flowers from which showy gas pendants are supported, against the wall. Supporting the beams are carved trusses of suitable pattern.

The first floor is divided into equal halves by a corridor running from end to end and connecting the two staircase lobbies. To the rear of this lobby is the Inland Revenue Long Room, the Inspector of Inland Revenue's office, the Gas Inspector's office, the Customs messenger's room, two safe rooms, a room for blank forms, and the first floor water closets. To the front of the corridor is the Customs Long Room, the Collector of Customs office, the Surveyor of Customs office, an office for the Inspector of Post Offices, a Landing Waiters room, and a room for stores and forms. The first floor rooms are finished much the same as the ground floor; but none deserve special mention in this particular excepting the Long Room. This room measures sixty feet in length by thirty feet in breadth, and fifty feet from the floor to the ceiling. It is lit by seven large windows having moulded architraves, and ornamented heads in *carton pierre* similar to those on the ground floor. The wall surface is divided by Corinthian pilasters resting on panelled pedestals which are continuous with, and similar in detail to, the wainscot of room. These pilasters carry a richly ornamented frieze and entablature from which curved ceiling ribs spring. The ceiling is ribbed, curved, coffered, and enriched to a very high degree and is exceedingly effective. The fittings of this room are made of black walnut and black ash. There are four entrances to the Long Room, each with double doors, two being from the corridor, while the remaining two open, one from the Collector of Customs and one from the Inspector of Post Offices rooms.

The attic contains seven offices, a dark room, two safe rooms, a corridor corresponding in position with that of first floor, and water closets.

Externally the building is highly ornate and presents to the eye, above the street level, three full stories besides a portion of the basement. Two strongly marked courses, the upper one bracketed divide the ground from the first and the first from the attic floor. The front is divided into five bays, the central and two extreme

of which are slightly advanced. The central contains on the ground floor the main entrance, flanked by two window openings, the first floor above has three window openings, while the attic has a large opening for a clock face surmounted by a pediment in the tympanum of which are carved the arms of Canada, supported by the lion and unicorn. Those bays in advance have free and engaged pilasters, with rusticated bands, dividing the openings from one another; the remaining bays having three openings on each flat with segmental heads excepting in the attic where they are square headed. All the openings to the ground and first floor have ornamental carved keystones. The flanks of the building are after the same character as the front, but the rear is carried out with very little carving comparatively.

The roof is a "Mansard," is slated and has iron crestings, of special design and character, from the foundries of Mr. Ives, of Montreal. Crowning the roof is a cupola of nondescript shape on which is planted a flagstaff.

The style of the building is Italian, of a modified type, stone from Berea, Ohio, is used in the facing of the outer walls excepting that portion opening on the Rideau Canal below the level of Sparks and Wellington Streets. Walter Chesterton, of Ottawa city, prepared the designs for and carried out this work to completion, under the supervision of the Dominion chief architect J. S. Scott—Mr. Larose being the Departmental clerk of work connected with it. The contractors were, for the masonry and brickwork, J. W. Webster, and for the carpentry, joinery, &c., Cameron & Moody, for vaults, iron columns, girders, &c., G. Chapleau, of Montreal, and for plumbing and gasfitting, Blythe & Kerr, of Ottawa.

**THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD'S HOME.**

There is no district in England around which more pleasant and glorious memories cluster than that in which Hughenden, or more anciently Hitchenen, lies. Never shrinking from, often appearing to court, the fierce joy of political conflict, only those few who have been admitted within the domestic circle of Hughenden Manor can tell how his deepest delight has ever been in his home. Born in Hackney, baptised in Holborn, it is in Hughenden that Mr. Disraeli has perpetually renewed his youth amid the braiding and yet baby air of the southern spurs of the Chilterns. In that district he is personally beloved; and it is a sore blow to many a good man in Bucks that he now ceases to represent the county which has returned him to sit in thirty sessions of the High Court of Parliament. Not a sportsman, never quite a squire, he has yet been a model country gentleman since Hughenden Manor passed to him by purchase from the Norris family. However possessed with the weighty cares of politics, he has ever found time to provide for the well-being of the people on the Manor of which he is lord. He once declared in public that he had the best wife in England; and at least he was always sure when he returned to the home ruled by the late Lady Beaconsfield of sympathy and solace. Now he has to bear his burthens alone; but we may well believe that even now he rejoices in the pleasures of memory, nor deems it a feigned holiday when he can return to the house over which her calm and loving influence yet seems to reign. From High and Chipping Wycombe two miles of level and dusty road brings the wayfarer to the new wrought-iron gates of Hughenden Manor, while on the left, past a neat lodge, across a little babbling brook, the avenue leads up to the handsome mansion, which is more than half hidden by beeches and elms. There is a library of price; there are gardens of beauty; there are far-reaching conservatories maintained at no great cost and yet always presenting to the guest ample matter for study and admiration. Taste without profusion, comfort without ostentation, dominate the house; and neatness without primness governs the estate. Of old, if one would survey the manor, one might borrow the little basket-trap and shaggy old black pony in which the wife of the Prime Minister was wont to range among her tenants; now the pony is a sacred pensioner. And, indeed, it is perhaps speedier to walk than to sit behind the quadruped that used, if we remember aright, to be called "Jack," for the pony never could and seldom was asked to go quickly, and the hills of Hughenden are steep and the roads sinuous. Behind the private grounds nestles one of the snugest of parsonages, where the visitor who has, perchance, an introduction, may meet one of the most charming of families. And at the bottom of the slope on which the vicarage stands will be found the old church of St. Michael, with its perpendicular architecture, its Norman doorway, and its early English tower, all now restored in memory of the gracious lady who loved to worship there until she was called to join "the greater congregation." Dight with stained glass of good colour, but of little other merit, containing tombs that date from the thirteenth century downwards, St. Michael's is as well ordered a village church as is to be found in Bucks. Ritualism there is none—in the offensive sense of the term; but the Rev. Henry Blagden—an old Westminster man—is too good a Churchman to be frightened by a cry of Ritualism out of doing things decently and in order. Here the youngest belted Earl of England goes at all fit seasons to worship, in the company of his yeomen and his peasants, the God of his fathers—and there are few more reverent worshippers

than he, as he kneels over the crypt that contains the loved remains of Mary Ann Evans, Viscountess Beaconsfield. Nearly a mile off is the village whose people come hither to pray; but they have a school-room, long since built at Mr. Disraeli's expense, which is close to their own doors, and in which Mr. Blagden provides for them a hearty choral evening service. Every cottage has its modicum of comforts, and every house, however small, its porch, its oven, its well, and its garden. It is to this home, garnished with so many happy memories, that the Earl of Beaconsfield now returns to gain such rest as one may on whom the cares of the State must yet lie heavily. He is near enough to London; he is within call when the country's business requires his personal care; he is "among his own people;" he is beginning to recruit anew the health which Hughenden has done so much to preserve; and here we believe he will, with the exception of a few flying visits, pass the recess, the termination of which will introduce him to new duties in that splendid assembly, the most exalted in the world, which he will enter next session, after forty years' labour in the co-ordinate Chamber, and to which we may well believe posterity will say, in the words of Walter of Beaconsfield, he—  
"Gave as much honour as from thence he took."

**DAVID WILKIE'S EARLY CAREER.**

Haydon went on studying anatomy and drawing by himself until after Christmas, when he entered as a student in the school of the Royal Academy. Not very long afterward came a tall, pale, awkward young Scotchman, with a fine eye, short nose, and coarse mouth; very quiet unless aroused by argument, when he became eager and voluble. His name was David Wilkie, and between him and Haydon a sort of friendship was struck up which lasted through life, although David was not over-fond of giving proof of it when Benjamin fell into difficulties. David had the national organ of "getting along" finely developed. To Haydon he once gave this canny counsel: "If ye joost want get along in the world, it's not oondocive to your interests to be too reecht. It's better joost to let others believe they're reecht and you wrang." Meanwhile David's shyness, awkward figure, and shabby attire made him a butt with the students. In lack of a model, Haydon once found him in his garret, stark naked, drawing from his own figure by the help of a mirror. "It's joost capital practice," said the imperturbable David. His drawings soon became admirable, and in character and grouping reminded one of Teniers. He had brought a letter of introduction to Lord Mansfield, himself a Scotchman, who commissioned him to paint a picture from one of his drawings. This was the famous "Village Politicians." No price was named, and once his lordship, happening into the studio, asked, "How much an I to pay you for this picture, Mr. Wilkie?" "I hope," said the trembling artist, "that your lordship will not think fifteen guineas too much." His lordship thought this too much, and advised the painter to consult his friends. When the exhibition approached, the hanging committee gave the best place to the "Village Politicians." At the private view the great and glorious Prince Regent honored it with his august approval, and the *News* of the next day said, "A young man by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work." At the public exhibition the crowd was so great around the picture that there was no getting near it. Lord Mansfield became anxious to make sure of his prize. "I believe, Mr. Wilkie," he said, "I owe you fifteen guineas; shall I give you a check?" David reminded his patron that he had thought this too much, and had advised him to consult his friends, who thought it too little. "Oh, but I considered it a bargain," said his lordship. "Did you, upon your honor, my lord?" "I did, upon my honor." "Then the picture is your lordship's for fifteen guineas." "Now, then," said his lordship, "I hope you will accept a check for thirty guineas." Honest David had wisely not made himself too reecht, and thereby gained on the spot fifteen guineas, the parents in due time of many more.

Wilkie became famous at once. Lord Mulgrave and the excellent Sir George Beaumont were noted connoisseurs in those days. The former commissioned Wilkie to paint "The Bent Day," the latter, "The Blind Fiddler," and both sounded the praises of the Scotchman. "If a young man," says Haydon, "wanted to be pulled at dinners until Academicians grew black in the face, Lord Mulgrave and Sir George were men to do it." Sir George, with perhaps pardonable exaggeration, described Wilkie as "a young man who came to London, saw a picture by Teniers, then rushed home and painted the 'Village Politicians' at once—at once, my dear Lady Mulgrave, at once."

Poor David suddenly became the rage. No wonder that for a time he lost his head. He bloomed out—much as Dickens did, long after, under like circumstances—into a flashy imitation of a dandy. But his heart was, after all, in the right place; he wished his family to share his glory. One day he invited his friends to come and see him. "Upon the table," says Haydon, "spread out in glittering triumph, were two new bonnets, two new shawls, and Heaven knows what, to astonish the natives of his Scottish home, and enable his venerable father, like the Vicar of Wakefield, to preach a sermon on the vanity of women, while his wife and daughter were shining in the splendor of fashion from

the dress-makers of the West End of London."  
—From "Haydon and his Friends," by A. H. GUERNSEY, in *Harpers Magazine* for October.

**LYCOPERDON GIGANTEUM.**  
(PUFF BALL.)

We give a sketch of a *Lycoperdon Giganteum* gathered, with several others of similar size, on the western mountain, Cote St. Antoine, by Mr. Fleet. This fungus may be found at this season in various parts of the mountain and in the woods. It grows from one inch in diameter to fifteen and eighteen inches. The largest one on record is noticed by Lindlay as three feet in diameter. Some are a perfect sphere, others are irregular in form like the one which we sketch. They are at first white in flesh, of a mushroom odor, resembling cream cheese in texture. During this state they are edible, but when the spores are ripe they change to a dark color and are unwholesome. The spores which one of the larger kinds contains are countless. Lindlay calculated that the large fungus alluded to contained ninety-six billions of spores. Yet with this profuse quantity of spores very few are propagated. Should all the spores germinate, the crops and trees would suffer. All fungi serve a most important part in the economy of nature. They render all decaying matter harmless to man, and are useful in reducing it to the condition of fertilizers for other plants. The spores seem to germinate only where their growth would be useful for this object. The fungus in question forms a most excellent food, and one of them would be sufficient for a family for a day. It is cooked in various ways. Like a beefsteak, it may be cut in slices and broiled with pepper, salt and butter. It may be cut in small squares after a slight cooking, mixed with white sauce and stewed. Beefsteaks and cutlets may be dressed with it while cooking. Omelettes may be made by first stewing small bits with butter and then adding to the omelette before cooking. But steak, chicken, veal and mutton pies are much improved by placing bits of the fungus in them before cooking. A gentleman, who has given several lectures on fungology, lately gave a lunch at the Carlton Club, at which the *Lycoperdon* formed the chief article of diet. The menu was as follows:

- Potage — Purée de *Lycoperdon Giganteum*.
- Timbales de Volailles au *Lycoperdon Giganteum*.
- Côtelettes d'Agneau do do
- Lycoperdon Giganteum* à la Beefsteak.
- Frets de Bœuf au *Lycoperdon Giganteum*.

Dr. Edwards, food analyst, one of the guests, declared the fungus a most excellent and nutritious article of diet, while its flavor is most delicious and superior to the mushroom. The *Lycoperdon* is unlike any other fungus and cannot be mistaken for any that are unwholesome. Just now, the fields are almost white with the harvest of mushrooms, and a walk into the country cannot fail to procure a good basket full.

The Skate orders of the Starr Manufacturing Company, noticed in our advertising columns, are large this season, reaching even to Siberia whither a shipment was made early this spring to be in time for their winter.

**SCIENTIFIC.**

A Grecian mirror, of polished metal, has been found in Crete. This is the seventh known specimen of the kind, three of which are in the British Museum. The mirror is engraved on one side with a group of Venus and Cupid, and on the other is a winged genius, supposed to be the genius of the toilet or of the bath, holding in one hand an amphora, and in the other a vessel for drawing water.

