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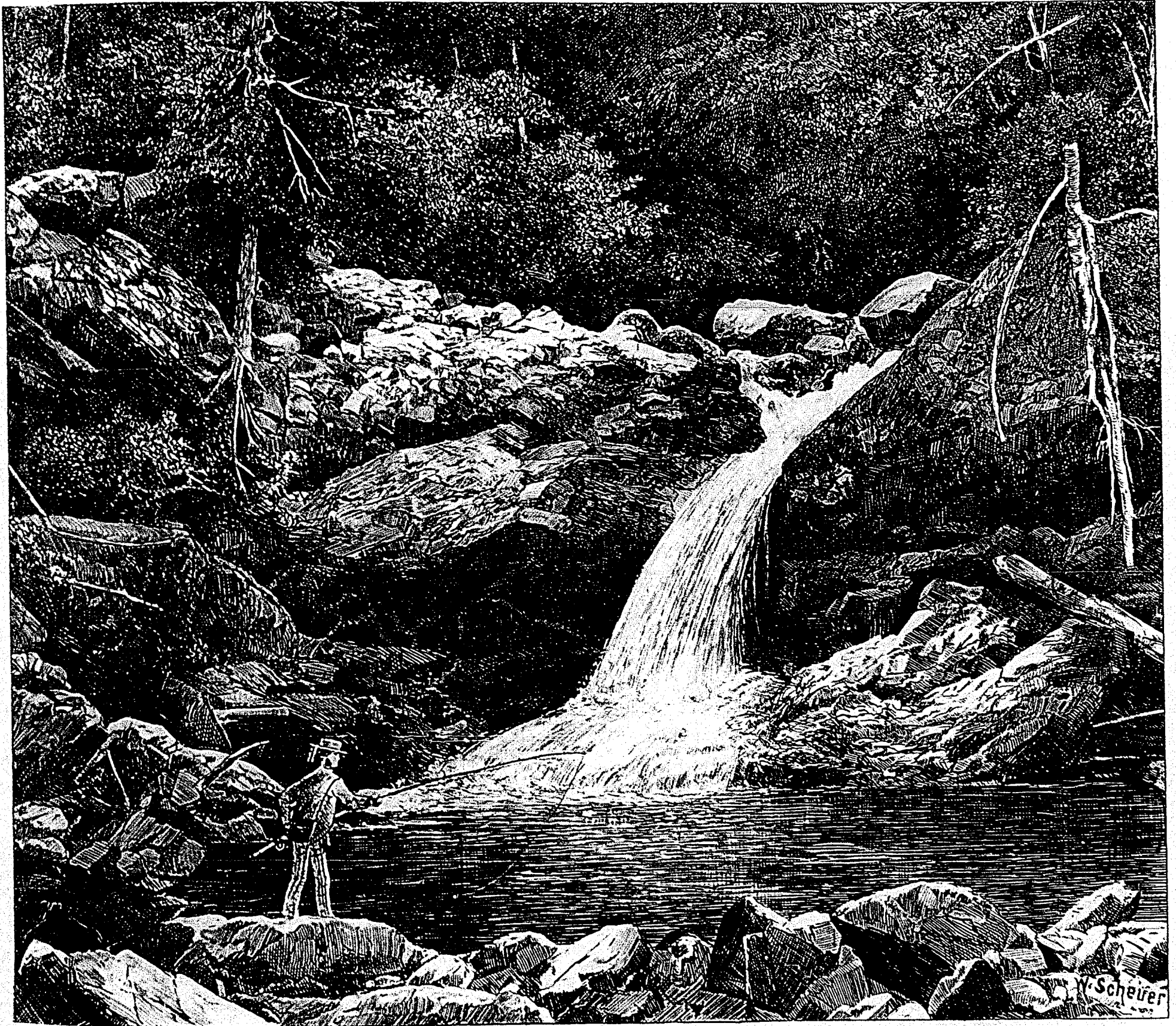
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AND THE Whistling News

Vol. XII.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1875.

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



FALLS OF ST. PASCAL, NEAR KAMOURASKA, Q.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.

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

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

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

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 21th, 1875.

FLOATING COFFINS.

This is a subject to which we, in this journal, have devoted a great deal of attention; but not more than its exceptional importance deserves. The late discussions in the British Parliament have invested the topic with additional interest affording us an occasion, if we needed it, of again referring to it in the present issue. Forced by the voice of public opinion, the government of Mr. DISRAELI have taken up the Merchants Shipping Bill which they had intended to postpone till next session, and have passed it, under the guidance of its proper patron, Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY. The Bill is not regarded as perfect by the English press, but it will serve its purpose till a better one is devised. Its principal provisions are briefly these. In the first place it provides for the appointment of surveyors empowered to detain for survey ships which they may suspect to be unseaworthy. The Board of Trade may appoint any number of agents in any port it pleases, and every one of these agents may in his own discretion stop any ship from sailing, for any cause which he thinks likely to endanger the lives of those on board. It is not merely because the ship is old or rotten or is not classed in a particular way that he can stop her sailing. If he thinks that she is overloaded, or that her loading is not proper, he can detain her. In the next place, it proposes that one-fourth of the crew may compel a survey, without deserting and without giving security for costs. At present the crew can ensure a survey only by refusing to proceed to sea and pleading the unseaworthiness of the vessel as their justification. By the Government proposal one-fourth of them will at any time be able to set the law in motion by simply lodging a complaint with the officer of the Board of Trade at the port. Lastly, the Bill takes precautions that the shipowners shall be not subjected to merely vexatious interference. In proposing the Bill, Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY pointed out that the Merchant Shipping Acts of 1871 and 1873 had done important service, and this Bill simply extended their operation. Under the powers conferred by the Act of 1873 the Board of Trade had detained five hundred and fifty-eight ships, of which five hundred and fifteen had been proved by survey unseaworthy; but it was admitted that the powers of the department were not adequate on every occasion, and therefore their extension was proposed. As to Mr. PLIMSOLL'S proposals for compulsory classification and a regulated loadline, he objected to them as throwing on the Government the responsibility which ought to fall on the shipowners. It was also suggested during the debate, and with much show of reason, that they would, if carried, drive the shipping trade of England into the hands of the foreign owner, and ruin the greatest commercial interest in the country.

In connection with this subject, it may be useful to refer to the Statistics furnished by the Board of Trade, and quoted by

Mr. THOMAS GRAY, one of the chief officials of that department, in a letter to the *Times*, in regard to the yearly loss of life at sea. Dr. KENEALY had set down the figures at 5,000. Mr. PLIMSOLL calculated them at 6,927. The Board of Trade affirms that the average number of all persons lost annually on board British ships for the five years ending December, 1872, was 2,425, inclusive of passengers and missing crews. Again the number of all lives lost by casualties to British ships in the twelve months ending June, 1874, was 4,416, also inclusive of passengers and missing crews. This was 1,991 above the annual average, but of the excess 1,241 were lost in two Coolie emigrant ships abroad. Moreover, out of the 4,416 casualties in the year 1873, 2,381 are missing men—the crews and passengers of 150 missing ships, of which no less than 69 were known to be classed. To sum up, the Department states that the total loss of seamen's lives was 2,958—not 6,927—a discrepancy of nearly 4,000, or about 60 per cent.

MENNONITES IN MANITOBA.

Our correspondent from Winnipeg informs us that the devastations of the grasshoppers this year have been particularly severe in the settlements of the Mennonites,—that is those who put in crop this spring and arrived last year. The question has in fact arisen, whether they will not require aid of some kind, either from their brethren in Ontario or from the Government. The Minister of Agriculture, we understand, among other reasons, has gone to Manitoba to investigate this matter personally. It is of great importance as affecting a large and valuable immigration from South Russia, in the immediate future, and also as relating to the responsibility of the Government towards those who have already been brought out, at a very considerable expenditure.

The Mennonites, we are assured, are above all things a self-reliant community; and they would be the best to seek or even to accept of alms. But it might be advisable to see that there are ample stores of provisions in the country for the approaching winter; which might be sold out on credit, if necessary, at reasonable rates, on the security of the Mennonites' loan.

It may, however, happen that even this much will not be required, and that the large sums of money which have been brought into the country by this community may be sufficient for all needs. That point, we understand, it will be the duty of Mr. LETELLIER to determine. We have a telegram informing us that he has arrived at Fort Garry.

Our Winnipeg correspondent further informs us that the Mennonites who have arrived this spring are very much pleased with the treatment they have received; and that they do not feel afraid of the grasshoppers, which they have seen before. Eighteen new townships not very far from the United States frontier have been allotted to the new comers of this year; and they have already commenced the active work of settlement. They have made, from the ready money they brought with them, considerable purchases of necessary supplies, principally at the points of Toronto and St. Paul's, Min.

The members who have so far come out this season are between three and four thousand souls. Five thousand were expected this season, but the Russian officials have placed all possible obstructions in the way of their removal. Altogether between sixty and eighty thousand souls contemplate emigrating from Berdiansk, and it is hoped that Canada will secure the larger portion of them.

TROUBLE IN THE EAST.

The situation in Herzegovina is becoming grave. Bands of insurgents have descended into the plain before Trebigno and attacked that place, burning and pillaging in all directions. A force of about three thousand men, chiefly Dalmatians

and Montenegrins, are endeavoring to destroy communication between Mostar and Henecine. Fifteen hundred Dalmatians and Herzegovinians are marching on Poschitel. Montenegrins and Dalmatians are also preparing. The presence of a Servian corps on the Turkish frontier seems to furnish the insurgents encouragement. All the Turkish regiments in garrison in Roumilia and Bulgaria have been ordered to march to Herzegovina. The insurgents have burned some villages and massacred whole Mohammedan families. The Porte has received formal assurances from the Princes of Servia and Montenegro that they will maintain a neutral attitude in the Herzegovinian difficulty. Further advices from Herzegovina indicate that the insurrection there threatens to assume the character of a religious war. Herzegovina is a part of Bosnia—a district of the ancient Lower Pannonia and the most westerly province of Turkey in Europe. It lies to the north of Montenegro. Bosnia, which also comprises Bosnia proper and Turkish Croatia, is situated between lat. 42° 30' and 45° 15' N., and long. 15° 40' and 21° 2' E. having N. W. and N. the Austrian provinces of Croatia and Slavonia, E. Servia, and S. and W. Albania and Austrian Dalmatia, the latter separating it from the Adriatic. The area is estimated at 20,000 square miles. There are about one million of inhabitants, of whom half are Mohammedans by religion. According to race they are chiefly divided into Turks (about a quarter of a million); Bosnians, 350,000 (of whom a majority belong to the Greek Church); Servians, 120,000; and Croats (40,000) and Morlachians (who are Roman Catholics), 75,000. The country abounds in fruit, game, fine cattle, and horses. The manufactures are chiefly limited to iron articles of common use, leather, saltpetre, gunpowder, &c. The imports are linens, woollens, paper, salt, and oil. The country is supposed to be rich in minerals, and is very mountainous. The climate is cold but not unhealthy. The only plain of any size is that of Livno, in the Herzegovina. The chief towns in Bosnia are Bosna-Serai, Novibazar, Zvornik, Bagna Louka, Mostar, and Gradiska. The Nerenta river runs through the Herzegovina.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

The British Parliament was prorogued on the 13th inst. In the Speech from the Throne, Her Majesty declared that the relations between herself and all foreign powers continue to be cordial, and she looks forward with hope and confidence to the uninterrupted maintenance of European peace. The visit paid to Britain, on the invitation of her Government, by the ruler of Zanzibar, has led to the conclusion of a supplementary convention, which may be efficacious for the more complete suppression of the East African slave trade. Deep regret is expressed that the expedition dispatched by the Indian Government from Burmah, with the view to open communication with the western provinces of China, has been treacherously attacked by an armed force while on Chinese territory. This outrage, unhappily involving the death of a young and promising member of the consular service, is the subject of careful enquiry, and no effort shall be spared to secure the punishment of those by whom it was instigated and committed. The condition of the colonial empire is pronounced generally prosperous. The Queen is gratified to find that lengthened consideration has been given various statutes, which have from time to time been passed for the preservation of the peace in Ireland, resulting in a measure which, while relaxing the stringency of former enactments, is calculated to maintain tranquility in the country. Her Majesty then refers to the other principal enactments of the session. Her reference to the shipping bills is as follows:—The state of the public business and differences of opinion naturally arising on a varied and incomprehensive scheme have unfortunately prevented you from completing the consideration of the Merchant

Shipping Bill, but I rejoice that you have been able, by a temporary enactment, to diminish considerably the dangers to which my seafaring subjects are exposed. She has every reason to hope the progress in the revenue system, which has marked recent years, will be fully sustained in the present. The arrangements made with respect to the reduction of the National Debt, and those for the better regulation of loans for public works will lead to valuable improvements in the system of imperial and local finance.

NEW BRUNSWICK EXHIBITION.

The New Brunswick Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Exhibition will be held at the city of St. John, opening on the 7th of September. The Rink and Car-Shed, St. John, have been engaged for the purpose of the Exhibition. Arrangements for decorating and laying them out in a suitable and elaborate manner are rapidly progressing. Ample provision has been made for exhibiting machinery in motion, a powerful engine having been engaged for that purpose. A large number of manufacturers from all parts of the Province have already applied for space and power, and all concerned are entering heartily into the project. Substantial aid has been given by the Provincial Government in the shape of a grant of money. The Dominion and Provincial Governments have intimated that it is their intention to make this exhibition the depot for receiving and selecting articles to represent the Province of New Brunswick at the International Exhibition, which is to be held at Philadelphia in 1876. We give in the present number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, an exterior view of the Exhibition Building, and shall continue to keep our readers advised of the progress of the work.

Of course, the Anti-Vaccination riot which took place in this city, on the evening of the 9th inst. is utterly indefensible, but it is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the French Canadian people are peculiar in their hostility to compulsory vaccination. We read in an exchange that at Banbury, in England, the other night, there was a great demonstration against the Compulsory Vaccination act, the occasion being the release from Northampton prison of a man who suffered fourteen days' imprisonment rather than have his child vaccinated. He was met at the railway station by a great number of persons, some of whom carried banners denouncing the Vaccination act, and bands of music played. Speeches were made by the Rev. Horne Rothery and others connected with the National Anti-Vaccination League. White, the released man, received a purse of gold, and resolutions were passed against the act. It appears from this that even in England there is a National Anti-Vaccination Association.

The Old Catholic Conference has opened at Bonn, under the presidency of Dr. DOLLINGER. Its principal business will be the consideration of the intercommunion among separated Churches. This union is to be based on a mutual recognition of primitive truth, which may enable each Church to admit members of other communions to its privilege in respect of divine worship and Christian sacraments. At the same time, an actual fusion of the national or peculiar form of church constitution is not contemplated. An unambiguous expression of substance of Christian doctrine and practice, as taught by the Bible and the ancient Church, is sought as the real bond of union.

We notice that the speeches of Mr. MACKENZIE and Lord DUFFERIN continue to be generally commented upon by the country press in the United Kingdom. It is an undoubted fact that the utterances both of the Premier and the Governor-General, have rendered the Dominion one

important service. They have created a very distinct impression respecting the loyalty of the people at large, and the vast resources of the country. It is further to be remarked that since these speeches were delivered Mr. DISRAELI has publicly intimated that his Government have now under consideration the best means of preserving and consolidating the British Empire.

Colonel VALENTINE BAKER, who was recently tried at the assizes at Croydon, and convicted of indecently assaulting a young lady in a railway carriage, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, has been dismissed from the British army.

The Abyssinians are making preparations to invade the Egyptian frontier, which is not sufficiently guarded. The Khedive has sent reinforcements to the troops on the border.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM.

This Institution, better known under the name of Asylum of the Recollets Orphans was founded on the 18th July, 1832, during the cholera epidemic of that year and was duly incorporated in 1841. Reverend Mr. Phelan, of St. Sulpice Seminary, was the originator of the work and was zealously seconded by Mme. Cotté who was its founder and first treasurer. Her daughter Mme. Quesnel succeeded her and sustained the work till her death. The Institution has been under the patronage of the Chief Roman Catholic ladies of Montreal. Mme. the Baroness of Longueuil was the first President and Mesdames de Sullinière and DeBeaujeau were the two Vice-Presidents. The baroness was succeeded by Mme. D. B. Viger and after her came Mme. C. S. Cherrier who resigned her functions in 1857. Since that date the officers have been: Mme. T. Bouthillier, President, Mme. Ostell Vice-President, Mme. Jos. Bourret, Treasurer and Mme. Laframboise, Secretary. The last named lady, who is the wife of Hon. M. Laframboise, has been so long and so generously identified with the Institution that it is popularly known as "l'Asile de Mme. Laframboise." The house is conducted by Dlle. Morin under the control of a Board of Directors. It has no other possessions than a piece of ground donated by the founder which was afterwards exchanged by her heirs for the one on which the building now stands. There was also a legacy in money which went to pay a part of the cost of the building. The establishment depends, therefore, absolutely on the public charity, having no other revenue than a grant from Government, the subscriptions of its members, and an annual offering from the City and District Savings Bank. There is also a yearly bazaar. The funds derived from these sources barely suffice to sustain the 33 children who are raised in the asylum, and whose number it is impossible to increase. These children are fed, lodged, clothed and instructed at the expense of the house. At the age of 13 they are returned to their parents or benefactors to be placed by them. When a child manifests any special talent, he is put in a position to cultivate his aptitudes, and the result has been most satisfactory.

Since its foundation, the Institution has received 463 children, and since 1863, no death has occurred, the new building being vast and well ventilated.

BOYS REFORMATORY.

This institution is under the charge of the Brothers of Charity, otherwise known as the Belgian Brothers, about 40 in number, of whom five are natives of Belgium and the others of Canada and the United States. The four original Brothers arrived in Montreal on the 22nd February 1865 at the request and through the instrumentality of the late Mr. A. O. Berthelet, Commander of the Order of Pius IX. The Brothers of Charity had a Reformatory School for seven years but with this difference that the children were placed there by their parents instead of by the authorities of justice. They took charge of the Provincial Reformatory School on the 16th January 1873. The number of inmates was 175. The Protestant boys were removed to Sherbrooke on the 8th April, 1875. The pupils are divided into two classes—apprentices and others who go assiduously to school. The apprentices who are not sufficiently educated, have two hours' instruction a day. The following trades are taught under the control of experts from the city: Boots and shoes by machine and by hand; leather cutting; tailoring; carpentry; saddlery; baking, gardening and cigar making. Several other trades will be introduced, so soon as the funds of the institution will allow. The number of boys who have left the House since 16th January 1873, is 171. Persons of all classes and creeds, in private and public life, have united in pronouncing this Reformatory one of the most useful and successful in the Dominion.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY AND HOME.

The St. Andrew's Society was organized on the first of December 1834. Its organization was suggested, no doubt, from the peculiar political

circumstances then existing; yet its main objects were charity and philanthropy. It had long been a matter of complaint and regret that no institution existed in Montreal, for the encouragement and assistance of Emigrants from the British Isles.

The importance and necessity of such an organization for such a purpose commended itself at once to our countrymen, and the organization met with very general acceptance, our foremost and best citizens taking and keeping hold of it. None were better able to judge of the necessity of such an organization, than those who had experienced the contending feelings, known only to the emigrant, on landing on a foreign shore.

To a person far removed from the land of his nativity, and at a distance from his friends to whom he could apply for relief when in the hour of misfortune and distress, the friendly assistance of those who own a common home, and boast a common origin is always cheering to the heart and acts as balm to the wounded spirit. Before the organization of the Society, appeals were often made in this city to the feelings and commiseration of Scotchmen, for the relief of those suffering under unforeseen calamity, sickness, or any of the multiplied misfortunes incident to the life of a stranger from his native land, and while in most instances assistance was granted with a free and liberal hand, at the same time it was too often withheld from a fear, unfortunately in many instances well grounded, that the applicant was unworthy the bounty he sought, or was attempting to impose on the benevolence of his neighbours.

In the month of November, 1834, a few of the most active and enthusiastic amongst the Scottish residents, animated by patriotic feelings, resolved to celebrate the festival of their Patron Saint, by dining together on the Anniversary with as many of their countrymen as were disposed to join them, and so general was the disposition to do so, that the room engaged for the purpose proved scarcely large enough to contain the company. St. Andrew's day that year falling on the Sabbath, the dinner took place on Monday, the 1st December, 1834, at the Albion Hotel, in rear of the Theatre, and upwards of one hundred gentlemen of Scottish origin or descent were present.