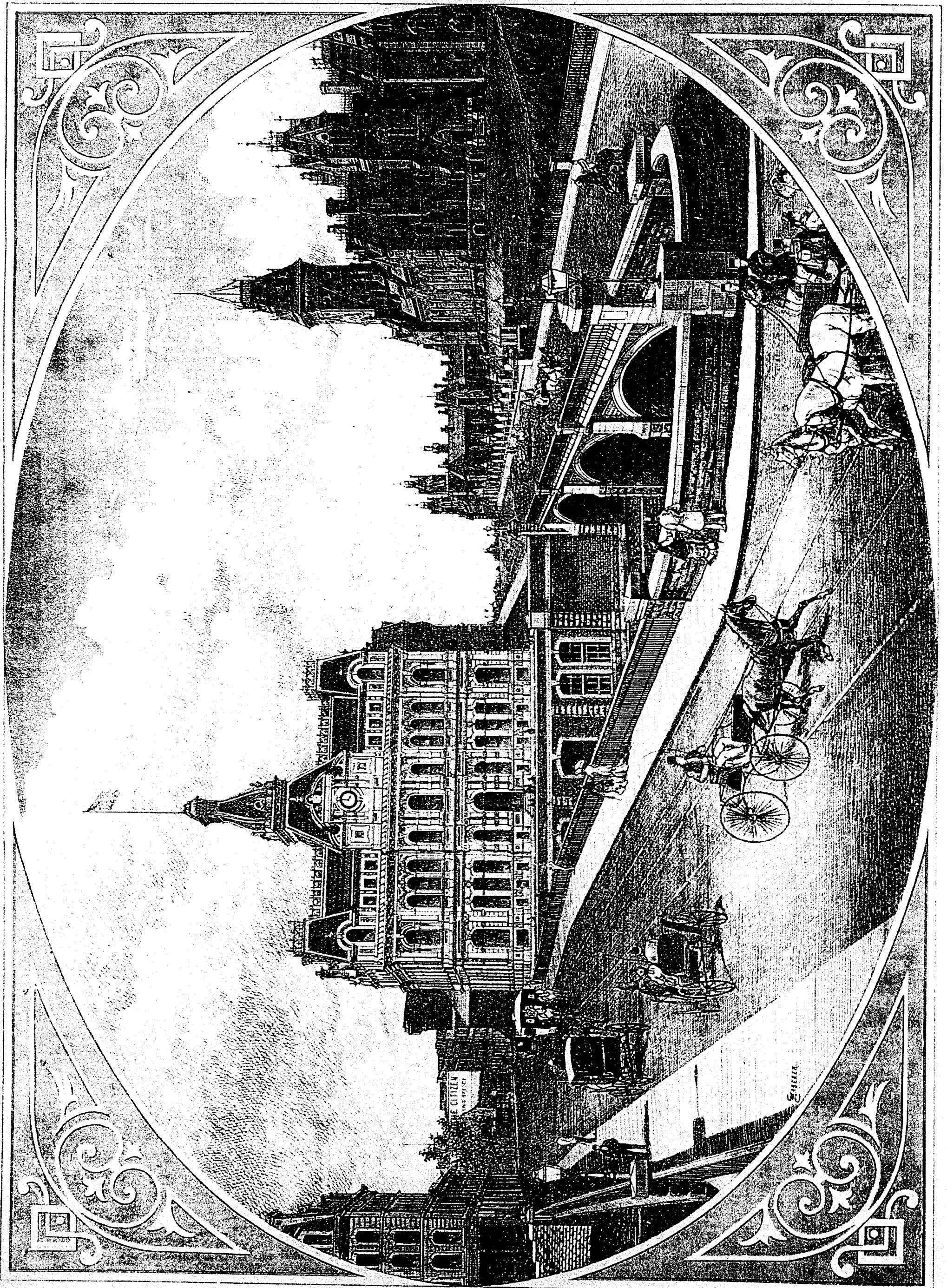
The moon has been mapped and measured generally; her motions have been determined so precisely that it is regarded as a serious matter if a very minute irregularity is discovered in her movements. Her heat and light have been measured, and we have found how little she deserves to be called the "cold, pale, moon," seeing that she is, on the whole, more nearly black than white, and at lunar noonday hotter than boiling water.

A comparatively new mode of employing tiles for the lining of rooms has been introduced. The tiles are placed together in their unglazed state, and a picture is painted upon them in colours suitable for firing. They are then taken asunder and put into the furnace, and then subjected to great heat and glazed. If this is successfully accomplished, the tiles can now be fixed against the wall of the room, presenting an absolutely indestructible decoration, which can be washed as often as there is need, though from its high glaze it is not apt to catch dirt.

Porro and Wolf of Zurich, Switzerland, have rediscovered the little planet between Mercury and the sun, that Leverrier, the French astronomer, announced twenty years ago and called Vulcan. Its course round the sun is equally short with that of the moon around the earth, and it moves in an atmosphere of intense light and heat. The former causes it to be generally hidden, and it is only at special moments, or during total eclipses of the sun, that it can be noticed. Dr. Loebbauld d'Orther of Paris, observed it in 1859, and Mr. Combarry of Constantinople, at a subsequent period.

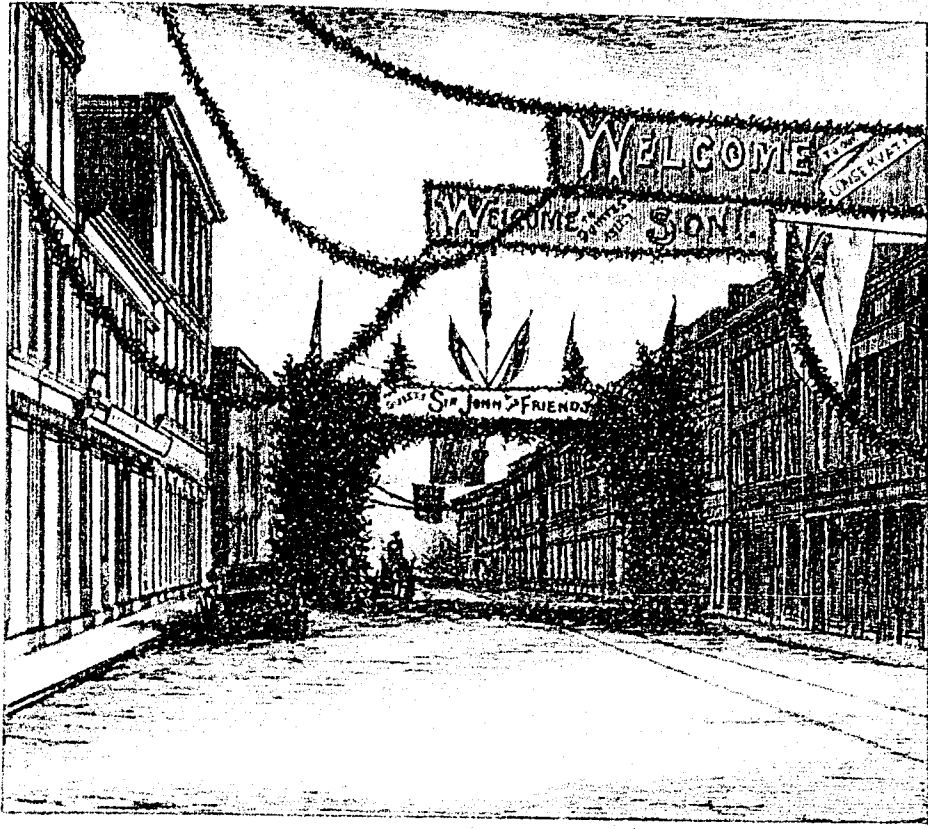
Air may be rendered free from floating particles by passing it through fire, acids, or cotton wool. Professor Tyndall showed not very long ago that air thus purified will not reflect light, and that a glass chamber fitted with it remains dark when placed in a beam of concentrated light, simply because there is nothing to reflect or scatter, or, in other words, to render the light visible. Since then the Professor has discovered that air enclosed in a glass chamber and left undisturbed for three or four days deposits all the floating particles, and becomes optically clear and dark to the beam of light. In a late paper he has apparently put the finishing stroke to the hypothesis of spontaneous generation, for he shows that solutions confined in chambers of optically pure air remain unaltered for months, while portions of the same or similar solutions, when exposed to the atmosphere, swarm with bacteria and other minute forms of life in a few days. The variety of the experiments made by Professor Tyndall warrant his assertion that spontaneous generation is an impossibility, and that putrefaction and infection would be unknown.



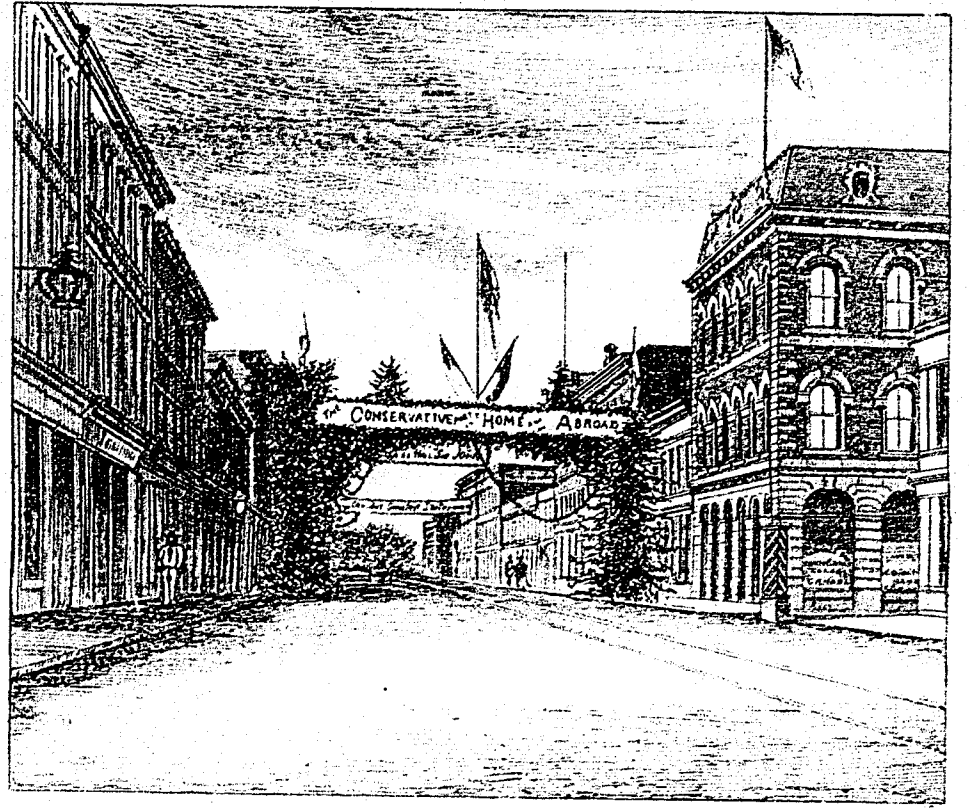


OTTAWA: THE NEW POST OFFICE, THE NEW PATRICKS MARRIAGE AND SABBATHS BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND AND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS TO THE RIGHT.  
Engraved by W. J. L. L.

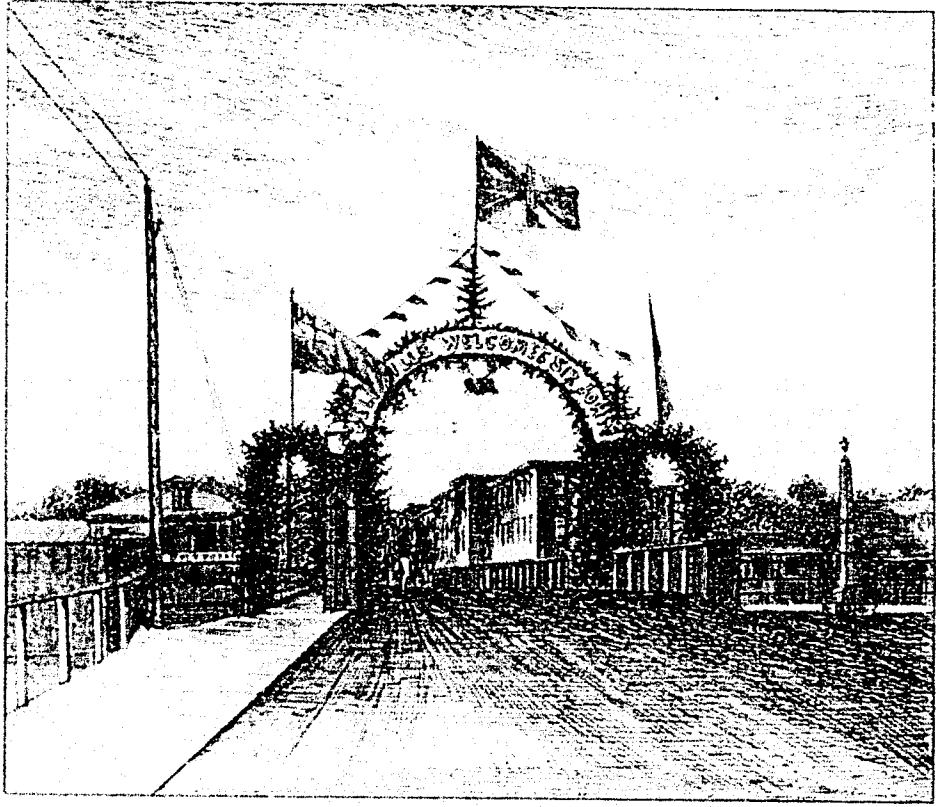




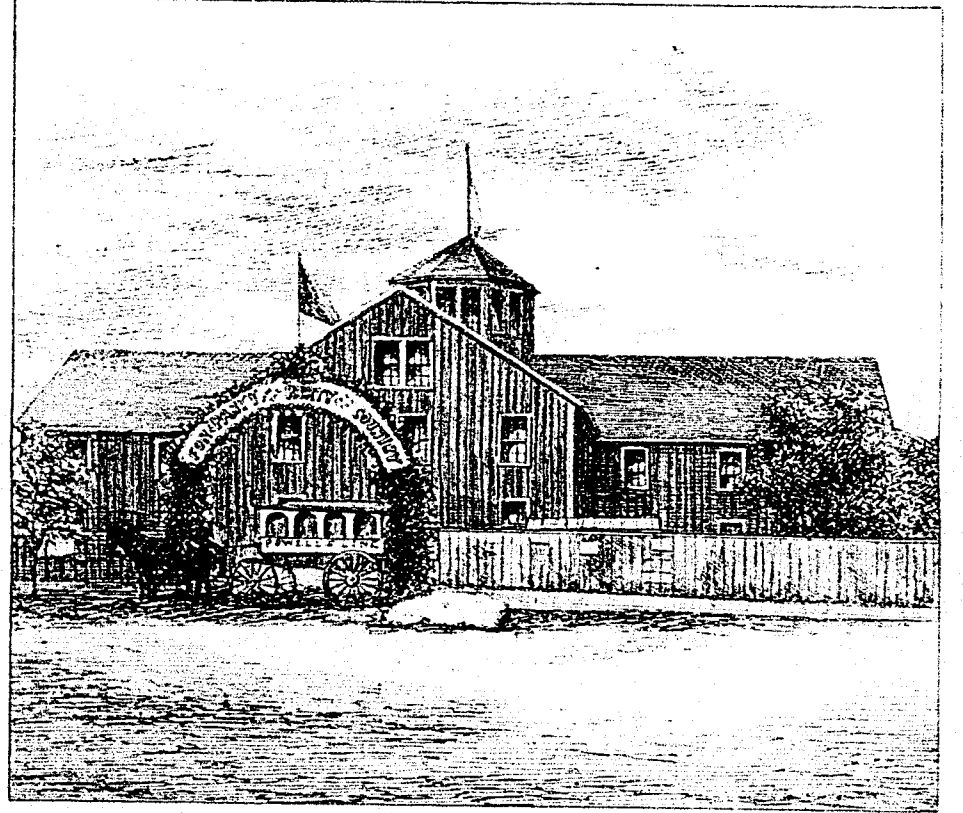
Arch upon Front Street, Looking South.