The objects aimed at were to regulate charity in a systematic manner—to prevent imposition on the one hand, and to relieve the truly indigent on the other—to afford advice and information to fellow-countrymen, seeking a home in this land of the emigrant; to promote the welfare of the emigrant, and to aid him in forming a settlement from which he might afterwards derive happiness and independence. With these views, it was proposed to form among the Sons of Scotia and their descendants, resident in Montreal, a charitable association directed solely to advance the cause and welfare of their countrymen by raising and keeping on hand a sum of money, for the laudable purpose of relieving their fellow-countrymen, residents of the city, who may be in want, as well as to welcome and encourage the stranger to settle amongst us.

The St. Andrew's Society from its inception to the present time has had a very prosperous course; some of our first citizens have ever been found ready to take part in the operations of the Society, and subscribe liberally when circumstances required it.

The Hon. P. McGill was the first President, and was succeeded by such men as Sheriff Boston, W. Edmonston, Hugh Allan, Hon. John Rose, Hon. James Ferrier, William Murray, Alexander Morris, now Governor of Manitoba, John Green-shields, Walter Macfarlane, David Brown, J. C. Becket, Andrew Robertson, Alexander McGibbon, Hon. John Young, A. Ogilvie, M. P. P., and Sir A. T. Galt, who at present fills that important position.

As years rolled on, it was felt that the organization was incomplete, in view of the circumstances in which many worthy people, from various causes, were cast upon our shores, as well as on account of the treatment they met with in the boarding houses, that at that time lined our wharfs. Not infrequently they were robbed of their all. Sharper too began to multiply, who regarded the emigrant as legitimate game. Thus a boarding house, on a large scale, forced itself upon the consideration of the Society; and after much careful consideration by the office-bearers in 1855, the President William Murray, Alexander Morris vice-president, John C. Becket chairman of the Charitable Committee, and Alexander Ramsay, were appointed a committee to take this matter in hand, and with power to carry out the views of the Society.

In fulfilment of the object of their appointment, they leased a house in Hermine street, associating with themselves the following Ladies' committee, Miss Harvey, Mrs. Donald Macdonald, Mrs. Hadden, and Mrs. J. C. Becket. This attempt gave such encouragement to proceed on a larger scale, that a large three story building was leased in George Street for a term of years.

Without entering on further details, it may be sufficient to state that the Committee had their arrangements nearly completed, and the repairs and additions were in such a state of forwardness as that the repairs would, in the ordinary course, have been ready for use in three weeks, when the disastrous burning of the steamer *Montreal*, near Quebec, occurred on the 26th of June 1857, and cast a deep gloom over the whole community. The Committee felt constrained, by an urgent sense of duty, to provide at once a refuge for the survivors, and to endeavour, so far as lay in their power, to alleviate their distress and supply them with clothing and other necessities, and send them to their destinations. The Home was accordingly opened and furnished, and on the

evening of their arrival 76 survivors found a home in the building.

From the proceedings of the Annual Meeting at the close of 1866, we find the following reference to the Home:

"The St. Andrew's Society though a National Society, is nevertheless, not sectarian, for it takes within its ample folds, Scotchmen whatever their creed. It was in 1855, that the first attempt was made at the establishment of a "Home." It was felt that the emigrant and the stranger, if they had a few days to stay in the city before proceeding further, or if employment was to be sought for in or about the city, should be cared for by their countrymen. The first years' experience proved the wisdom of the effort, and the desirableness of a larger house. Moreover, the majority of the active members of the Society feel that the most important object to be gained by the continuance of the Society is the good it can accomplish in this way. If there are any still sceptical on this point we would call their attention to a few figures.

There have been sheltered in the Home for the past ten years 2194, sent to their friends in distant parts, and the poor of the city aided with small sums, for rent, &c., 3180; wood distributed to the city poor during the winter months 881 cords, and the sum expended to accomplish this result amounts to nearly \$18,000."

The Society continues to appreciate the importance of the Home; indeed it is felt that the work of the Charitable Committee is the work of the Society in a special and emphatic sense; and much depends on the Chairman of the Committee as well as the Superintendent and Matron.

Mr. Ewan McLennan discharged the duties of Chairman for several years, to the entire satisfaction of the Society. Mr. David Morrison is the present Chairman. Donald Campbell and his wife are at present in charge, and perform their duties to the satisfaction of the Committee and Society.

The building at present occupied, in Dorchester street, is the property of the Society and was purchased in April, 1866, at a cost of \$4,400, and is capable of accommodating twenty inmates, exclusive of the superintendent and family.

THE PROTESTANT HOUSE OF REFUGE AND INDUSTRY.

This Institution was incorporated by an act of the Legislature in May 1863. The first paragraph of the act gives the names of the founders, and sketches the main features of the establishment. We therefore reproduce it: Benjamin Holmes, Wm. Murray, Wm. Lunn, Wm. Molson, Geo. H. Frothingham, Jas. P. Clark, Harrison Stephens, John Corder, Jas. L. Mathewson, John Sinclair, W. McDonald, G. F. Prowse, Wm. Clendinning, Henry Lyman, M. H. Gault, Robt. Anderson, D. Lorn McDougall, James Hutton, Wm. Edmonstone, John Redpath, Peter Redpath, Henry Mulholland, John Caverhill, Thomas Kay, and such other persons, donors or subscribers, as may, under the provisions of this Act, become donors or subscribers to the said Institution, to the amounts hereinafter mentioned, shall be, and they are hereby erected into a Body Corporate and Politic by the name of "The Montreal Protestant House of Industry and Refuge," and shall by that name have perpetual succession and all the rights vested by the Interpretation Act in corporations generally, and shall, by the same name, from time to time, and at all times hereafter, be able and capable to purchase, acquire, hold, possess and enjoy and to have, take, receive and hold by last Will and Testament, grant or donation, (subject to the carrying out in good faith of the special trusts or conditions, if any, established by any such Testament or Donation) any lands, tenements or hereditaments, real and immovable property, estate and effects within this Province; and the same to sell, alienate and dispose of, and to acquire and purchase others in their stead, for the same purpose; and to acquire and erect suitable buildings for the purposes of this Act, and the same to maintain, alter or renew from time to time; to provide and procure all materials for work, and the same or any things made or constructed in the said Institution to sell and dispose of, and to expend the proceeds thereof for its support; and to purchase, erect or lease and to maintain within the City of Montreal, one or more places of refuge or night asylums for the temporary relief of destitute persons (without distinction of religious profession or belief) seeking or requiring shelter, and to conduct and manage such places of refuge or asylum in accordance with the rules and regulations to be made for that purpose.

The Institution was most successful from the first and has ever ranked as among the most important in the Dominion. The demands upon the Institution for the past year were larger than upon any previous one, the House having been crowded to its utmost capacity throughout the winter. The expenses of maintenance have therefore been proportionately greater, being \$9,549.45, or \$2,207.73 in excess of expenditure reported for 1873 and 1874. The lowest number of inmates in the Institution for the last year was 67, and the highest 143, being an average of 110. The number of night's lodgings afforded to destitute persons was 14,188, viz.:

Males.....	11,680
Females.....	2,508
	14,188

being an excess of 4,050 over the number reported for the previous year. The number of quarts of soup and extra meals distributed during the year last closed is 46,191, being 11,864 more than were furnished during the previous twelve months. The Ladies of the Industrial Rooms and Visiting Committee gave unremitting atten-

tion to the work committed to their management, and the Poor Relief Committee and the Board of Out-door Relief faithfully discharged their very onerous but most important duties.

ARCH AT CHABOILLEZ SQUARE.

Amongst the various decorations of the O'Connell Centennial Celebration in this city none deserves more praise for its appropriateness than the beautiful arch of which we give a sketch in our illustration. The design itself as well as the picture of O'Connell with the back ground consisting of the round tower of Ireland, the Harp, the Irish oak and wolf dog set with the glorious Sunburst, is the idea of Francis Rourke, Esq., M. D. The arch which was costly in its decorations and contained besides the painting of O'Connell, large busts of Grattan and Smith, was paid for by a subscription raised amongst the residents of Chaboillez Square and vicinity. The artist was Mr. Stoneham.

O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL.

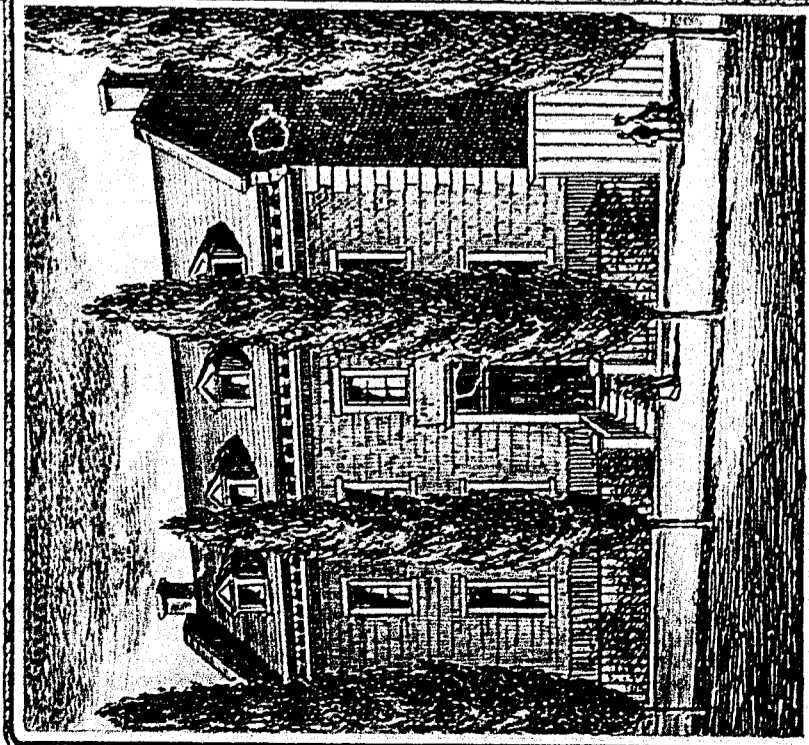
We give a number of features, literary and pictorial, of the great O'Connell Centennial. The procession in Montreal was composed of fully 10,000 people, and the evening concert at the Victoria Hall was an extraordinary success. Our sketch represents Father Murphy delivering there the panegyric of O'Connell. We add two poems, one the prize poem read at Ottawa, by C. H. Mackintosh, the able editor of the *Citizen* of that city, the other read at the Boston celebration by a fervid Irish poet. Next week we shall have a sketch of the celebration in Ottawa, with other illustrations.

NEW BRUNSWICK EXHIBITION.

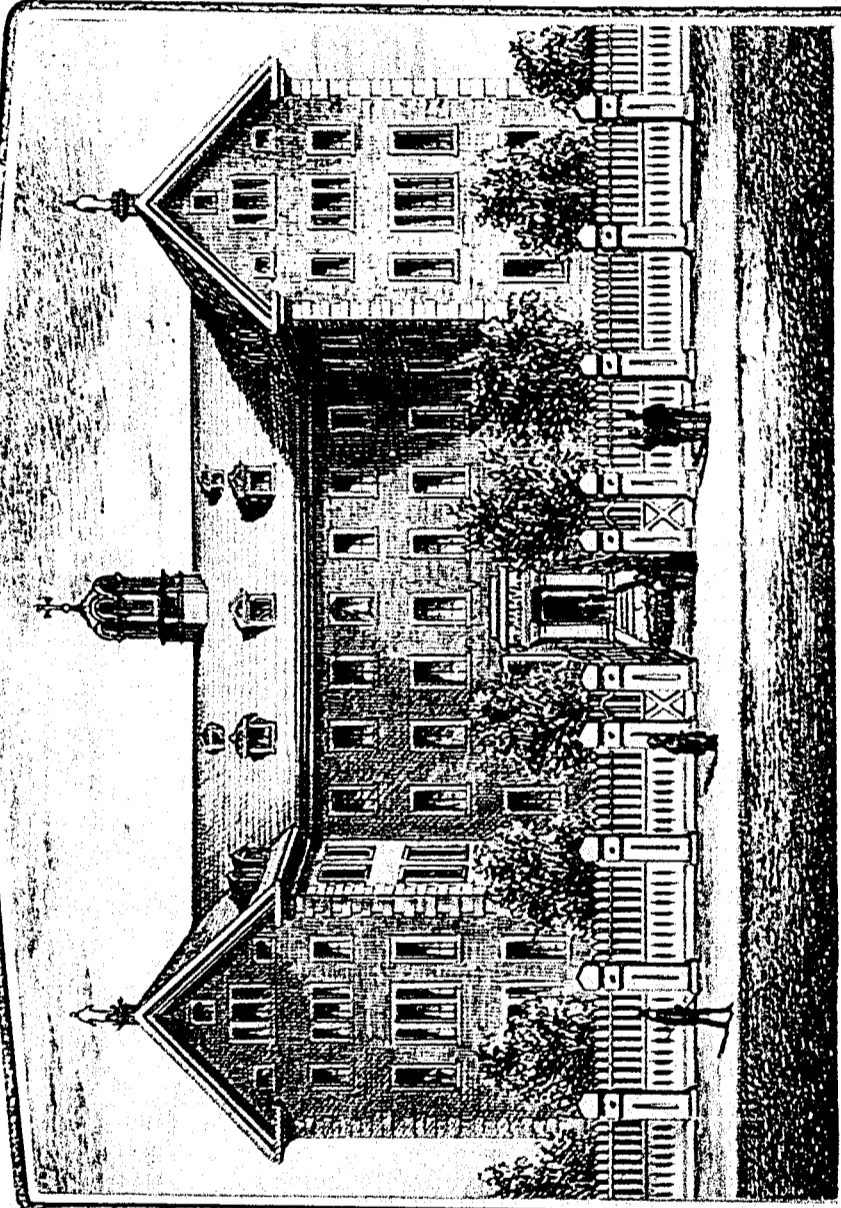
An account of this will be found in our editorial columns.

FALL FASHIONS.

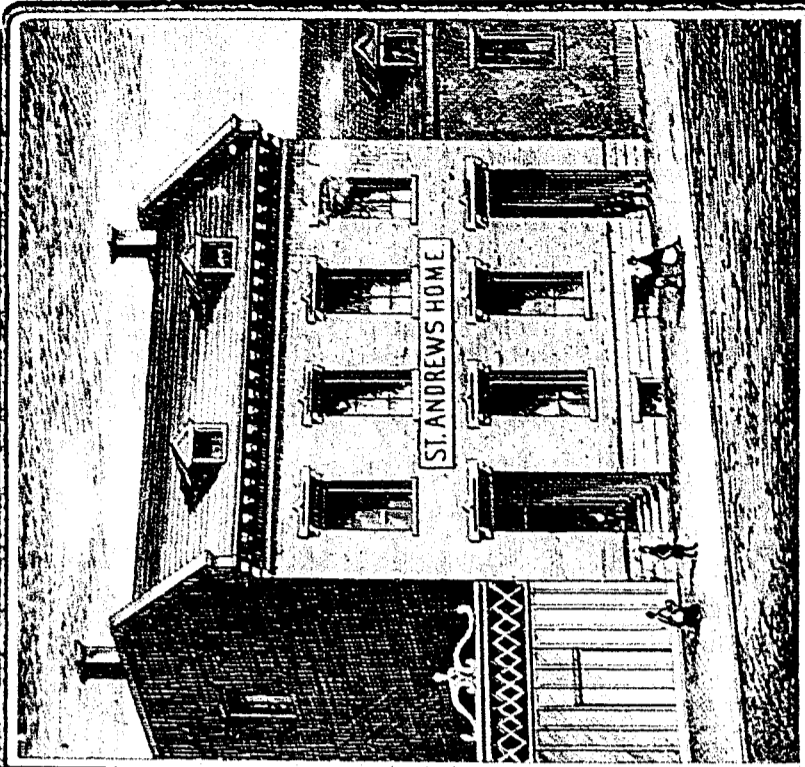
Writing of Paris fashions in a letter to the *Philadelphia Telegraph*, Lucy Hooper says: Already we hear whispers respecting the fall fashions, and sundry glimpses of coming glories have been vouchsafed to us. The most fashionable shade for the coming winter is apparently to be a very dark green—that is, for walking dresses and demi-toilets. It combines beautifully with most of the neutral tints, and has the advantage of being extremely becoming to every one who is not actually yellow with sallowness. Silver-gray will also be much worn. Felt is to retain the popularity which it acquired for bonnets last winter. The favorite trimmings will be the ostrich plumes, small bright-tinted birds, and wings. The tightly tied-back apron overskirt is to be discarded in favor of very long tunics nearly touching the ground in front, looped up at the sides, and slightly draped behind. Ladies are no longer to look like walking umbrella-cases, a certain amount of fulness being restored to the skirts, and there is even talk of introducing small-sized crinoline for the bottom of dresses merely. Just at present it is the height of style for a lady not to be able to put her hand in her pocket unless she stands up, and as to her picking up anything from off the floor without bursting some half-a-dozen straps and ties, that seems a total impossibility. I have recently seen some dresses that are to be forwarded to a beautiful California bride. The wedding dress is of richest white satin, falling in an immensely long train behind which train is bordered with a single narrow plissé flounce of satin. The front is drawn in transverse drapery, and is crossed with two garlands of orange blossoms, terminating in small bouquets at the left side. From below the upper garland falls a finger-wide ruffle of point lace of bewildering fineness, while the lowest garland heads a narrow plissé of white tulle over a plissé flounce of satin. The corsage is high in the neck, with sleeves of point lace and white net, terminating at the waist with a ruffle of lace. A jabot of lace and a fan-shaped arrangement of lace on the basque behind form the only ornamentation of the corsage. The veil is of white tulle; the wreath, of course, of orange blossoms. The travelling dress is of dark green silk and of black and whitening checked foulard. The waist is of green silk, with a sleeveless jacket of foulard trimmed with gray and green fringe, attached on the breast with a bow of green ribbon. The underskirt is of green silk, bordered with three narrow plissé ruffles, the lowest and uppermost of silk and the middle one of foulard. Over this is worn a tunic of foulard bordered with a rich gray and green fringe. This tunic is so long in front as nearly to touch the ground; it is looped up at the sides and is slightly draped behind, and is trimmed up the front with bows of green silk, their edges finished with heavy green fringe. With this toilet is to be worn a hat of black rice straw, turned up behind with rosette of green silk, and trimmed with green ostrich feathers and single small brown bird. Parasol of black and white foulard, with bow of dark-green ribbon. Boots of black and white silk check, tipped with patent leather and with four tiny straps across the instep, with a black button on each. The dresses were made by Pingat. Cashmere is only to be used for demi-toilet costumes and travelling mantels. Lace, wide silk braid and fringe, the latter of silk and chenille, are to be the favorite trimmings. Jet has vanished entirely. The new style for walking dresses will probably prescribe short skirts again for which sensible innovation we unfortunate beings who have become worn out with holding up our heavy trimmed skirts all spring and summer long have every reason to be thankful. Outdoor wraps show a tendency of return to the half-fitting, jaunty jackets of a few years back, which had the merit of being adaptable to almost any figure or style, while the dolmans when made in heavy materials were only suited to very slender figures.