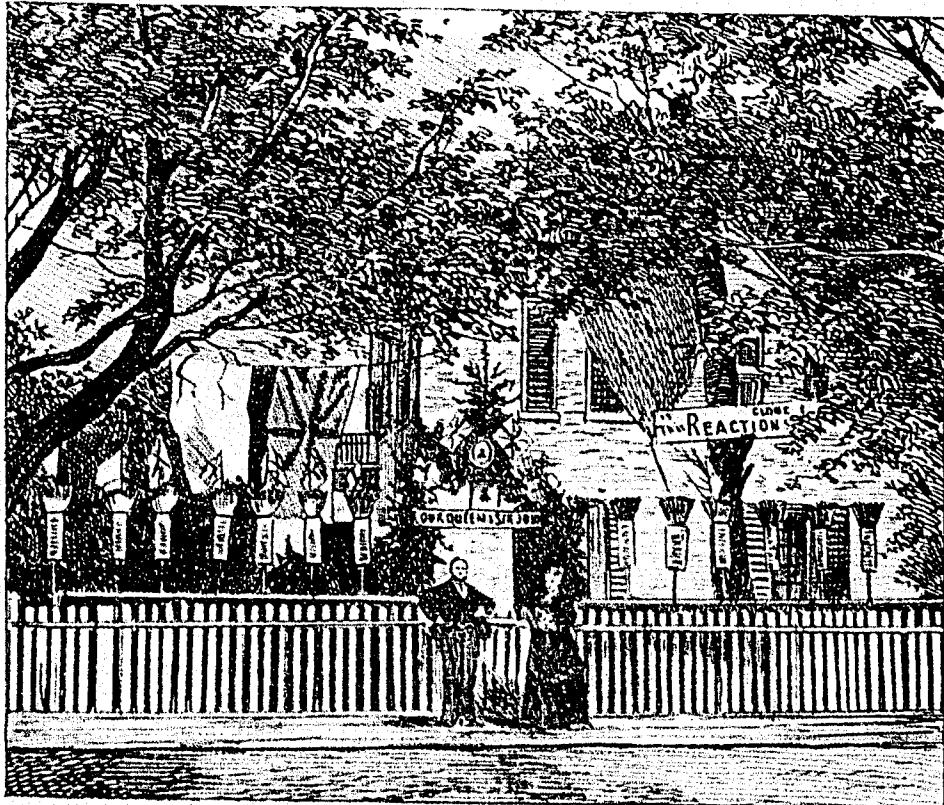
Arch on Main Street, Looking North.



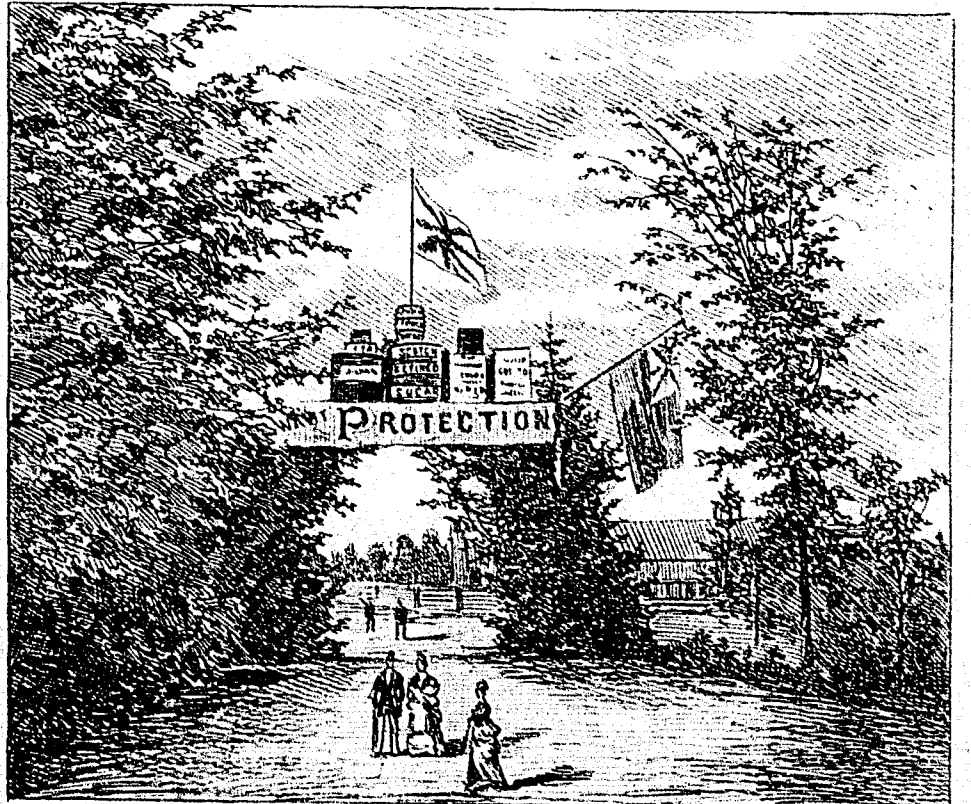
Arch upon "Lower Bridge," Looking West.



Arch at the Agricultural Hall.



Residence of Jacob Wilson Esq.



Arch opposite Residence of Jacob Wilson Esq.

THE LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE PICNIC AT BELLEVILLE.—THE DECORATIONS.

From Photographs by David Morrice & J. W. Boyce.



## BRIGHT DAYS IN STORE.

"Bright days in store,"  
For those who can bravely wait,  
With unshrinking hearts bearing life's burden on;  
Uttering no hasty words,  
Bearing the ills of fate,  
Still working and loving and journeying on.

"Bright days in store,"  
For the gentle and trusting,  
Those who with charity judge one another;  
Whose heart's tenderest feelings  
Are never left rusting,  
When there's a prospect of helping a brother.

"Bright days in store,"  
For the lonely and loveless,  
Craving a helpmeet to share every thought;  
Our God in His bounty  
Hath made no heart mateless;  
Despair not, remember:—"With Love is Love bought!"

"Bright days in store,"  
Oh, believe it, ye mourners,  
Our God in His wisdom hath portioned our woes;  
And He who sends sorrows  
To chasten sojourners—  
On world-weary pilgrims His pity bestows.

"Bright days in store,"  
Oh! be steadfast and cheerful,  
Perform every duty your hand finds to do;  
Neglect not the helpless,  
The suffering and fearful,  
And God in His mercy will not neglect you!

Quebec, 4th August, 1876. F. CHASL.

## GEIER-WALLY:

A TALE OF THE TYROL.

## CHAPTER I.

GEIER-WALLY.

"With dreamy eyes down the rugged steep  
Gazes the mountain maid, so proud and shy;  
Beneath the bosom of her bosom faced  
Her young heart throbs with feelings pure and high.  
Ever so the Alpine rose, on some lone cliff,  
Lits its soft petals to the summer sky,  
Nor rocks it 'mid the stones and masses gray,  
Tis not discerned by any human eye."  
SCHEFFEL.

A traveller was walking through the Oetzthal. Far above him, on a giddy height, stood a girlish figure, looking from the valley no larger than an Alpine rose, but sharply relieved against the blue sky and gleaming ice-lad peaks of the mountains. She stood firmly and quietly, though the wind plucked and tore her garments, going steadily down into the depths, where the Asche dashed foaming through the ravine, and a slant ray of sunshine painted glimmering prismatic colors on the cliff in its spray. She saw the traveller and his guide advancing along the narrow bridge that spans the water, rose from the abyss. She did not notice that the guide, a handsome chamois hunter, raised his arm with a threatening gesture, pointed to her and said to the stranger, "That is surely Geier-Wally, (Eagle-Wally), for no other girl would dare to stand on the narrow ledge so near the edge of the precipice; see, one would think that the wind would blow her over, but she always behaves entirely unlike any sensible person."

They now entered a dark, damp fir-wood. Once more the guide paused and looked upward with an eagle glance to where the young girl stood and the little village rested on the narrow mountain plateau in the full light of the morning sun, which as yet scarcely dared cast a glance askance into the narrow, gloomy ravine. "You needn't look down so defiantly, there's a way up," he muttered, and disappeared with the traveller. As if in contempt of the threat, the girl uttered a loud *jodel*, so shrill that, repeated by all the cliffs, a winged echo bore the tones far into the deep silence of the fir-wood, dying away with a mysterious sound, like the defiant shout of the hostile fairies of the Oetzthal.

"Yes, shout! I'll drive you away," he said, angrily, and, throwing back his head, peered forth, in tones as clear and shrill as a post horn, a song of derision and mockery. Will she hear it?

"Why do you call that girl Geier-Wally?" asked the traveller in the dark, damp-wood below.

"Because, sir, when she was a child she robbed an eagle's nest and fought with the old bird," said the Tyrolean. "She's the handsomest and strongest girl in the Tyrol, and immensely rich, and it's a shame the way she drives the boys off. No man boasts that he ever conquered her. She's as coy as a wild-cat, and so strong that the lads say no one can get the better of her. If any of them comes near her she strikes him down. Well, if I should ever try it, I'd conquer her or tear the chamois head and feather from my hat."

"Why haven't you tried your luck with her, if she is so rich and beautiful?" asked the stranger.

"Why, you see, I don't like girls who are half-boys. To be sure, she can't help it; the old man—Stromminger—is a very bad fellow. He used to be the best fighter and wrestler among the mountains, and the memory of it still clings to him. He has always beaten the girl shamefully, and brought her up like a boy; she never had a mother, for Stromminger's wife died directly after her birth. That's why she has grown up so fierce and violent." Such was the story the Tyrolean related to the traveller, and he was not wrong. The girl who stood on the verge of the lofty precipice was Wallburga Stromminger, the *Hochstbauer's* (the most in-

fluential peasant in the village) only child, also called Geier-Wally, and he told the truth; she deserved the name. Her courage and strength were as boundless as if she possessed the wings of an eagle, her nature as stern and inaccessible as the rugged peaks where these proud birds build their nests, and whose summits tear the clouds of heaven.

Wherever any dangerous feat was to be performed, Wally had always appeared and put the lads to shame. Even when a child, she was as wild and unruly as her father's young bulls, whom she controlled. When scarcely fourteen, a peasant had discovered on the side of a steep cliff a golden eagle's nest, containing one fledgling, but no one in the village dared to capture it. Then Stromminger, in scorn of the young men, said his Wallburga would get it. And Wally, to the horror of the women and the indignation of the lads, instantly announced herself ready. "You are tempting Providence," Stromminger said the men. But the former must have his jest; every one must learn that the race of Stromminger, from generation to generation, was still peerless.

"You shall see that a girl who has the Stromminger blood is worth ten of your boys," he exclaimed, with a proud laugh, to the peasants who flocked to witness the unprecedented sight. Many pitied the beautiful young girl, who would perhaps fall a victim to her father's malicious boast. But they all wanted to look on. As the wall of the rock was almost perpendicular, and afforded no resting place for any human foot, a rope was fastened around Wally's waist. Four men, her father at the head, held the end, it is true, but it was terrible to the spectators to behold the brave child, armed only with a knife, advance to the edge of the plateau, and with a sudden bound descend into the abyss. Suppose the knots of the rope should break, the eagle tear her to pieces, or her skull be crushed against some uneven projection of the cliff as she was hurriedly down up. It was a wicked deed on the part of Stromminger to carelessly risk the life of his only child. Meantime Wally descended fearlessly through the empty air to the nest, half-way down the precipice, where with delight she perceived the eaglet, that ruffled its downy plumage and pecked angrily at her with its little beak. Without the least hesitation she seized with her left hand the young bird, which now uttered a pitiful cry, and put it under her arm. Just then there was a rushing sound in the air, darkness surrounded her, and blows rained like hail upon her head. "Your eyes, save your eyes," was her only thought, and, pressing her face closely against the cliff, she blindly struck with her knife at the furious bird, which attacked her with beak, claws and pinions. Meantime the men above drew her rapidly up. The battle in the air still continued; suddenly the eagle shot down into the valley. Wally's knife must have wounded it, while the child, bleeding and with her face torn by the rocks, reached the top of the precipice, still clasping the young bird, which she would not have relinquished at any cost.

"But Wally," cried the peasants, "why didn't you drop that young bird? then you would have got rid of the eagle."  
"Oh," she answered, simply, "the poor thing can't fly yet; if I had dropped it, it would have fallen down the precipice and been killed."

This was the first and only time in her life that her father ever kissed her; not because Wally's generous compassion for the helpless bird had touched his heart, but because she had performed a heroic act, which did honor to the hardy race of Stromminger.