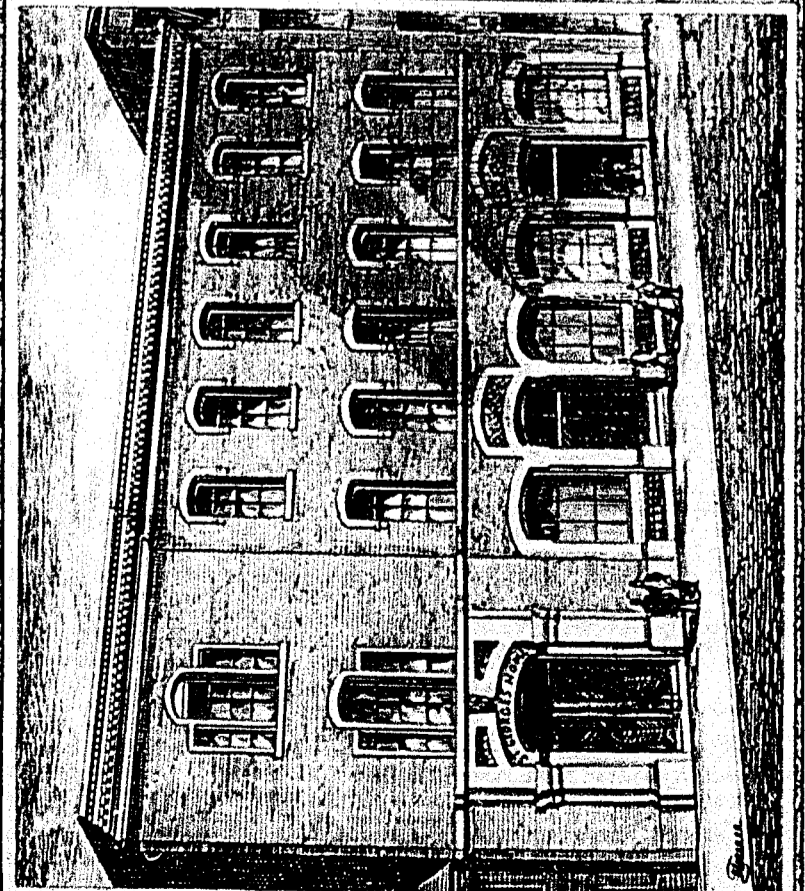
1 CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM,
ST. CATHERINE STREET.



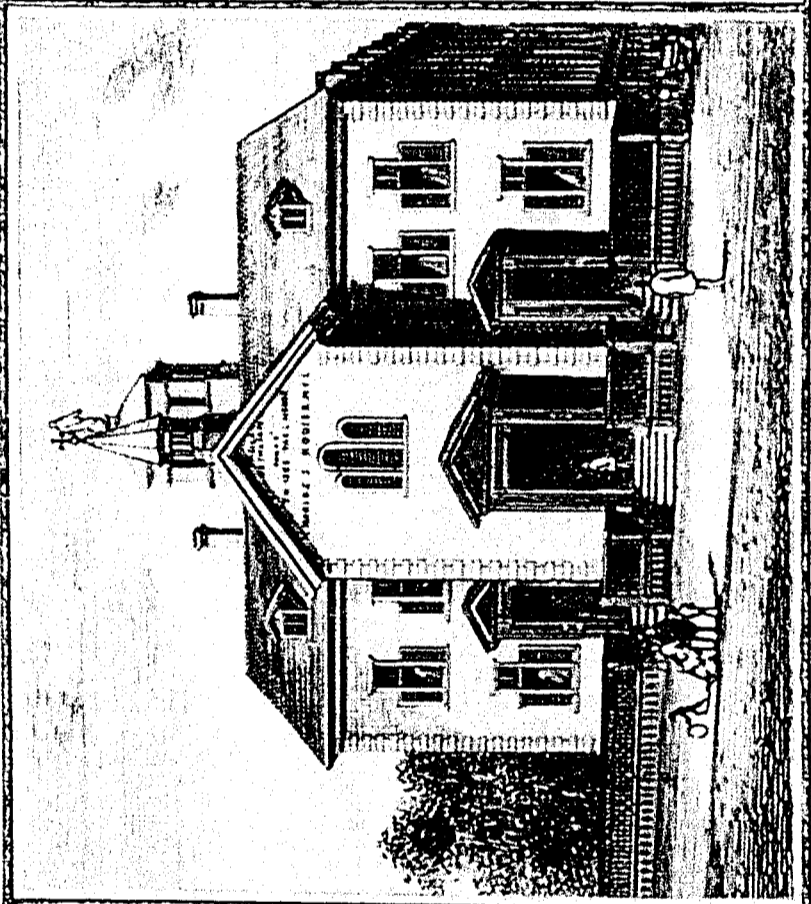
2 ST. VINCENT DE PAUL REPRODUCTORY, MIGNONNE STREET



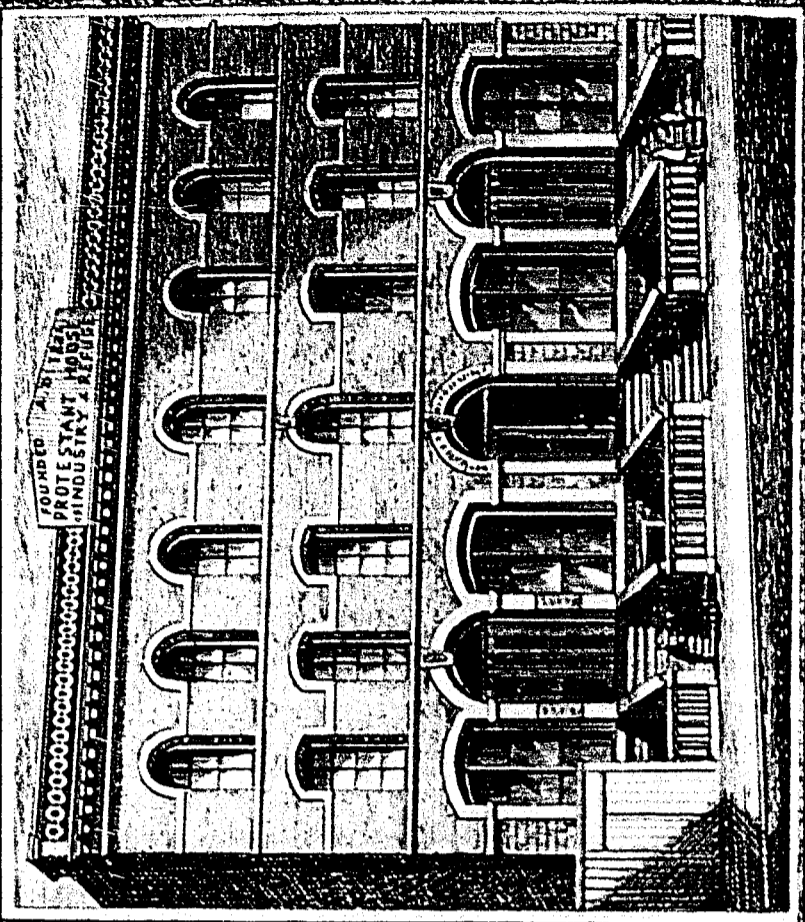
3 ST. ANDREW'S HOME, DORCHESTER STREET



4 ST. GEORGE'S HOME, AND MONTREAL DISPENSARY,
ST. ANTOINE STREET.

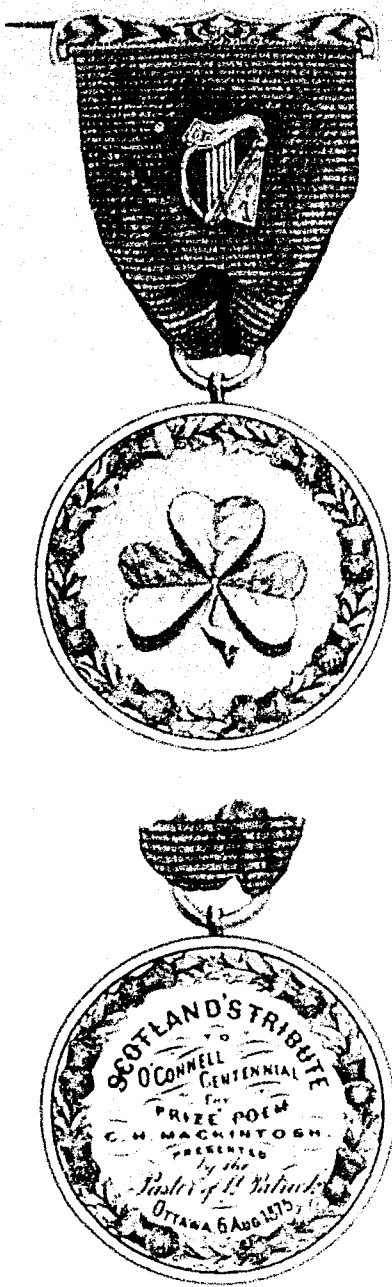


5 "ASYLE BETHLEM," RICHMOND SQUARE

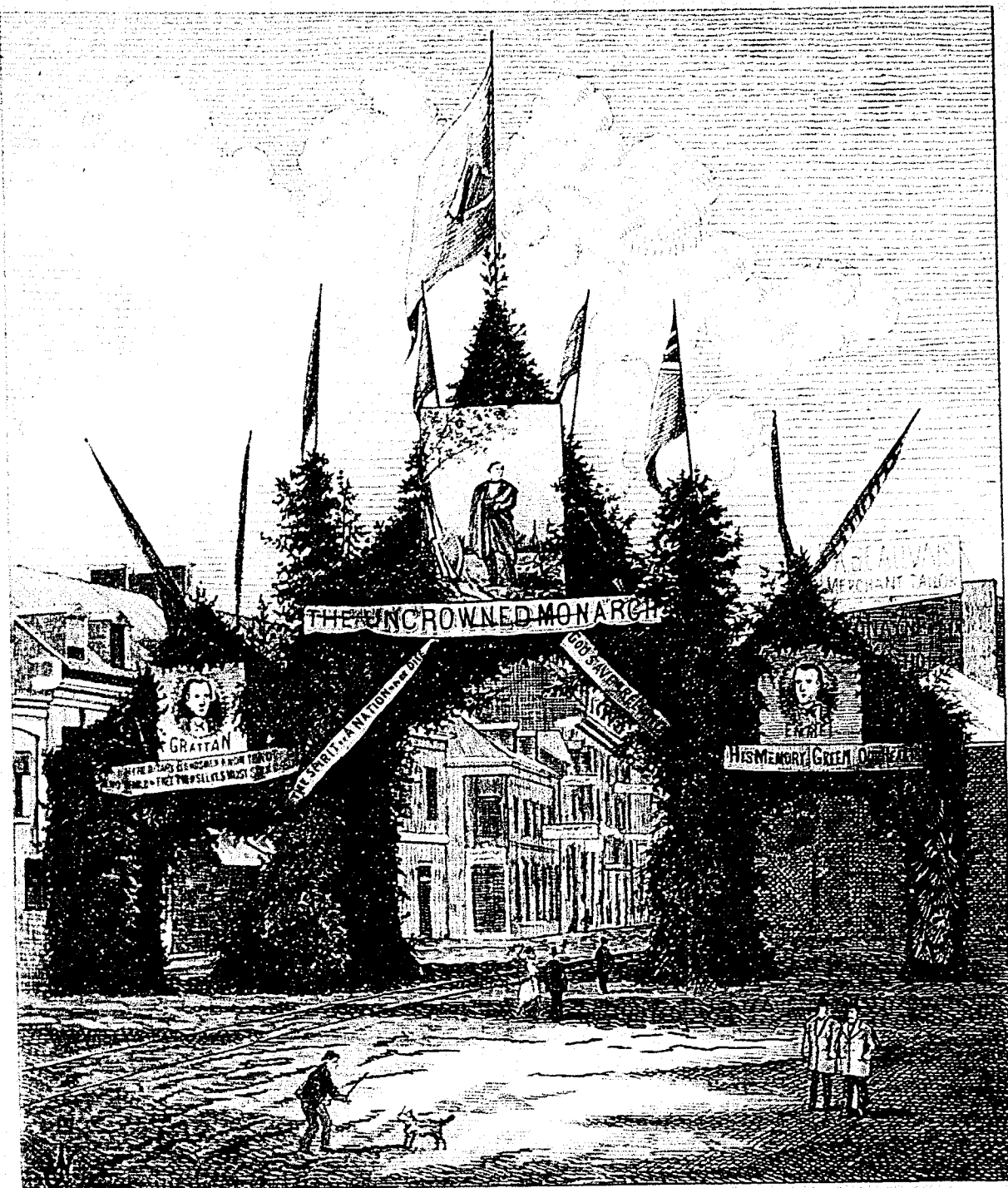


6 PROTESTANT HOUSE OF INDUSTRY AND REFUGE,
DORCHESTER STREET.

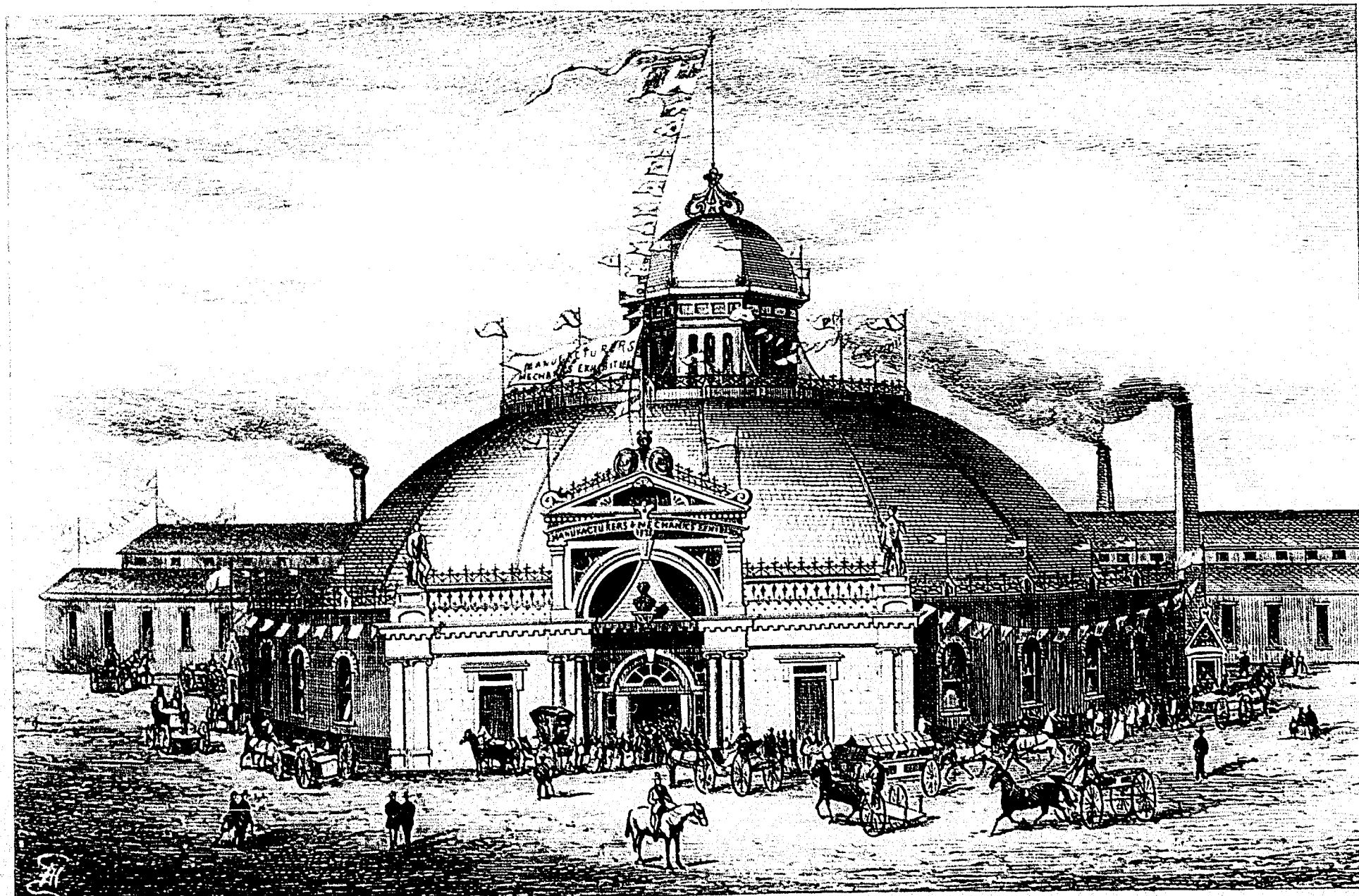
MONTREAL: SOME OF ITS CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.



Gold and Silver Medal offered by the St. Patrick's Society, Ottawa, for the best Poem on O'Connell, and won by C. H. MACKINTOSH, Esq.



THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL ARCH ERECTED ON CHABOILLEZ SQUARE, MONTREAL.



NEW BRUNSWICK: THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION BUILDING AT ST. JOHN'S.

A NATION'S TEST.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Read at the O'Connell Centennial in Boston on Aug. 6 1875

A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres; One master mind is worth a million hands.

Here test and text are drawn from Nature's preaching; Africa and Asia half the rounded earth.

Hapless the lands, and doomed amid the races, That give no answer to this royal test;

I bring the touchstone, Motherland, to thee, And test thee, trembling, fearing thou shouldst fail.

Brave land! God has blest thee! Thy strong heart I feel, As I touch thee and test thee.

To the magnet flies upward, so rises thy breast, With a motherly pride to the touch of the test.

See! she smiles beneath the touchstone looking on her distant youth. Looking down her line of Leaders and of Workers for the Truth.

Ere the Teuton, Norseman, Briton, left the primal woodland spring, When their rule was might and rapine, and their law a painted ring;

When the pride of Babylonia under Cyrus' hand was spent; When the Sphinx's introverted eye was fresh with Egypt's guilt;

When the Persian bowed to Athens; when the Parthenon was built; When the Macedonian phalanx closed the Commonwealths of Greece;

When the wrath of Roman manhood burst on Tarquin for Lucretia, Then was Erin rich in knowledge—thence from out her Ollamh's store—

Kenned to-day by students only, grew her ancient Senchus More. Then were reared her mighty builders, who made temples to the sun.

There they stand—the old Round Towers—showing how their work was done. Twice a thousand years upon them, shaming all our later art,

Warning fingers raised to tell us we must build with reverend heart. Ah! we call thee Mother Erin! Mother thou in right of years;

Mother in large fruition, mother in the joys and tears. All thy life has been a symbol—we can only read a part, God will flood thee yet with sunshine for the woes that drench thy heart.

All thy life has been symbolic of a human mother's life; Youth, with all its dreams, has vanished, and the travail and the strife

Are upon thee in the present; but thy work until to-day Still has been for Truth and Manhood, and it shall not pass away.

Justice lives, though Judgment lingers, angels' feet are heavy shod, But a planet's years are moments in th' eternal day of God!

He roused the farms—he made the serf a yeoman! He drilled his millions and he faced the foe;

He fought for home—but no land-limit bounded O'Connell's faith, nor curbed his sympathies;

Always the same—but yet a glittering prism; In wit, law, statecraft, still a master hand;

"His heart's in Rome, his spirit is in heaven," So runs the old song that his people sing;

Oh Motherland! there is no cause to doubt thee, Thy mark is left on every shore to-day.

Thy motherhood will keep thee Queen always, In faith and patience working, and believing

Go on, dear land! and amidst the generations Send out strong men to cry the Word aloud.

Thy niche is empty still amidst the nations— Go on in faith, and God must raise the cloud.

ORIGIN OF THE PALETOT.

Count d'Orsay, while reigning as king of fashion in London, was overtaken by a smart shower one day while on his return from a race.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE is the first to hand for September, and the contents are unusually excellent. We may refer particularly to the beginning of a new story, "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

The third number of WIDE AWAKE, the new Boston Magazine for "the young of all ages," has reached us. It is very bright with pictures, and its letter press is most "taking."

To the serial by the editor, "The Cooking Club of Tu-Whit Hollow," we specially call the attention of both the girls and their mothers.

It is the most wholesome story we have seen for a long time, brimming with humor, too. By all means, let the girls have some cooking-clubs!

take a trip on the Magic Carpet this month. Messrs D. Lothrop & Co., so well known for their success in issuing choice books for young people, are the publishers.

In the CANADIAN MONTHLY for August, we have the second paper of Mr. Jehu Mathews, on "The Political Future of Canada," which we trust to see issued in pamphlet form and widely circulated.

I know not what it presages That I so mournful be; A tale of the by-gone ages Is ever haunting me.

The air is cool and it darkles, And gently flows the Rhine; The crest of the mountain sparkles In the evening sunshine.

High on the promontory Sits a maiden wondrous fair, Her gems are a golden glory, She combs her golden hair.

She combs with a comb of gold and Warbles a lay thereby, A song which hath a bold and Magical melody.

The boatman out from the sedges Is thrilled by its notes of love; He sees not the rocky ledges, He sees but the maid above.

I believe that at length the surges Swallowed boatman and boat, And that with the singing of dirges The Lorelei hath wrought.

A DIORAMA FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

Colonel Forney thus describes a visit to the new Diorama of the Siege of Paris, now being rapidly executed for the company organized to place it on exhibition in Philadelphia before and during the Centennial year.