This was the girl who was now standing on the ledge of a rock scarcely a foot wide, gazing dreamily down into the abyss; for, with all her impetuosity, a strange reverie sometimes took possession of her, and she looked mournfully into vacancy, as if she saw something for which she longed, yet could not attain. It was a vision that always remained the same, whether she saw it in the gray dawn of morning or the glow of noon, the sunset glory or the pale moonlight, and it haunted her constantly for a year, wherever she went, down in the valley and up on the mountains, and whenever she was alone, and her large chamois eyes wandered over the gleaming glaciers or down into the dark ravine where the waves of the Asche thundered; she sought him whom the vision resembled, and if now and then a traveller, looking in the distance like a tiny speck, passed by, she thought it might be he, and a strange thrill of joy overwhelmed her at the idea of seeing him, although she could distinguish nothing except a human figure no larger than the puppets in a puppet show. When the two pedestrians now passed, she again thought it might be he. Then her chest seemed oppressed with some heavy weight, her lips parted, and her joy burst forth like a freed lark in a ringing *jodel*. And as the chamois hunter in the silent wood below heard the faint echo, a sound of his reply reached her also, and she listened to the distant note with rapture. It might be his voice! The rosy reflection of a warm emotion suffused the wild, defiant face. She had not heard the mocking tone in the shout. If she had, she would probably have clenched her fists and tried the strength of her arms, while dark shadows swept over her face till it was as pale as the glaciers after sunset. She now sat down on the ledge that supported her, and, swinging her feet, which hung over the terrible abyss, rested her head on her hands, and again recalled the wonderful events of the day when she saw him for the first time.

## CHAPTER II.

BAREN-JOSEPH.

Just a year ago, at Whitsuntide, her father took her to Söbden, to be confirmed; the bishop came there every two years, because a carriage road extended to the place. She felt a little ashamed, because she was sixteen years old and so tall. Her father would not allow her to be confirmed before; he thought lovers and a wedding could instantly follow, and there was still plenty of time for that. Now she feared the others would laugh at her. But no one noticed her. The whole village was in an uproar when they arrived, for it was said that Joseph Hagenbach, of Söbden, had killed the bear that had appeared in Vintschgau, and for which the lads in all the other haunts had vainly hid snares. Joseph then set out for the spot, and last Friday caught him. A messenger had brought the news early in the morning, and Joseph would soon follow him. The peasants waiting before the church were very proud that it was a Söbden lad who had accomplished the daring deed, and talked of nothing but Joseph, who was undeniably the strongest and handsomest fellow and the best shot among the mountains. The girls listened admiringly to the heroic tales related of the young hunter, how he found no mountain too steep, no road too long, no chasm too wide, and no danger too great. And when a pale, delicate-looking woman appeared, all rushed forward and congratulated her on having a son who did her so much honor.

"Your Joseph is a pattern to every one," said the men, kindly. "How your husband would rejoice if he were still alive!" cried the women.

The mother smiled. "Yes, he is a fine fellow and a good son; no one could have a better. But you may believe I am never free from anxiety about him; not a day passes that I don't think to-day he'll be brought home with broken limbs. It is a hard trial."

The tall figures of the priests now appeared on the square, and put an end to the conversation. The people thronged into the little church with the white-robed, flower-wreathed children, and the sacred service began.

But Wally could think of nothing but the bear-slayer, Joseph, and all the wonderful things he was said to have done; and how splendid it would be if one were so strong and brave, and held in such high esteem by every one. If he would only come while she was in Söbden, that she might see him, too; she fairly longed to do so.

At last the service was over, and the children received the bishop's blessing; just at that moment wild cheers arose. "He has him! He has the bear!" The bishop could scarcely finish the benediction, for all rushed out of doors, and with shouts of joy surrounded a young chamois hunter who, accompanied by a group of sturdy mountaineers from Schnalser and Vintschgau, was just crossing the square before the church. But tall and stately as were the lads of Schnalser and Vintschgau, none compared with him. He towered above all in height, and was so handsome—handsome as a picture. He looked like the St. George in the church. Over his shoulder was flung a bearskin, whose huge claws dangled on his broad breast. He moved as proudly as the emperor, and took but one step to the others' two, but still kept in advance. And they were making as much ado about him as if he were really the emperor disguised as a chamois hunter. One carried his gun, another his game-bag, and all shouted and cheered; he alone was calm and quiet. He modestly approached the priests, who came forward from the church, and raised his garlanded hat to them. The bishop made the sign of the cross over him, and said, "The Lord was strong in you, my son. By His help you have accomplished what no one else was able to do. Men must thank you, but you owe your thanks to God."

All the women wept, and Wally's eyes also grew dim with tears; it seemed as if now, for the first time, the devotion she had not felt in the church overpowered her, when she saw the stately hunter bend his proud head to receive the blessing of the priest. The reverend gentleman passed on. Joseph's first question was now, "Where is my mother? Isn't she here?" "Yes," replied the latter, throwing herself into her son's arms, "here I am."

Joseph clasped her in a warm embrace, saying, "Ah! little mother, I should have been sorry for you if I had never come home again. You, dear little mother, you wouldn't have known what to do without me, and I, too, could not have died willingly until I had kissed you again."

Ah! it was so beautiful to hear him say that! A strange feeling stole over Wally, as if she envied the mother who leaned so quietly in her son's embrace, and clung so tenderly to his powerful figure. All eyes rested on the group with delight. A thrill of indescribable emotion shot through Wally's heart.

"But now tell us how it all happened," cried the peasants.

"Yes, yes, I'll tell you about it," he answered, laughing, and threw the bearskin on the ground, that they might look at it. A circle formed around him, and the inn-keeper ordered a cask of his best beer to be brought to the spot and tapped, for the lads must drink after church, especially on such an extra occasion, and his little room could not have held them all. The men and women, of course, pressed around the narrator, and the children who had been con-

\* Bear-Joseph.

firmed mounted on benches and trees to look over their heads. Wally was the first to climb a pine, and could see his face distinctly; but the others envied her place, and, as she would not give it up, a quarrel arose. Then St. George looked at them, and his sparkling eyes rested on Wally's face, and lingered there for some time. The young girl felt as if all the blood in her body were rushing into her head, and she trembled so violently that it seemed as if she could hear her heart beat. She had never trembled before in all her life, and she knew not why she did so now. She only half heard what Joseph was saying; there was a buzzing in her ears; she could think of nothing but, "If he would only look up again!" And she did not know whether she wished or feared it. But when, during the story, it happened once more, she hastily averted her eyes, and felt as much ashamed as if she had been caught in doing something wrong. Was it wrong for her to look at him so? It must be. And yet she could not help it, though constantly trembling lest he should notice it. But he did not; why should he care about the child perched in the tree? He had glanced at her two or three times, as one looks at a squirrel—nothing more. She said this to herself, and a strange pang shot through her heart. She had never felt so before; she was only glad that she had drunk no wine on the way, or she would have fancied that she was intoxicated. In her agitation she began to play with her rosary. It was a beautiful new one, made of coral beads, with a real silver cross of artistic workmanship—a confirmation gift from her father. Suddenly, as she turned and twisted it, the string broke, and the red beads rolled down from the tree like drops of blood. "That is a bad sign," whispered a secret voice; "Luck and don't like to have anything break while one is thinking."

"Thinking of what?" Yes, of what was she thinking! She tried to remember, but could not. She really had not been thinking of anything in particular. Why did she feel so sorry that the cord broke at that moment? It seemed as if the sun suddenly grew pale, and a cold breeze swept over her. But not a blade of grass stirred, and the icy world glittered in the radiant light.

A cloud had cast its shadow—within or without? Meantime Joseph had finished the story of his adventure with the bear and shown the purse with the forty *Reiner* paid by the Tyrolean authorities, and there was no end of the praise and congratulations. Wally's father alone remained sulkily aloof. It vexed him to have any perform a heroic deed; nobody in the in the world ought to be strong except himself and his daughter. For thirty years he had been acknowledged the strongest man in the mountains, and now he could not endure to grow old and make room for the new generation. But when one of the villagers, in his delight, said to Joseph that it was no wonder he had grown into such a stout fellow—he had inherited it from his father, who had also been the best shot and best fighter in the neighborhood—the old man could no longer restrain himself, but burst forth with a thundering "Oh! don't bury a man before he is dead!"

All started at the threatening tones and cried almost alarmed, "Stromminger!"

"Yes, Stromminger is here and never knew before that Hagenbach was the best fighter. With his tongue perhaps, but nothing else!"

Joseph turned like a wounded wild cat, and looked at Stromminger with flashing eyes.

"Who says my father was a braggart?"

"I say it, the Hochstbauer from the Sonnenplatte, and I know what I'm talking about, for I've thrown him scores of times like a sack."

"That's false!" cried Joseph. "I won't allow my father's name to be blackened!"

"Hush, Joseph; it's the Hochstbauer; we must not quarrel with him," whispered the bystanders.

"What do I care for the Hochstbauer? If our Lord came down from Heaven and tried to abuse my father I wouldn't stand it. I know very well that Stromminger and my father never agreed, because my father was the only one who could vie with him. And he threw Stromminger just as often as he him!"

"It's a lie!" shouted Stromminger. "Your father was a simpleton compared to me. If any one of you old men has a spark of honor he'll say so; and if you don't believe it, then I'll beat it into you." But at the word simpleton Joseph had rushed furiously upon Stromminger.

"Take that back, or—"

"Merciful God," shrieked the women. "Stop, Joseph," said his mother, "he is an old man, you must not attack him!"

"Oh," shouted Stromminger, scarlet with rage. "Do you want to make me out an old good-for-nothing? Stromminger isn't yet so weak that he can't cope with such a saucy young stripling! I'll show you that I've plenty of marrow in my bones. I wouldn't fear you if you had killed ten bears."

And the powerful man rushed like a furious bull on the young hunter, so that the latter involuntarily fell back under the shock. But Joseph only staggered a moment; his youthful frame was so muscular, so elastic, that, although bent, it instantly sprang back again, like the tall pines, which, rooted as if by iron wires in the bare rocks, allow themselves to be swayed by the four winds of heaven, and are obliged to bear up against mountain weight of snow. Stromminger might as well have tried to uproot such a tree as to lift Joseph from the ground. And after a short struggle Joseph's arms clasped Stromminger with a more and more suffocating

pressure, till a loud groan escaped his lips and he could no longer move a hand. And now the young giant began to shake and lift the old man, now to the right and now to the left, slowly and gradually, but surely, now pressing one foot from under him, and now the other, as if to hurl him backward. The by-standers scarcely ventured to breathe, they felt as if they ought not to look on when such an old tree was overthrown. Now—now Stromminger had lost his footing—now he must fall—but no—Joseph held him up, dragged him in his strong arms to the nearest bench, seated him upon it, then quietly took out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from the old man's forehead.

"You see, Stromminger, I have conquered you; I might have thrown you, but God forbid that I should shame an old man. And now we will be good friends again. No offence, Stromminger."

He smiled and held out his hand—but the other pushed it away with a look of bitter hatred. "Devil take you, you scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "And all of you, men of Sölden, who rejoiced to see Stromminger mocked, you shall yet learn who I am. No more business shall be done with you, though half Sölden should starve!" He went up to the tree where Wally still sat, as if absorbed in a feverish dream, and pulled her by the dress. "Come down! we'll get no dinner here. No Sölden man shall ever see another Kreuzer of mine." But Wally, who had fallen rather than climbed down from the tree, stood as if spell-bound with her eyes fixed almost beseechingly upon Joseph. She thought he must feel how it grieved her to be compelled to go away, as if he must take her hand and say:—"Stay with me, you belong to me and I to you, and to nobody else." But he was standing among a group of men who were whispering to each other in bewilderment, for many of the villagers owed money to Stromminger, whose wealth circled like life-blood throughout the whole neighborhood.

"Well—are you coming?" cried Stromminger, and Wally was obliged to follow; but her lips quivered, her chest heaved convulsively, and she darted a look of helpless wrath at her father, who drove her on before him like a calf. They had proceeded only a few steps, when people followed them, and, turning, they saw Joseph, accompanied by several peasants. "Don't be so high and mighty, Stromminger," said the young man; "you can't take the girl all the way to the Sonnenplatte without food."

He stood so close beside Wally that his breath fanned her cheek, and his eyes rested upon her. He even laid his hand kindly upon her shoulder; she did not know how it happened, he was so good, so gentle, and yet she felt as if her sight and hearing failed, as they had done when robbing the eagle's nest, and the old bird's wings suddenly beat about her head. A wondrous emotion overpowered her young heart at his touch, his presence. She had not trembled when the huge bird swooped down upon her, hiding the sun with its broad pinions; she had defended herself bravely and steadily; but now she shook from head to foot and stood still in timid confusion.

"Away with you!" shouted Stromminger, shaking his clenched fist. "If you don't let us go I'll strike you in the face, though it should cost me my life."

"As you choose; you are a fool, Hochstbauer!" said Joseph, quietly, and, turning, went back with the others. No one else detained them, they walked unmolested. Farther and farther away from Joseph, Wally looked behind; she still saw his head towering above the others, heard the hum of voices and laughter on the square before the church. She could not yet believe that she should really go away and see Joseph no more; perhaps forever. Now they turned around a rock and everything disappeared—the square with all the people and Joseph—all, all, all was over. Suddenly the perception of a great happiness, which might have been hers and was now irrevocably lost, overpowered her. She gazed around in exploring help in this new, unknown pain. But there was no one to say to her, "Be consoled; it will pass away."

Blank and lifeless the chasms and cliffs frowned upon her; blank and lifeless the distant mountain peaks towered toward the sky. What did they, who had seen worlds come and pass away, care for this one poor quivering little human heart? Her father walked beside her as silently as if he were a block of stone. And he was to blame for all. He was a wicked, hard, pitiless man; she had got a person in the world to care for her. And while thinking and struggling with herself she mechanically walked on with her father, up and down the mountain, as if she wished to escape from her grief. The sun burned hotly down on the bare rocks; she gasped for breath, her tongue clung to her gums, her veins swelled almost to bursting. Suddenly she lost all self-control, flung herself on the ground, and burst into loud sobs.

"Oh! what does this mean?" said Stromminger, in amazement, for he had not seen his daughter weep since her childhood. "Are you a fool?"

Wally made no reply, but gave herself up entirely to her wild outburst of grief.