HOLMAN HUNT says it is almost impossible for artists to get pure poppy or linseed oil, as the adulteration extends even to the seeds before they are ground.

a new and faithful school worthy of the French masters and their American pupils. The diorama will be finished in about six weeks, and will be duly boxed and sent from Havre in the fine steamer France, which leaves Havre for New York on the 20th of September.

THE ART OF DINING.

Albert Rhodes writes in his "French at Home:" A couple of diners who belong to that brotherhood of which Brillat-Savarin was the high-priest enter the Café Anglais.

ARTISTIC.

GEORGE SIMOND'S statue of "The Falconer," soon to adorn Central Park, was publicly exhibited in Rome at the artist's studio year before last, and was admired by the connoisseurs of that home of the fine arts as the chef-d'œuvre of the season.

PRIZE POEM ON THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL.

Written by C. H. Mackintosh, Editor of the Ottawa Citizen and awarded the St. Patrick Society's Gold and Silver Medal, at Ottawa on the 6th of August.

Ah well it is that Ireland's sons revere the natal day
Of him who led a patriot band in freedom's gallant fray;
And well may joyous anthems sound his soul's immortal rest—
From Ganges' darkened jungles to the prairies of the West.

Whilst solemn mass is chanted from each fair cathedral shrine,
As peasant, priest and peer unite, their spirits inter-twined;
And o'er the broad Atlantic's wave from out old Erin's sod,
O'CONNELL'S voice to-day is heard—"a whispered boom from God."

A voice proclaiming trumpet-tongued, that tyranny must die,
When freedom meets it face to face and Manhood's hosts defy—
That tongue which used the English speech but spoke the Irish mind,
Craved justice for an injured race—and justice for mankind.

He stood a warrior breathing peace above the graves of those
Who died as erst their fathers died in conflict with their foes;
He stood, a soldier of the Cross, with honor in his face,
And burning words thus uttered for the freedom of his race—

"Alas! shall foreign Codes presume a nation to defile?
" Shall we proclaim that manhood's flame is quenched in Erin's Isle?
" Before Thee, God of Justice! at the altar's sacred fane,
" I pledge my life unto her cause—she SHALL be free again!

"No blood baptismal do we crave, no wrong to make a right,
"Man's love of man and patriot ties must aid us in the fight;
"The hallowed bond of unity, shall bid oppression cease,
"And Ireland's laws and Ireland's cause reflect the rays of peace!"

The music in each sentence and the magic in each word
Made trembling senses feel the wand by which their hearts were stirred;
He preached the wrongs of Ireland, he spurned each angry frown—
"I'd rather see my country free than wear an Emperor's crown."

No craven fear disturbed his heart, with manhood's fervent zeal
He fought the fight and bore the blows the brave alone can feel;
And from each mystic temple did the heart-born prayer ascend
That stubborn wills might yield to right and stern oppression end!

"Grant justice to old Ireland" the dauntless champion cried,
"For this I plead, for this I live, for this our fathers died!"
And far beyond the Emerald Isle the heart of man was stirred,
When at the polls in famous CLARE a nation's voice was heard!

Afar beneath Italian skies he breathed a Christian rest,
The holy chime of convent bells vibrating in his breast;
He gave his heart of freedom unto Rome's eternal sod,
His name he left to Ireland—his soul passed to its God!

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE tombstones in the Turkish burying grounds are all flat, and contain little hollows which hold the water after a rain, and attract the birds, who resort thither to slake their thirst, and sing among the trees.

WE are born in hope; we pass our childhood in hope; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives; and in our last moments hope is flattering to us, and not till the beating of the heart shall cease will its benign influence leave us.

ORDER is a lovely nymph, the child of Beauty and Wisdom; her attendants are Comfort, Neatness, and Activity; her abode is the Valley of Happiness. She is always to be found when sought for, and never appears so lovely as when contrasted with her opponent—Disorder.

THE chief and common companion of pride is ignorance. Our pride feeds itself by dwelling upon the possession of some ornament which we believe to be extraordinarily brilliant. But did we see the precious jewels which adorn many others in like circumstances, we should shun to wear ours, and should meekly set ourselves to increase our store of grace.

MAN himself is the author of the most of his infirmities, and of them the greater number originate purely in mental or moral causes. It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths, too, should not arise from causes beyond the control of man; but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the greatest portion.

INDUSTRY.—If industry is no more than a habit, it is at least an excellent one. If you ask us which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine we shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; we shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without activity.

THE HAIR.—Men become bald. Why? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women are never bald. Sometimes, from long-continued head-ache, heat in the scalp, bad hairdressing, and some other causes, women may have bare spots here and there; but with all these combined, you never see a woman with a bare, shiny, bald head. And you never see a man lose a hair below where the hat touches his skull. It will take it off as clean as you can shave it down to exactly that line, but never a hair below, not if he has been bald fifty years. The common black,

stiff hat, as impervious as sheet iron, retains the heat and perspiration. The little hair glands, which bear the same relation to the hair that the seed wheat does to the plant above ground, become too weak from the presence of the moisture heat, and finally become too weak to sustain the hair. It falls out, and baldness exists. A fur cap we have known to produce complete baldness in a single winter. A man with a good head of hair needs very little protection where the hair grows.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—Boys and men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundations will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every phase of double-dealing and dishonesty, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

COMPANIONS FOR LIFE.—When does a daughter appear so attractive as when showing her love to father or mother—as when employed in lightening their cares or relieving their burdens? It would not be far from wrong to say to a young man who is looking with some degree of interest for a life companion:—Would you know what kind of a wife she will make upon whom now you have your eye? Ask what kind of a daughter she is now. If she is indolently selfish, leaving care and work to her mother—especially if she is unloving or undutiful—beware of her—she is not likely to make you happy. If she is an affectionate and self-denying daughter, if she is intimate and confidential with her parents, you have in that the best promise of happiness in the future. The eye of mother or father beaming with delight as it rests upon a daughter's form, moving lightly in their presence, is an unspoken recommendation of untold value.

THE GLEANER.

AN English medical journal says that there are from one hundred and sixty thousand to two hundred thousand hairs on a lady's head.

His wife and daughter, in whose favor the will and codicil were made, and the executors named in the will predeceased him, and he left no known relations.

VICTOR Emmanuel sent \$4,000 to the French inundated inhabitants. One-third of the material damages inflicted by the floods has been covered by subscriptions in France itself.

MISS MARGARETHA WAPPNER, in her book of travels. "The North Star and the Southern Cross" pronounces Japanese civilization a humbug, and the people scoundrels.

THE Sultan of Zanzibar is moral. He never touches a drop of wine, and with philosophic disdain for the enjoyment so dear to Orientals neither smokes nor allows smoking in his presence.

THE physicians of Kentucky will soon hold a convention to evolve a plan for the collection of their dues. In a circular they say that not more than half their earnings are collected, and they desire to adopt a cash system.

At Pompeii about three hundred little tablets of fir wood have been found in a box, which crumbled to pieces on being exposed to the air. They appear, so far as examined, to be tablets belonging to some money lender.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL rides on his hunting expeditions a small Arab horse which paces over the scarp slopes of the mountains with a boldness which is terrifying. On a recent occasion twenty chamois fell before the royal rifle.

THE King of Burmah has a grave and almost a refined face, and his hands are very small. He looks feeble and worn, and on State occasions supports with extreme difficulty the weight of his solid gold crown and a dress laden with thick gold embroidery.

THE King of Belgium is thoroughly English in his habits and preferences, and it is recorded that he comes next to the Duke of Sutherland in the possession of a transcendently handsome dressing-room. Leopold is too tall as well as near-sighted, but his soft, dreamy eyes and blond whiskers give him a distinguished air.

VELOCIPEDES have been just adopted by the Italian army, and are now used for the carrying of despatches from the various corps to general headquarters. They go at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and thus save a great deal of horseflesh. The innovation has turned out so useful that each corps will be provided with velocipedes for its couriers.

THE will and codicil of Thomas Kelly were admitted to probate in England the other day. The bequest in the codicil was expressed in rhyme, and the instrument ran:

I, having neither kith nor kin,
Bequeath all I've nam'd herein
To Harriet, my dearest wife,
To have and hold as hers for life.
While in good health and sound in mind
This codicil I've undersigned.

A NEW grove of colossal redwood trees has been discovered in California, one of which eclipses all that have been discovered on the Pacific coast. Its circumference as high as a man can reach, standing and passing a tape line around, is only a few inches less than 150 feet, which is beyond the measurement of any tree in the Calaveras grove. The height is estimated at 160 feet, and a part of the top lying on the ground is over 100 feet in length.

THERE is violent excitement in South Africa over the attempt of Great Britain to form a South African Dominion. The Dutch republics, the Orange Free State and Transvaal refuse to go under the British flag, and will probably offer resistance to annexation, should the English authorities endeavor to force them into subjection. The hardly Dutch settlers, who have established many republics in the wilderness, will certainly have the sympathy of all true Americans in their contest for liberty.

THE baroness Burdett Coutts is about to present a set of the "chairs of order" to the Lodge of Freemasons (No. 1,278 in the Grand Lodge of England Rolls), which is named after her. The presentation will be made by the baroness in person at a meeting of the lodge, the members, by a dispensation of His Royal Highness the Grand Master, being allowed on the occasion to wear "clothing." The baroness in her letters to the lodge having recognised the charitable disposition of the craft, has expressed her earnest desire to be a co-worker with Freemasonry. The brethren of the lodge will entertain the baroness at a repast, and this will be the first occasion in England in which a lady has been present when lodge "furniture," as such, has been in the room.

VICTOR HUGO ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The Society for Improving the Condition of Women recently wrote to Victor Hugo, appealing to him in the name of right to assist their efforts. His reply is full of the characteristics of the man: In our society, such as it has been made, woman suffers. She is right to claim a better fate. I myself am only a conscience, but I understand your rights, and to obtain them is one of the duties of my life. You are, therefore, not wrong to rely on my good will and assistance. Man was the problem of the eighteenth century; woman is the problem of the nineteenth. And who says woman, says child—that is, the future. The question thus but appears in all its profundity, and on its solution depends the fate of the supreme social battle. What a strange and anomalous situation! In reality man depends on you, for woman holds the heart of man. Before the law she is a minor, incapable, without civil action, without political right—in short, she is nothing? before the family altar she is everything, because she is the mother. The domestic hearth is what she makes it; at home she is the mistress of good and ill. Sovereignty complicated by oppression; woman can do all against man, but nothing for herself. It is imprudent of the law to make her so weak when she is so strong. Let us recognize that weakness and protect it; let us recognize that strength and counsel it. There lies the duty of man, and there is also his interest. No, I shall never cease to say it; the problem is laid down, and it must be solved. She who bears half the burden ought to have half the right. Half of the human race is deprived of equality; it must be given to them. This will be one of the grand glories of our grand century. Let the right of woman counterbalance the right of man that is to say, let the laws be placed in conformity with the morals and manners of the country.