"Now, speak!" cried Stromminger, imperiously; "what does this mean? Open your mouth—or—" Then, as the mountain torrent burst from some secret chasm, she poured forth the whole truth from her impetuously throbbing heart, and overwhelmed the old man with the flood of her fury. She told all, for she had

always been truthful and unaccustomed to deceive. She said that she loved Joseph better than any one in the world, and was so eager to talk to him, and if Joseph had heard that she was such a strong girl and had performed so many brave deeds, he would surely have danced with her and then he, too, would have loved her, and now her father had spoiled all by quarrelling with him like a madman, and then dragging her away from the confirmation, so that she would be the object of scorn and mockery, and Joseph would never look at her again in his life! But her father was always so savage and unkind to every one, that was why he was called the wicked Stromminger, and she must now suffer for it!

Suddenly Stromminger shouted, "That's enough!" There was a whizzing in the air above her head and such a blow from her father's cane fell upon her that she thought the budge of rock had broken, and, turning deadly pale, her head drooped. It was hail upon the scarcely unfolded blossoms of her soul. For one moment, she felt so crushed that she could not move. Heavy tears welled from beneath the closed lids, like the sap from a broken branch; everything else was dead and lifeless. Stromminger stood beside her, muttering curses under his breath and waiting, as the drover waits for a beast that has fallen under his blows and can go no farther.

Everything around was so silent and lonely. No bird's song, no rustle of foliage interrupted the stillness; for no bird built its nest, no tree grew on the narrow ridge of rock that supported the father and daughter. Centuries ago some terrible conflict of the elements had doubtless raged here, and as far as the eye could reach only the gigantic ruins of a wild revolution extended. But now the fires which had burst from the earth had burned out, and the waters, whose furious course had swept away all the soil, had subsided. There lay the motionless colossal forms, piled one above the other; the forces that had moved them were slumbering, the repose of a churchyard brooded over the scene—while, chaste and rigid as heaven-aspiring thoughts, the white glaciers towered into the air. Only man, ever restless man, continued even here his never ceasing struggle and disturbed the majestic peace of nature with his anguish.

At last Wally opened her eyes and collected her strength to proceed. No farther complaint escaped her lips; she looked at her father as if she had never seen him; her tears were dry.

"Now you have felt how you'll fare, if you give another thought to the scoundrel who has made a mock of Stromminger," said he, grasping her by the arm, "for I'll throw you over the Sonnenplatte, before Joseph shall have you!"

"Indeed!" said Wally, with an expression that startled even Stromminger. There was such unyielding defiance in the one word, the tone in which she uttered it, and the look of implacable hostility with which she gazed at her father.

"You are a wicked, good-for-nothing creature!" he muttered between his teeth.

"I've stolen nothing!" she answered, in the same tone.

"But just wait; I'll drive it out of you!" he hissed.

"Yes, yes," she answered, nodding, as if to say, "only try it."

Not another word was exchanged between them during the whole way home.

When they reached the house and Wally went to her room to lay aside her holiday dress, old Luckard, who had lived with her mother and grandmother and filled a mother's place to the girl, put her head into the door and whispered, "Wally, have you been crying?"

"Why?" asked the girl, in an unusually harsh tone.

"The cards foretell tears for you! I consulted them, because it was your confirmation day."

"Indeed!" said the girl, carelessly, packing her mother's beautiful petticoat away in the large wooden chest.

"Does anything ail you, child?" asked Luckard. "You look so pale and have come home so early. Didn't you dance?"

"Dance?" the girl burst into a laugh, hard and shrill, as if a harp had been struck by a hammer, so that the strings jarred and rattled. "I dance!"

"What has happened, child? Tell me. Perhaps I can help you."

"Nobody can help me," said Wally, closing the lid of her chest, as if she wanted to bury everything that troubled her under it. It seemed as if she had shut a coffin lid over all her youthful hopes.

"Go now," she said, in an imperious tone she had never used before, "I want to rest a little while."

"Merciful Heavens," cried Luckard, "there lies your rosary—broken. Where are the coral beads?"

"Lost!"

"Oh! dear, dear, what a misfortune; you have only kept the cross and cord—the rosary broken on your confirmation day, and the cards foretell tears! Oh! merciful Father, what will happen?"

Lamenting bitterly, and half pushed out of the door by Wally, the old woman left the room and the girl shot the bolt behind her. She threw herself on the bed and stared fixedly at the image of the Madonna and the crucifix which hung on the wall. Should she bewail her sorrow to them? No! The Mother of God

did not favor her, or she would not have allowed her confirmation day to be spoiled. She did not even know what such sorrow was, for she had only suffered grief for her son, and that was very different from the agony of heart Wally endured. Ah! her young throbbing heart was longing and yearning for the dear, noble man here on earth, and the kingdom of Heaven was so far away and so unfamiliar, how could she desire to reach it at a moment when all powerful nature first imperiously asserted its rights!

Long, long she lay there, with her eyes fixed reproachfully upon the saints, but soon she saw only Joseph's beloved face, and involuntarily raised her hand to the shoulder he had touched, as if she wished to retain the pressure of his fingers. Then she saw his mother, of whom she was so jealous, lying in his arms, while Joseph caressed her so tenderly, but Wally pushed her away and rested on Joseph's heart, and he clasped her in his arms while she gazed into his sparkling black eyes. She tried to imagine what he would say, but could think of nothing except, "Your dear girl!" as he had called his mother, "You dear little mother!" And these words were inexpressibly sweet. Ah! what could the kingdom of Heaven offer to compare with the bliss she felt at the mere thought of Joseph's love, and what must the reality be?

A tap at the door made her start up, as if roused from a dream. It was the eagle she had taken from its nest two years before, and which followed her as faithfully as a dog. She could let it wander about freely, as it did no one any harm, and flew after her with its clipped wings as well as it could. She opened the little window, it hopped in and looked at her confidently with its yellow eyes. Wally scratched its neck and played with its strong wings, now opening, now closing them. A cool breeze swept through the open window.

The sun had already sunk behind the mountains, and the narrow window frame enclosed the peaceful picture of their lofty summits, veiled in blue vapors.

Her heart also grew calmer. The evening breeze revived her courage; she took the bird on her shoulder. "Come, Hansl," she said, "we will act as if there were no work in the world!"

The faithful bird had consoled her wonderfully. She had brought it from the rugged cliffs where no man dared venture; she had fought a mortal battle with its mother and had tamed it, and now it belonged entirely to her. "And he will be mine, too, some day," said a secret voice, as she clasped the bird to her heart.

(To be continued.)

THE PROVINCIAL ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS.

The Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers meets in Montreal for three days beginning October 19th next. It is impossible to over-value the cause which this association has at heart. "Education," said Washington "is the main source of a nation's happiness." "Education," said Sydney Smith more cautiously, "is certainly a cause of prosperity, and may be a cause of happiness." Those without education may "like a beast have lower pains", but most certainly like a beast they "have lower pleasures."

There is the closest connection between the increase of education and the decrease of crime. In England, in 1851, one child for every 79 of the population was under instruction, and one man in every 485 was in prison. Twenty years later one child in every 13 persons was under instruction, and only one man in every 1,480 was in gaol. Education increases five-fold, and crime decreases by more than two-thirds. And it has been recently proved that since the partial introduction of compulsory education, although the population increases rapidly, crimes are, not only proportionally but actually, on the decrease in the British Isles.

Dr. Elisha Harris has with infinite pains hunted up the records of the descendants of one uneducated neglected child. Her name was Margaret. From her he has traced 623 descendants more or less remote. Of these he can prove a great number to have been idiots, paupers and prostitutes; parasites that is, sucking the life-blood of the body politic. But actual county records show that no less than two hundred have been absolute criminals. He estimates that this one uneducated child has cost the country not less than one hundred thousand dollars. Truly prevention is better than cure.

To many men this is but an oft-told tale, a foregone conclusion, a "plattitudinous commonplace." But it is none the less our duty as journalists to bring these facts again and again before our readers.

The wise and patriotic of all denominations, all who make any attempt to lead what Liddon calls "The Higher Life," will welcome any chance of helping on the cause of education. Now one obvious way of helping education is to help the educators;—that is, the teachers. It is education forms the common mind. On the teachers of Canada depends the future of our common country.

And it may be fearlessly asserted that there is not a finer body of young women in the world than those who are now teaching in Canada. In a country village it is only the finer spirits who aspire to teach, and all but the finer spirits fail in the arduous task of having at once to govern and to please. The "school-ma'ams" are at once the salt and the light of the neighbourhood where they live. Neat in attire but never gaudy, modest although self-reliant, gentle yet

not dull, firm in the right but pliant in accommodating themselves to circumstances, they lead the world around them while seeming to be led by it. They act up to Pope's ideal of a good wife who

"Charms by accepting, by submitting ways,  
And has her honour most when she obeys"  
—or seems to obey!

Let Montreal then give these school teachers a hearty welcome. Two years ago the villagers of Granby entertained them nobly. The smallest cottages welcomed two or three apiece to their lowly eaves. And surely some of them "entertained angels unawares." Quebec last year gave them a right royal welcome. Let the well-disposed amongst us drop a line addressed to the Secretary of the Association saying they can shelter one of these, at once graceful and grateful, strangers. Let not those of moderate means abstain from the good work. School teachers have to rough it in the country. They are sure to enjoy themselves in town.

Let all who can attend the meeting, and abstaining from empty declamation or pointless narrative, try and press home some of the well established truths unknown to, or ignored by, the country at large. Such are, the advisability of shorter school hours than six a day to the younger children; the pecuniary advantages to be derived from the universal teaching, however rudimentary, of singing and drawing all over the country; the necessity of improved ventilation by windows opening at the top or opening upwards from without high up in the school-room; a more general backing up of the authority of the teacher and a less open and critical discussion of her character among parents; and last though not least, somewhat better pay for those services on which our children's happiness;—that is, our own happiness—will in after life depend.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"The Two Men of Sandy Bar" will hold the stage at the Union Square Theatre until the second of October, when the play of "The Two Orphans" will be reproduced.

At Booth's Theatre, "Sardanapalus" has reached its sixth week. It is the spectacular sensation of the day, with superb stage effects, and a ballet which numbers sixty-eight dancers.

A monument to the musical composer, Mercadante has just been erected in Naples. Mercadante was born in 1792, and from 1820 until his death in 1870, was director of the Conservatory in Naples.

Miss Jane Lee, daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin, has written a paper on "The Second and Third Parts of Henry VI, and their Originals," which she will read before the new Shakespeare society.

The memorial to the late Dr. Dykes, the musical editor of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," has reached the very substantial total of £19,000, so that those who have profited by his labours have not been unmindful of him.

The Salvini company has just brought out in Rome an extravaganza called "Anzellino Bolverde," with music by Offenbach, Strauss and others. The piece is said to be one of the most magnificent of the kind ever witnessed.

OFFENBACH received a splendid serenade from an admiring or sarcastic American. He hired fifty organists to play Offenbach's compositions, and they followed him, with their organs, when he went out. If they each played a different tune, it must have been interesting.

MR. EMERY, of the Adelphi, London, who is an excellent artist as well as actor, has nearly completed a large oil painting of a very curious kind. About 150 portraits are presented of himself in as many distinct characters, showing the amount of study necessary to portray even the externals of a character. The simplicity of resources of modern stage illusion, and the mode by which they can be made use of by a skilled hand, could hardly be better illustrated.

BARON TAYLOR, the veteran president of the French Dramatists and Artists' Fund, in his yearly accounts states that this mutual society is now enabled to spend £2,000 (£23,200) in pensions, besides casual assistance. Twenty-four pensions of about £20 each have been added during the last twelve months. The venerable and philanthropic baron, founder of the association, has himself contributed upwards of £4,000 to the standing capital of the fund.

M. Félicien David, the well-known composer, who died in Paris lately, was born in 1810 at Colinet, Vancluse, and when very young was sent to study under the chapel-master at Aix. He afterwards went to Paris, and was admitted a pupil at the Conservatoire by Cherubini. He travelled for some years in the East, and on his return wrote the "Desert," by which his name is best known abroad. Among his other most important compositions are "Moïse," "Christophe Colomb," "The Garden of Eden," "Horenlancum," and the comic operas of "La Perle du Brésil," and "Lalla Rookh." M. David was appointed Officer of the Legion of Honour in 1862, received the grand biennial prize given by the Emperor in the same year, and in 1869 was appointed librarian to the Paris Conservatoire.

ONCE when at Naples, Lablache was sent for to the palace. He entered the waiting-room, and till called in to his Majesty, conversed with the courtiers in attendance. Having a cold in his head, he requested permission to keep on his hat. Getting into full discourse, he was suddenly started by the gentleman in waiting crying out, "His Majesty demands the presence of Signor Lablache." In his eagerness to obey the royal summons he forgot the hat he had on his head, and, snatching up another, thus entered the King's cabinet. Being received with a most hearty laugh, Lablache was confounded, but at length recovered himself, and respectfully asked his Majesty what had excited his hilarity. "My dear Lablache," replied the King, "pray tell me which of the two hats you have got with you is your own—that on your head or that in your hand? Or perhaps you have brought both as a measure of precaution in case you should leave one behind you!" "Ah, malodetta," replied Lablache, with an air of ludicrous distress, on discovering his *clauderie*, "two hats are indeed too many for a man who has no head."

ARTISTIC.

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN, one of France's distinguished writers and painters, has just died at La Rochelle, after a very short illness. He was attacked by three carbuncles under the chin, which notwithstanding the greatest medical care, soon proved fatal. Only a week previously he had left Paris in seemingly perfect health. As an artist he was an "Orientalist," and his African night scenes are particularly admired. As he himself stated, he was a passionate lover of blue.





WOMEN CARRYING THE WOUNDED TO THE HOSPITALS AT IVANITZA.



BATTLE OF YAVOR; THE RETREAT.  
THE EASTERN WAR.





ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

WHEN MEN ARE AT THEIR BEST

Dr. Beard states that from analysis of the lives of a thousand representative men in all the great branches of the human family, he made the discovery that the golden decade was between forty and fifty, the brazen between twenty and thirty; the iron between fifty and sixty. The superiority of youth and middle life over old age in original work appears all the greater when we consider the fact that all the positions of honour and prestige—professorships and public stations—are in the hands of the old. Reputation, like money and position, is mainly confined to the old. Men are not widely known until long after they have done the work that gave them their fame. Portraits of great men are delusions; statues are lies! They are taken when men have become famous, which on the average, is at least twenty-five years after they did the work which gave them their fame. Original work requires enthusiasm. If all the original work done by men under forty-five were annihilated, they would be reduced to barbarism. Men are at their best at that time when enthusiasm and experience are almost evenly balanced.



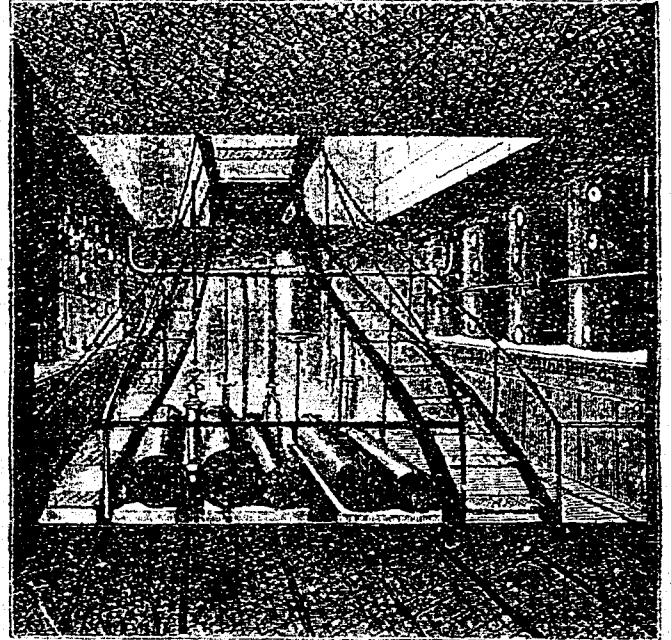
DANTE G. ROSSETTI.



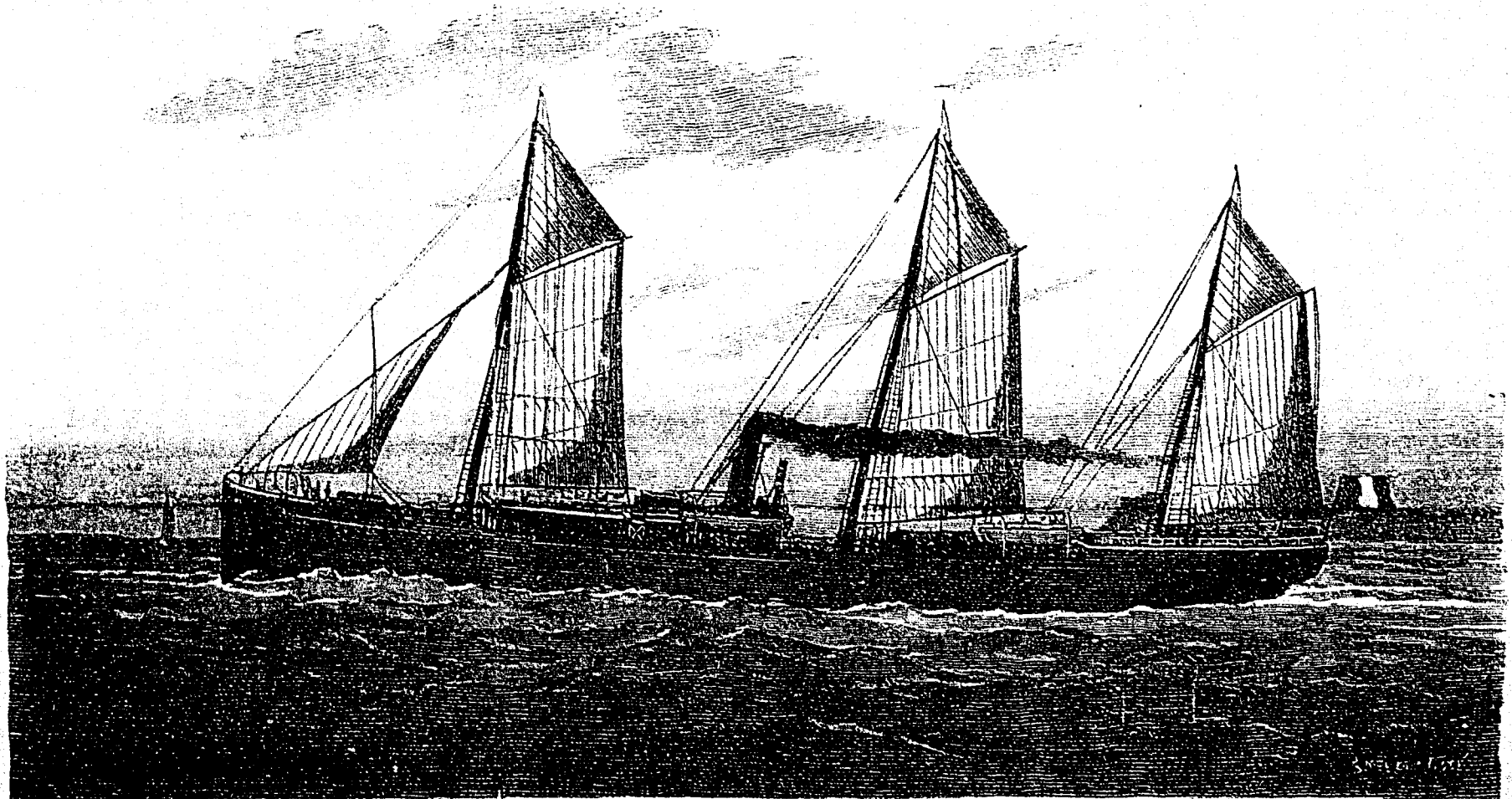
THE MEAT ROOM.



THE GUARD.



THE GLACIAL APPARATUS.



THE STEAMER "FRIGORIFIQUE."

THE CONSERVATIVE PIC-NIC AT BELLEVILLE.

The papers have been full of this notable event. We do our share towards noticing it by printing a whole page of views representing the principal arches erected on the occasion. It is allowed on all hands that the reception of Sir John A. Macdonald was of the most enthusiastic character, and that nearly 20,000 people from Belleville and the surrounding country, for miles, took part in it.

THE "FRIGORIFIQUE."

In connection with the vital subject of the transportation of cattle from Canada to England which, we are glad to know, is increasing through legitimate encouragement, we call attention to the following account, accompanying sketches on another page, of the scientific steps the French are taking in a similar direction.

CAPPING VERSES.

Capping verses is an old scholastic amusement in German, Spanish, and English universities and first-rate schools. It consists in two or more scholars exercising their memory and ingenuity and inventiveness thus.

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopola; and B, who follows, caps it by taking the last letter of the verse and quoting another beginning with that letter. In this case we have a hard one—e—but

Here C gives A a rather difficult letter to begin with. K. K. can now go and "cap verses" with her young lady friends. Some we hear of take up the last word and begin a verse with it; but this is obviously the more difficult way.

SHORTNESS OF MONEY.

YOUNG LADIES, as a rule (writes a contemporary), suffer a good deal from the want of pocket-money. Young men send in their bills to their fathers, and have generally a sum wholly independent of necessary expense to spend as they please, while their sisters have usually only an allowance for dress.

It is cruel and wicked of parents to permit their children to be placed in circumstances where they are tempted to put themselves under obligations to people from whom they have no right to receive them. A girl, out of ignorance and impecuniosity, may sometimes find herself placed in an equivocal position from which she does not feel able to get free; and cruel embarrassment may be caused because she had not a little money in her purse when she absolutely wanted it.

HINTS ON DRESS.

Ladies are asking for new and pretty styles for autumn dresses. The Alexandra tunic, or over-skirt, is quite novel, and much more tasteful in style than the aprons so long worn. The front is cut with two points and crossed, being finished with three bows; one side of the back has a deep point, and the other is rounded.

DON'T.

"You are serious this evening," said Mrs. Landell to her husband. "I hope nothing has gone wrong during the day." Mr. Landell who had been sitting, with his eyes upon the floor, silent and abstracted, for some minutes, roused himself at these words, and looking up at his wife, smiled, as he answered, "Oh, no. Nothing has gone wrong."

Landell, a broad smile sweeping over his features, as he caught her round cheeks between his hands, and kissed her. "There isn't anything in the case so serious as all that comes to. I'm not going to fail in business—haven't lost anything worth speaking about. Haven't cheated anybody, and don't intend doing so. It's only this hasty, impulsive temper of mine that is all the while leading me to do or say something that leaves a sting."

"The cloud passed from the face of Mrs. Landell. "You will overcome that in time, Edward," said she, encouragingly. "I can't see that I make any progress. Yesterday I spoke sharply to one of my assistants, when a mild reproof would have been juster, and of more salutary effect. He is sensitive, and my words hurt him severely. The shadow that remained on his brow all day was my perpetual rebuke, and I felt it long after the sun went down. My punishment was greater than his. This morning I was again betrayed into captious language, that wounded the same young man, and threw him so much off his guard, that he answered me back with some feeling. This I regarded as impertinence, and threatened to dismiss him from my service if he dared venture a repetition of his language. When feeling subdued, and thought became clear again, I saw that I had been wrong, and done wrong. And I have felt unhappy about it ever since. I wish that I had more self-control. That I could bridle my tongue when feeling is suddenly spurred. But temperament, and long-indulged habits, are both against me."

Mrs. Landell encouraged and soothed her husband, and so won his mind away from its brooding self-reproaches. On the next morning, as Mr. Landell was about leaving for his warehouse, his wife looked up at him, and with a meaning smile, said, "Don't." There was just the slightest perceptible warning in her tone. "Don't what?" Mr. Landell seemed a little puzzled. "Don't forget yourself."

"Oh!" Light broke in upon his mind. "Thank you, I will not!" And he went forth to meet the trials of the day. Almost the first thing that fell under the notice of Mr. Landell was an important letter, which, after writing, he had given to the clerk to copy and post. Instead of being where it should have been, it lay upon his desk. Neglect like that he felt to be unpalatable.

"John!" He called sharply to a young man at the further end of the warehouse. "Don't!" It seemed like the voice of his wife in his ears. "Don't forget yourself!" This mental warning came just in season. The clerk came quickly towards him. By the time he reached the desk of Mr. Landell, the latter was under self-control. "Why was not this letter posted, John?" The tone was neither imperative nor captious, but kind, and the question asked in a way that said, "Of course there is a good reason for the omission." And so there was.

"I think, sir," answered John, "that there is a mistake, and I thought it best not to put the letter in the post." "A mistake? How?" And Mr. Landell opened the letter. "It reads," said the clerk, "three hundred cases of calicoes." "Oh, no—thirty cases," replied Mr. Landell. But, as he said thirty, his eyes rested on three hundred. "So it is! How could I have made such an error! You were right, John, in not sending the letter away."

The clerk went back to his place; and the merchant said to himself, "How glad I am that I am able to control myself! If I had spoken to that young man as I felt, I would have wronged and alienated him, and made trouble for myself all day." Not long after this, a case of goods fell through one of the hatchways, crashing down upon the landing with a noise that caused Mr. Landell, whose temperament was exceedingly nervous, to spring to his feet. To blame some one was his first impulse. "What careless fellow has done this?" was on his tongue. "Don't!" The inward monitor spoke in time.

Mr. Landell shut his lips tightly and kept silent until he could command himself. He then calmly inquired into the cause of the accident, and found that special blame attached to no one. On opening the case of goods, the damage was seen to be trifling. "Another conquest," said Mr. Landell, as he went back to his desk. "Self-control is easy enough, if the trial be made in earnest."

A dozen times that day was the torch applied to Mr. Landell's quick temper, and as often was he in danger of blazing out. But he had begun right, and he kept right until the sun went down. And then he turned his step homeward, feeling more comfortable in mind than he had felt for many weeks. There was no shadow on his countenance, when he met his wife, but smiling good humor. "You said 'Don't' when I left you this morning." "Well?" "And I didn't!" "You are a hero!" said Mrs. Landell, laughing.

"Not much of a one. The conquest was easy enough when I drew the sword in earnest." "And you feel better?" "Oh, a thousand times! What a curse of one's life this quick temper is! I am ashamed of myself half a dozen times a day on an average. But I have made a good beginning, and mean to keep on right until the end." "Don't!" said Mrs. Landell to her husband, as she parted with him at the front door next morning. "I won't!" was the hearty answer. And he didn't, as the pleasant evening he passed with his wife at its close most clearly testified. Reader, if you are quick-tempered—Don't!

HUMOROUS.

TWEED said to the officer, "Blamed Vigo." Lord Palmerston once said, speaking of the Turks, "What energy can be expected of a people with no heels to their shoes?" Remarkably careful is that Danbury coal dealer who stands on the scale himself to see that there is no fooling with the weight of a load. "WHAT kind of a carpet shall we get for the parson's study?" asked a church-committee man of his colleague. "Ax minster," was the comprehensive reply. "I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared a lawyer at an exasperating witness. "I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

THE terribly hard times have caused the failure of a base ball club at New Haven. And now the members of that club are deprived of a good excuse for neglecting to support their families.

A MAN in Cincinnati recently cut his throat, because he lived next door to an amateur trombone player. The coroner held an inquest, and returned a verdict of "Justifiable homicide."

Man's inhumanity to man is too familiar to require any explanation, but man's inhumanity to woman is perhaps best illustrated by the care he exercises in forming a circle around a dog fight so that a passing female must climb a lamp-post to get a view of the proceedings.

IN an article on the habits of the fly the New York Tribune ably says: "Great care has to be taken in eating huckleberries, because nothing pleases a fly so much as to be mistaken for one; and if he can be baked in a cake and pass himself off on the unwary as a currant he dies without a regret."

The other day, a house in New Orleans, in which there was a sick negro, was struck by lightning, and some of the neighbours going in to see what had become of him, he peered out from under the bed clothes, covered with splinters of wood and broken pieces of plaster, and coolly remarked, "Is dar gain' to be anudder shower, honies?"

THE justly-celebrated Lessing was frequently very absent-minded. Having missed money at different times without being able to discover who had taken it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on his table. "Of course you counted it!" queried one of his friends. "Counted it!" repeated Lessing, rather embarrassed. "Well, no, I forgot that."

"THE stately step of a piper" is a proverb in Scotland which reminds one of an anecdote of a certain noble lord when in attendance upon the Queen at Balmoral a few years ago. Having been commissioned by a friend to procure a performer on the pipes, he applied to her Majesty's piper, a fine, stalwart Highlandman; and, on being asked what kind of performer was required, his lordship said, in reply, "Just such another as yourself." The consequential Celt readily exclaimed "There are plenty o' lords like yourself, but very few sic pipers as me."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

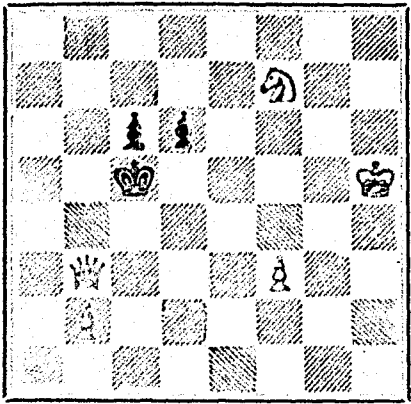
All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M., Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 87, received. Correct. Shall be glad to have the promised problems. H. A. C. F. Montreal.—Solution of Problem, No. 87, received. Correct. O. T. Montreal.—Letter received. Will send answer by post. J. H. Hamilton.—Letter and game received. Many thanks. The Tourney of the Dominion Chess Association began at Hamilton, Ont., on Tuesday last, Sept. 19th. There were eight entries for competition. We have not received an account of the mode adopted for carrying on the match, but hope to be able to give full particulars next week. Through the kindness of a friend we have received the score of one game of this Tourney which we insert in our Column to-day. The Tourney at the Centennial, Philadelphia, is exciting much interest among chess players. Only nine entered the lists, although the prizes are of a tempting nature. The game between Messrs. Bird and Mason, at the opening of the Tourney, attracted much attention, especially as it was remarkably brilliant, and lasted more than a whole day. It was extended to more than ninety moves. We should like to insert it in our column, but we are afraid it is too long for our limited space. The first prize in this match is to be a silver goblet presented by the Governor of Arkansas, and \$500. The celebrated Indian Problem, which has attracted the best players about thirty years ago, is again attracting attention in the chess world. The Haverfield College Magazine (Eng.) has a good letter from one of its correspondents on this intricate position. Just before closing our notices to correspondents we are glad to be able to give the results of the above mentioned Tourneys. They have been sent to us by our Chess friends. In the Canadian Chess Association Match the first prize was won by E. Sanderson of Quebec, the second by W. H. Judd of Hamilton, and the third by J. Henderson of Montreal. At the closing meeting the President of the Association announced the termination of the Canadian Chess Association's Correspondence Tourney in which there were forty entries. J. Henderson of Montreal and A. Wood of Brussels Ont., are the winners, both having won an equal number of games, viz: six and a draw each out of eight played. It was also stated that the next Tourney of the Canadian Association is to be held in Quebec in 1877. The result of the Centennial Tourney at Philadelphia was as follows: Mason secured the first prize, Judd the second, Bird the third, and Roberts the sixth. A tie between Elson and Davidson leaves the fourth and fifth prizes undecided.



PROBLEM No. 89. By J. MENZIES. BLACK



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 127th.

Played recently by correspondence in Nova Scotia between Dr. Weeks of Newport and C. S. Harrington, Esq., Halifax.

WHITE.—(Dr. Weeks.) BLACK.—(Mr. S. Harrington.) (Scotch Gambit.)

- 1. P to K 4 P to K 4
2. K to K B 3 Q K to B 3
3. P to Q 4 P takes P
4. B to Q B 4 B to Q K 5 (ch)
5. P to Q B 3 P takes P
6. P takes P B to Q R 4
7. Castles K K to K 5
8. Q to K R 5 P to Q 4
9. B takes P K K to his 3
10. P to K R 3 (ch) P to K B 3
11. K takes K B P K takes K
12. B takes K B B to K 3
13. Q takes B B to his 5
14. P to K B 4 P to Q K 3
15. R to B 2 P to Q K 4
16. Q to B 4 (ch) Castles
17. Q to R 6 B to Q 6 (ch)
18. K to Q 2 K to K 5
19. P to K B 7 P to Q B 6
20. B to K B 4 P to K K 4
21. P to Q R 4 Q takes P
22. P takes P en passant B takes R
23. B takes B (ch) B takes R
24. P takes Q K P R to K B 2
25. Q to B 5 (ch) K to R 2
26. B to Q 4 (ch) B takes K P 7
27. P to K K 4 B to K B 4
28. Q to Q 2 B takes P 6
29. K to R 2 Q to Q
30. K to R 2 Q takes R P (ch)
Resigns.

NOTES.

- 1. To prevent Black's placing the B at K K 5.
2. A good move, keeping the B in an attacking position.
3. The K is now well posted in the centre of the board.
4. Smothering with the Q from the field.
5. The position here is interesting and critical for both players.
6. A threatening checkmate.
7. Threatening second, and the rest of the game is well played by Black.

GAME 128th.

Played between Messrs. Henderson and Ross at the late Dominion Chess Association, Toronay at Hamilton, 1875.

- WHITE (Dr. Ross.) BLACK (J. Henderson Esq.)
1. P to K 4 P to K 3
2. P to Q 4 P to Q K 3
3. K to Q B 4 B to Q R 2
4. B to K 4 K to K B 3
5. B to Q 4 B to Q K 5
6. P to K B 4 Castles
7. K to K 2 P to Q 4
8. P to K 7 K K to Q 2
9. P to Q R 4 B takes K 5 (ch)
10. K takes B P to Q B 4
11. P to Q K 3 P takes P
12. B takes P K to Q B 3
13. K to Q K 5 K K takes P 7
14. B takes K 5 (ch) K takes B
15. Castles B to R 3
16. Q takes K 1 Q R to B 4
17. P to Q R 4 Q R to B 3
18. Q R to B sq Q to K B 3
19. K R to K sq B takes K 1
20. Q takes B Q to Q 5 (ch)
21. K to R sq Q to Q 2
22. K R to B sq R takes R
23. Q to B sq Q to K 5
24. B takes R P to Q R 4
25. R to B 7

- 26. And Black ultimately won the game.
27. Gaining a pawn.
28. White would, perhaps, have done better to Castle here.
29. Instead of this move, which loses the game, White should have offered an exchange of Queens.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 87.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q 2. 1. Any move
2. Mate accordingly

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 86.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q K 3 (ch) 1. P takes Q
2. P to Q R 4 mate

EN. FRESHMAN & BROS. ADVERTISING AGENTS. 186 W. FOURTH ST. CINCINNATI, O. ESTIMATE FREE. CHG FOR OUR FURNISHED FREE.



ACME CLUB SKATE. (FORBES' PATENT.)

Used extensively in Europe and America, and acknowledged to be the leading self fastening Skate in point of quality, finish and convenience. For sale by all respectable dealers. Wholesale orders solicited by THE STARR MANUFACTURING COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS, HALIFAX, N. S. Patent rights secured. 14-12-13-129

BANKRUPT SALE

OF MILTON GOLD JEWELRY. We will send you on receipt of Fifty Cents, one pair elegant engraved Sleeve Buttons, one set Spiral Studs, one Collar Button, one beautiful Coral Scarf Pin, one Gent's Watch Chain, and one heavy Wedding Ring. Above lot need to retail for \$5.50. Four lots will be sent, post paid, on receipt of \$1.50, and 12 lots for \$1. Address, W. W. Bell & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 14-11-13-151

THE MAMMOTH PACKAGE.

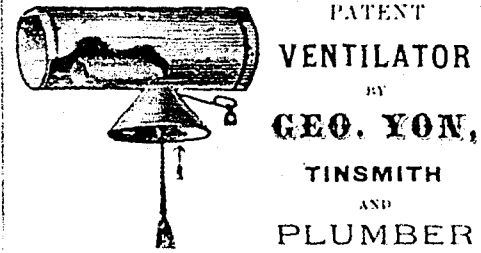
ALMOST GIVEN AWAY. One Pack of Magic Cards, 1 Pack of Age Cards, 1 Ventriloquist Whistle, 1 Magic Transformation Book, 1 Tony Pastor's Greatest Song Book, 1 Mountain Outlaw, a splendid Novel; 1 Map United States, handcoloured; 1 set of Shirt Studs, very neat; 1 Orville Watch Chain, handsome. These above sent, post paid, on receipt of 25 cents. M. J. IVIEBS, 105 Fulton st., New York. 14-11-4-150



CORNER NOTRE DAME AND PLACE D'ARMES.

Imparts a thoroughly commercial education, and offers superior advantages for preparing young men for business pursuits. The course includes Book-keeping in all its forms, Commercial and Mental Arithmetic, Correspondence and Penmanship. The progress is rapid and the results beneficial and practical. Special instruction in French and Shorthand. For full information apply at the College or address.

TASKER & DAVIS.



PATENT VENTILATOR BY GEO. YON, TINSMITH AND PLUMBER

Approved by scientists and artists, and within the means of all.

PRICE LIST

- Stove Pipe Exhauster, sufficient to aerate rooms where the pipes pass, \$1.50
Exhauster for Cooking Stoves, \$4.00
Hall, \$10.00

Complete apparatus of ventilation, consisting in metallic tubes affixed to the ceiling, for dwellings of 4 or 5 rooms in ordinary houses in Montreal. \$50 to \$55

FOR SALE at No. 24, St. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL. 14-9-13-152

HOPKINS & WILY, ARCHITECTS AND VALUERS, 119-32-88, 231 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY. DEVIN'S WORM PASTILLES. The most effectual Remedy for Worms in Children or Adults. Le meilleur remede contre les vers chez les enfants ou adults. PASTILLES DE DEVINS CONTRE LES VERS. APPROUVEES PAR LA FACULTE MEDICALE. For sale by all Druggists and Grocers. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal.

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS THE ROYAL FOOD AND INVALIDS. NUTRITIOUS, DELICIOUS & ECONOMICAL. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. 14-1-13-132

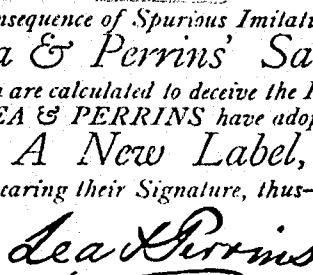
Martina Accopating. In first class Style. J. MURPHY, 706, Craig St., Montreal. 14-1-52-135.

JAMES WRIGHT, 301 Craig Street, Manufacturer of WOOD CARVING, CHURCH-BANK, Store and Office Fixtures, Fancy Wainscots, Parquet Floors, Carving, Turning, Sawing, Planing, &c. 1st prize for Wood Carving at Toronto and Ottawa Exhibition of 1874 and 1875. 13-8-52-85

\$225! PIANO-FORTES. \$225! New—fully warranted, 7 octave—all modern improvements—tone full, rich and pathetic—exquisite combination, producing a most beautiful orchestral effect. The most thorough test and examination desired. \$25 dollars each. Repairing done in all its branches at moderate prices and warranted.—LEICESTER, BISSIERE & CO., Piano Manufacturers, 370 Mountain St. 13-4-52-87

LEA & PERRINS' CELEBRATED WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE.

In consequence of Spurious Imitations of Lea & Perrins' Sauce, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA & PERRINS have adopted A New Label, bearing their Signature, thus—



which will be placed on every bottle of Worcestershire Sauce, after this date, and without which none is genuine.

November 1874. \*\* This does not apply to shipments made prior to the date given.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper.

Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross & Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL. MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL. 13-1-36

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.



SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 13-17-52-119, 55 College Street.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE

The Great English Remedy is especially recommended as an infallible cure for Spinal Weakness, Spasmodic Rheumatism, Insanity, and all diseases that follow as a consequence of Self Abuse, as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, After-Pain in the Back, Disarrangement of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Protracted Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence. The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases. Pamphlet free by mail. The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing WILLIAM GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ont. Sold in Montreal by R. S. LATHAM, J. A. HARTE, JAS. HAWKES, PHARMACY CO., and all responsible Druggists everywhere. 14-2-52-136

THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COY.



ROYAL MAIL LINE OF STEAMERS BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

DAY LINE. NIGHT LINE. Str. Peerless. Str. Queen Victoria. Str. Prince of Wales. Str. Victoria. Passengers leave Bonaventure Depot by 7 A. M. or 5 P. M. Trains for Lachine to connect with Steamers for Ottawa and intermediate ports, (except Saturday Afternoon, when Passengers leave by 3 P. M. Train for CARILLON and intermediate ports only.) Baggage checked. Meals and Staterooms extra. Evening Steamer from Ottawa will run LACHINE RAPIDS. EXCURSION TICKETS for CARILLON (good for one day only) at ONE FARE. Passengers for the celebrated CALEDONIA SPRINGS will land at L'Original. Return Tickets at reduced rates. TOURISTS will find this route one of the MOST PICTURESQUE in Canada. Market Steamer "DAGMAR" leaves Montreal Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 A. M.; Carillon Mondays and Thursdays at 6 A. M. Freight for all points on the OTTAWA forwarded with dispatch. Freight Office 57 COMMON STREET. Tickets at Company's Office 13 Bonaventure Street, or Grand Trunk Office. 14-4-8-138 R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

CHROMOS

LARGE AND SMALL—FOR DEALERS, AGENTS AND RETAILERS. The largest and finest assortment in North America. Twenty 9 x 11 Chromos for \$1.00. Address W. H. HOPE, 26 Bleury St., Montreal, Headquarters for Foreign and American Chromos. Send for Superbly Illustrated Catalogue. 14-1-26-134

LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES,



365 Notre Dame Street, 13-10-52-91 MONTREAL. \$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address L. V. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 13-1-45

DOMINION PLATE GLASS INSURANCE OFFICE ALEXANDER RAMSAY,

37, 39 and 41 RECOLLET STREET, MONTREAL. Reference: Citizens' Insurance Co. 13-1-47

\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

DR. BULLER, M. R. C. S., ENGLAND,

(Late of Berlin, Prussia, and London, Eng.) Oculist and Aurist To the MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL. Office, Corner Craig St. and Place d'Armes Hill. Hours, 1 to 5 P.M., except by special appointment. 13-9-52-90

50 VISITING CARDS, name finely printed, for 25 cents. 1000 Agents wanted. Samples 3c stamp. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S. 13-26-13-131

HUTCHINSON & STEEL, ARCHITECTS. Valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c., 151 St. James St. A. C. HUTCHINSON. A. D. STEEL. 13-9-52-87

DR. A. PROUDFOOT, OCUList & AURIST. Special attention given to DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR. Artificial Eyes inserted, 37 Beaver Hall, O.R. Hours before 10, 30 a.m., 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 p.m. 13-7-52-77

THE CANADA SELF-ACTING BRICK MACHINES!

Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Also HAND LEVER BRICK MACHINES. 244 Parthenais St., Montreal. 13-12-52-98 BULMER & SHEPARD.

50 Bristol Visiting Cards, with name finely printed, sent for 25c. 9 samples of CHROMO, Snowballs, Denmark, Glass, etc., with prices sent for 3c stamp. We have over 300 styles. Agents wanted. A. H. Fuller & Co., Braintree, Mass. 14-6-52-143

ARCH. McINTYRE, CARPENTER and JOINER.

BANKS, OFFICES and STORES fitted up in the best and most economical style. JOBBING of all kinds promptly attended to. 1078 ST. CATHERINE STREET. CORNER D'ARMESS. 13-1-52-294

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

DAILY WITNESS. MONTREAL WITNESS. WEEKLY WITNESS. CANADIAN MESSENGER. NEW DOMINION. MONTHLY.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal. Electrotyping and Job Printing, Chromatic and Plain, cheaply and neatly done.

CANADIAN STEAM USERS'

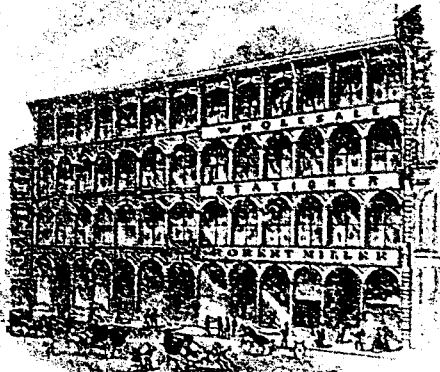


INSURANCE ASSOCIATION

CAPITAL, \$500,000. Issues Policies of Insurances, after a careful inspection of the Boilers, covering all loss or damage to BOILERS, BUILDINGS, & MACHINERY, arising from the Explosion of STATIONARY, MARINE and LOCOMOTIVE STEAM BOILERS. Jos. B. REED, General Manager and Sec.-Treas. R. F. HEDDEN, General Inspector. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. THOS. WILLIAMS, Inspector, American House, Montreal. 13-20-26-125



ROBERT MILLER,



Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER.

IMPORTER OF Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS, 397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 14-6

CANADA METAL WORKS, 377, CRAIG STREET.

Plumbers, Steam & Gas Fitters. MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO. 13-5-52-70 os.

OUTFITS FREE to AGENTS selling Holt's Improved Rubber Printing Wheels, Daters, Hand Stamps, &c. manufactured by HOLT & Co., Toronto. Address: HOLT & Co., 56, King Street West, Toronto. 14-7-26-146

PAPER HANGING WINDOW SHADES, WIRE SCREENS, BANNERS, RUSTIC BLINDS and SCENERY. GEO. C. DE ZOUCHE, 331 NOTRE DAME STREET 13-8-52-84

DR. CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING SYRUP For COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c. &c. Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, for Infantile Diseases, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Dentition, &c. Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elixir, for all cases of Nervousness, General Debility, and diseases of the skin or blood. These valuable remedies are all prepared under the immediate direction of J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D., of over 25 years experience, and are recommended by the Professors of the Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery. For sale at all the principal Druggists. 13-17-52-109

REVOLVERS! REVOLVERS!! New Seven shot Nickel plated Self-acting REVOLVER, and 110 Cartridges, for \$5.00. Circulars free. J. A. WATERHOUSE, SHERBROOKE, QUE. 13-25-52-129 os

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF LONDON.

Head Office for Canada: Montreal, 102 St. Francois Xavier St. RINTOUL BROS., Agents.

Subscribed Capital, £1,600,000 Stg. Paid-up Capital, £700,000 Stg. ASSETS, £2,222,555 Stg. 13-1-45

"Berkeley, Sept. 1869.—Gentlemen, I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking 'Norton's Camomile Pills.' I applied to your agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley, for the above-named Pills, for wind in the stomach, from which I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time, having tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriving any benefit at all. After taking two bottles of your valuable pills I was quite restored to my usual state of health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of those who may thus be afflicted.—I am, Sir, yours truly, HENRY ALLPASS.—To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. 14-6-25-22w.

W. GEO. BINDLEY & BRO., 309 COMMISSIONERS STREET, MONTREAL. General Merchants & Importers. COUNTRY CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED. ADVANCES MADE. Prices Current on application. 13-15-52 106

ESTABLISHED 1840. BERNARD & LOVEJOY, DENTISTS, 643 Palace Street, Opposite St. Andrew's Church, MONTREAL.

GEORGE W. LOVEJOY, M.D., L.D.S., Resident on the Premises. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas always in readiness, and administered when required. 13-1-42

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRE. CAPITAL, ASSETS, OVER

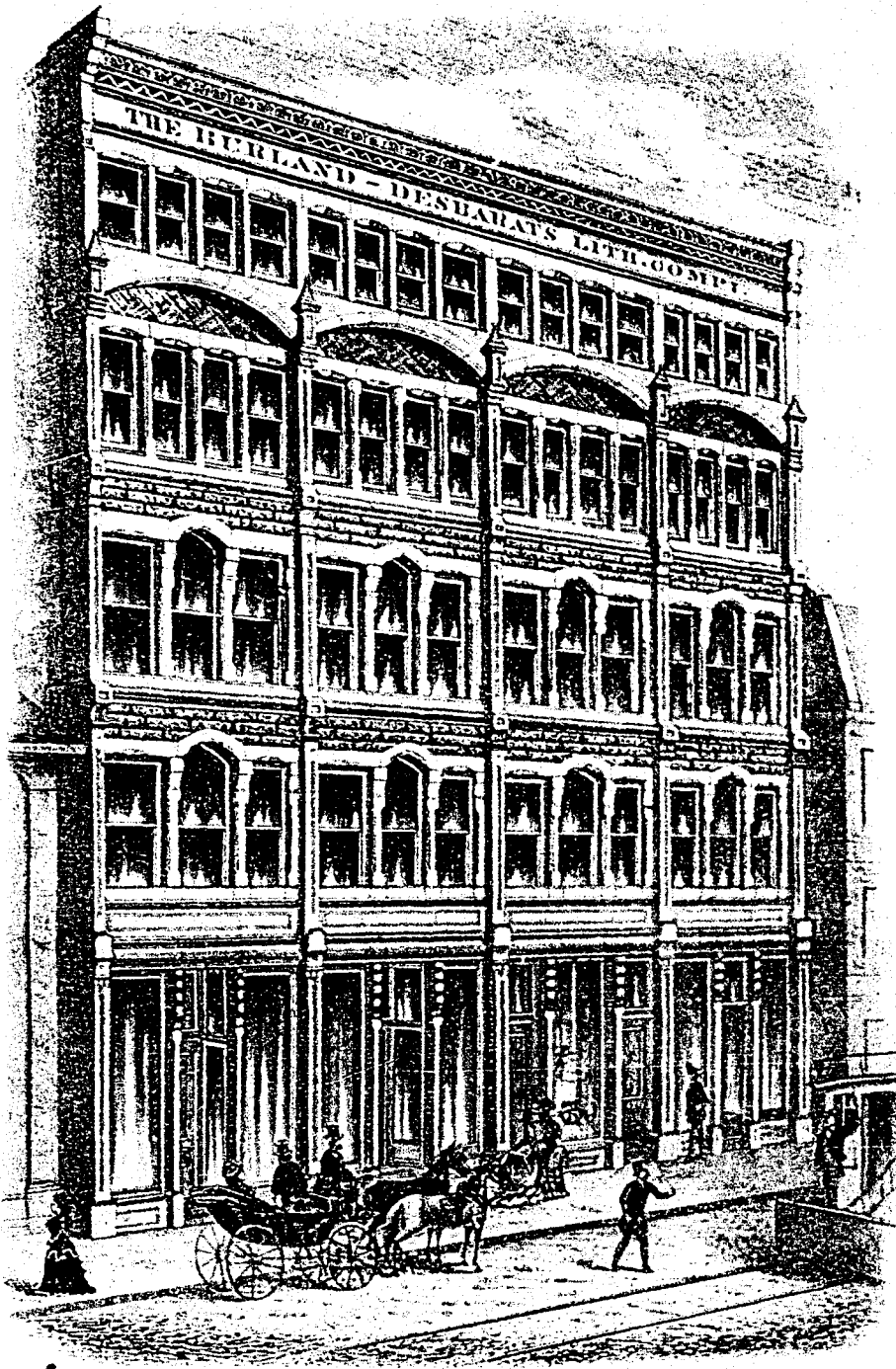
Unlimited Liability of Shareholders. W. E. SCOTT, M. D., Medical Adviser. JOHN KENNEDY, Inspector.



LIFE. \$10,000,000 \$16,000,000

Agencies in all the Principal Cities and Towns. H. L. ROUTH, Chief Agents. W. TATLEY.

13-16-52-107 OFFICE: 64 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.



REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

The Engraving, Die Sinking, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing Business

Heretofore carried on at No. 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, by the late firm of BURLAND, LAPRICAÏN & Co., and at 319 St. Antoine Street, by GEO. E. DESBARATS, being merged into the

BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY,

has been REMOVED to those substantial, commodious and spacious premises, erected for the Company at 3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, NEAR CRAIG, MONTREAL.

The double facilities acquired by the fusion of the two firms, the conveniences provided by the removal, and the economy and efficiency introduced by the united management, enable THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY to execute orders for every kind of

ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING & ELECTROTYPING.

AT SHORT NOTICE, IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOWEST PRICES.

Our friends and the public are invited to leave their orders for every description of ENGRAVING, DIE SINKING, LITHOGRAPHING, TYPE PRINTING, EMBOSSEING, PLAIN, GOLD, & COLOUR PRINTING, ELECTROTYPING, STEREOTYPING, &c., &c. At the Office Bleury Street.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY A SPECIALITY.

To this branch the attention of ENGINEERS, SURVEYORS, ARCHITECTS, &c., is particularly requested: the Company being prepared to reproduce MAPS, PLANS, and DRAWINGS, in an incredibly short space of time and at a trifling cost. ENGRAVING, BOOKS, ILLUSTRATIONS, &c., &c., reproduced same size or reduced to any scale. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES for manufacturers done by this process at very cheap rates.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY, 5 and 7 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

PIANO-FORTES. JOSEPH GOULD, Jr. Cabinet Organs. Street, Montreal. 13-7-52-77

FOREIGN PATENTS.

BRITISH, 6 mths. £10. - French, 1 yr. £10. - Belgian, 1 yr. £7. SALES effected. Established 25 Years. Circular Free. (Liberal Terms to Agents.) HERBERT & Co., 67, Strand London, Eng. 13-1-47

EAGLE FOUNDRY, 14 to 34 KING ST. MONTREAL. GEORGE BRUSH, MANUFACTURER OF STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS, STEAM PUMPS, DONKEY ENGINES, CIRCULAR SAW-MILLS, GEAR WHEELS, SHAFTING, PULLIES, HANGERS, & C. IMPROVED HAND AND POWER HOISTS, BLAKE'S PATENT STONE AND ORE BREAKER. AGENT FOR WATERS' PERFECT ENGINE GOVERNOR. 13-1-44

"Health the Crowning Blessing of Life"



WINGATE'S Standard English Remedies.

These valuable Remedies which have stood the test of trial, 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 prepared from the receipts of the celebrated Dr. Wingate of London, England, and none but the purest drugs are employed in their composition. 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.

Wingate's Blood Purifier.—The most effectual remedy known for the cure of Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Skin Diseases, and all impurities of the blood, Chronic Complaints, and Disorders of the Liver. A perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Put up in large bottles. PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

Wingate's Infant's Preservative.—The safest and best remedy for Children Teething, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Wind Colic, and all the various Ailments of Infancy, ever produced. It quiets pain, soothes the suffering child, and produces refreshing sleep. In use all over Europe for nearly 50 years. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Wingate's Cathartic Pills.—For all complaints of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild, yet certain and speedy in operation; they thoroughly cleanse the alimentary canal, regulate the secretions, and cut short the progress of disease. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Wingate's Nervo-Tonic Pills.—Used with remarkable success in Neuralgia, Epilepsy, Cholera Paralysis, Softening of the Brain, Lapse of Memory, Mental Derangements, Impotency, and all Nervous Affections. PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

Wingate's Dyspepsia Tablets.—For the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency, Irritability of the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, and Debility of the Digestive Organs. A powerful aid to Digestion, and far more palatable and effective than the ordinary remedies. PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOX.

Wingate's Pulmonic Trochea.—An excellent Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Irritation of the Throat and Lungs. Public Speakers and Singers will find them very effectual in giving power and clearness to the voice. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Wingate's Worm Lozenges.—A safe, pleasant, and effectual Remedy for Worms, easily administered,—will not injure the most delicate child,—and sufficiently laxative to remove all unhealthy secretions, and regulate the action of the Bowels. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Stanton's Pain Relief.—The best Family Medicine known for internal and external use. It cures Cramps and Pains in the Stomach, Back, Side, and Limbs. It cures Sudden Colds, Sore Throat, Bruises, Burns, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Pains and Aches. PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Smith's Green Mountain Renovator.—We have the sole control for the Dominion of Canada, of this well known remedy, which as a Liver Corrector, and specific for all Bilious Disorders, and derangements arising from diseases of the Liver, is unequalled. PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

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

PREPARED ONLY BY THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO. (LIMITED), MONTREAL.

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.