THE KORAN.

A writer says: We are told by all the Arabs that the Koran is the most perfect poetry in the Arabic language; and yet when we come to read it as translated in English we find it dull and tedious. It is a difficult thing for a European to read through the whole Koran in a translation. He soon realizes it to be different from what he imagined it. Very possibly he dreamed of finding therein long and luscious descriptions of the so-called "Mohammedan paradise;" that he should read about houris and the tree of life, the beast Al-Borak, rivers of wine, and all those visions of the different heavens usually attributed to the Prophet. He finds not a word of all this. Instead, there is a boundless devotional enthusiasm, all the vocabulary of praise to God, long moral lectures, Old Testament stories in a different form, a familiar reference to all the Jewish patriarchs, prophets, and kings; an equally constant reference to the facts of the Gospels, but in a somewhat different dress; and finally fierce denunciations, in a strain of the most awful solemnity, of the infidels who will not believe in the truths of God. Of doctrine he finds no subtlety. Mohammed proclaims but one fact, and reiterates it for all time. As the Koran opens with Al-Fatihah, "The Preface," so it naturally closes with the simple and sublime "Declaration," a chapter of itself. The words of those chapters are texts for all the rest of the book. It enlarges, dilates, amplifies, illustrates, reiterates the one grand declaration: "La Illaha, il Allah"—"No God but God." All the rest is written only to give that weight. The fact that Mohammed is the prophet of God is a mere incident, like the "Thus said the Lord" of Hebrew prophets. It is to show whence came the message. That

message is the one thing of importance to man, and it is of the simplest, "No God but God." When that message is believed, the morality of the Koran follows with equal simplicity. Prayer and charity and the whole duty of man. Not prayer as an importunate begging for favors, but prayer which is only praise and anxiety to be kept in the faith of God; not ostentatious alms-giving miscalled charity, but a charity as complete and genuine as that described to the Corinthians. Such as we find Al-Fatihah, we find the whole book.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Imperial Parliament was prorogued until October 29th.

Heinrich Adolf Von Zastrow, General of the Prussian army, has died at the age of 74.

From all accounts France will be a very large exhibitor of goods at the Philadelphia Exhibition.

Herr Ling, the Ultramontane candidate, has been elected to the German Parliament, for Coblenz, by 8,000 majority.

The London, England, Echo reports some further failures; among them Denegryt and Sons, and H. J. Craven. The liabilities of the former are estimated at £240,000 stg.

China and Japan are undergoing a hot spell, with the thermometer at 100° to 110°.

Goldsmith Maid was beaten by Lulu at Rochester, N. Y., on Saturday, in the free race for all.

Blight is reported to be damaging the hops in England, and the continental crop is also suffering from variable weather.

The body of Miss Philpot, who was drowned at Niagara last week, has been rescued from the whirlpool.

Three sloops of war, recently constructed in England for the Mexican Government, are en route for Vera Cruz. It is supposed that the Rio Grande is their eventual destination.

A royal decree has been issued by Alfonso, commanding that all conscripts shall join their regiments before the end of October, the price of exemption being fixed at 8,000 reals.

The insurrection in Herzegovina threatens to assume the aspect of a religious war. The Princes of Serbia and Montenegro have given the Porte formal assurances of their neutrality. All the Turkish regiments in Bulgaria and Roumanolia have received orders to march to Herzegovina.

DOMESTIC.

TO STRENGTHEN THE HAIR.—Sweet olive oil, three ounces; oil of lavender, one drachm. Apply morning and evening to those parts where the hair is thin, in consequence of a deficiency of moisture in the skin.

PLUM PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Quarter of a pound of suet, three tablespoons of flour, quarter of a pound of currants, or raisins, one spoonful of sugar and spice; to which add a middle-sized carrot, which must be boiled the day before, and mashed to the pulp; mix well together, and boil three hours.

TO PROMOTE THE GROWTH OF THE BEARD.—Olive oil, two pints; otto of roses, one drachm; oil of rosemary, one drachm. Mix. It may be coloured red by steeping a little alkanet root in the oil (with heat) before scenting it. Or else take olive oil, one pound; oil of origanum, one drachm; oil of rosemary, one and a quarter drachm. Mix. These oils can also be used for the beard with great advantage. The latter will help to make it curl.

TO PREPARE A FOWL FOR ROASTING.—Take off all the feathers, and carefully take out all the stumps or plugs that are in the skin; for there is nothing more offensive than to see anything of this kind in poultry. Take the head and neck off; only just leave enough of the skin to cover over the part that is cut. Cut an small piece as you can for drawing the bird, and take care not to break the gall-bladder. Keep the legs for a few minutes in boiling water, in order to get the skin from them; cut the claws off, and singe the bird with a piece of white paper, but so as not to blacken it. Wash, and wipe it well afterwards, and let the liver and gizzard be put to soak with the neck to make brown gravy with. Truss the bird, and flour it well; when put to the fire, keep it well basted with butter. If a large fowl, it will take an hour; but if a young chicken only half an hour. When it is done take the skewers out, put it in a dish garnished with water-cress, and pour over some brown gravy, that you have made with the gizzard, liver, and neck in the following way: first wash them well, then flour them, and put them in a little iron saucepan with half a pint of boiling water, with pepper, and salt according to taste; let them simmer for an hour; then take out the neck, and pour the gravy, with the gizzard and liver, over the fowl. This makes a very good brown gravy, if nicely done, and properly thickened. The gizzard and liver are much better so than roasted, because they do not get burnt.

LITERARY.

THE Earl of Ravensworth will shortly issue a volume of poems.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, late M. P., is engaged on a work on the Church of England.

MR. SWINBURNE is writing an article on Beaumont and Fletcher for the Encyclopedia Britannica.

THE death is announced from Lisbon of the Portuguese poet and author, Count Castilho.

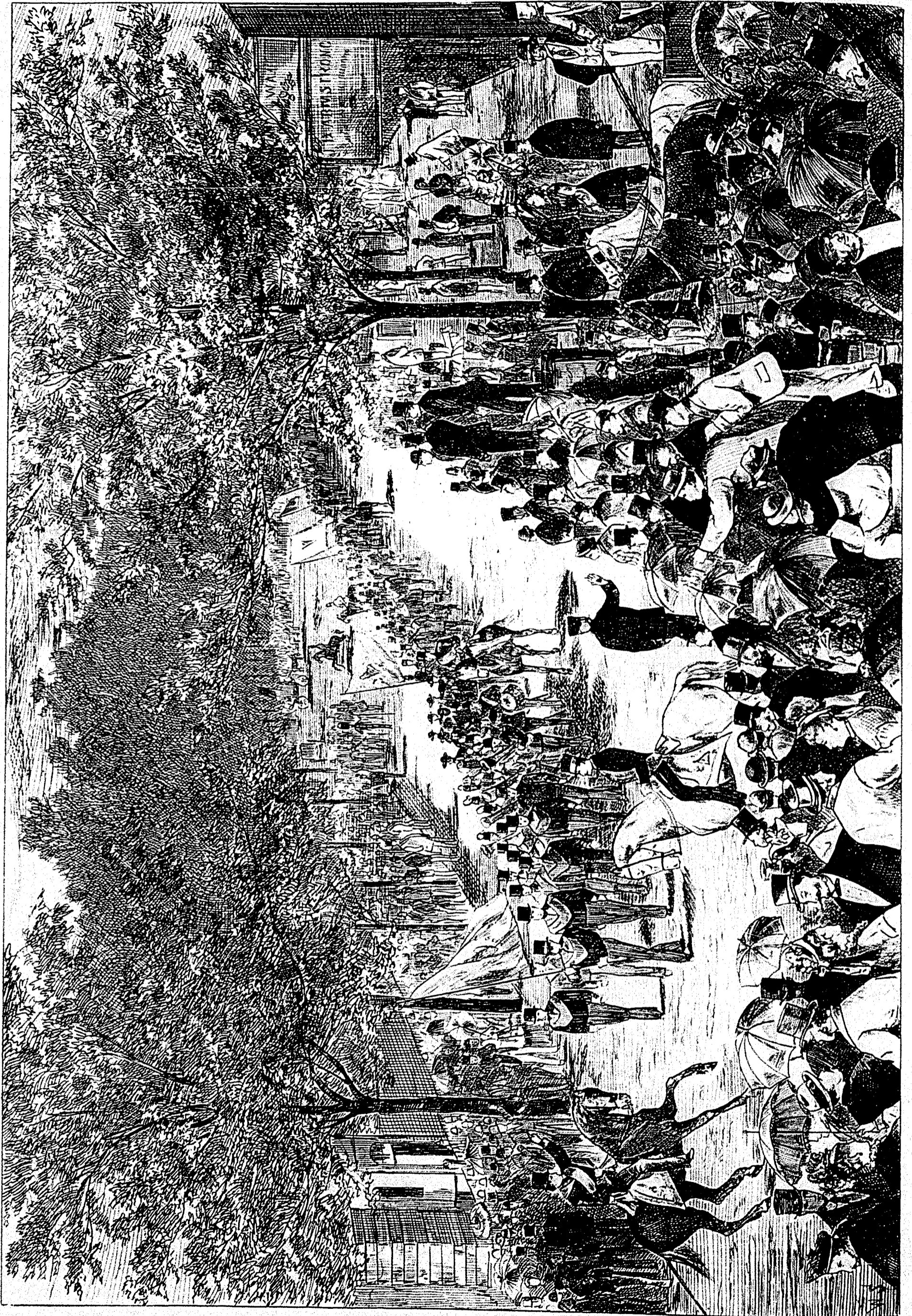
THE poet Seidl, author of the Austrian National hymn, "Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser," died at Vienna on the 18th ult.

PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE has been taking a tour through Herefordshire and the Welsh border, for the purpose of investigating the dialects of the district.

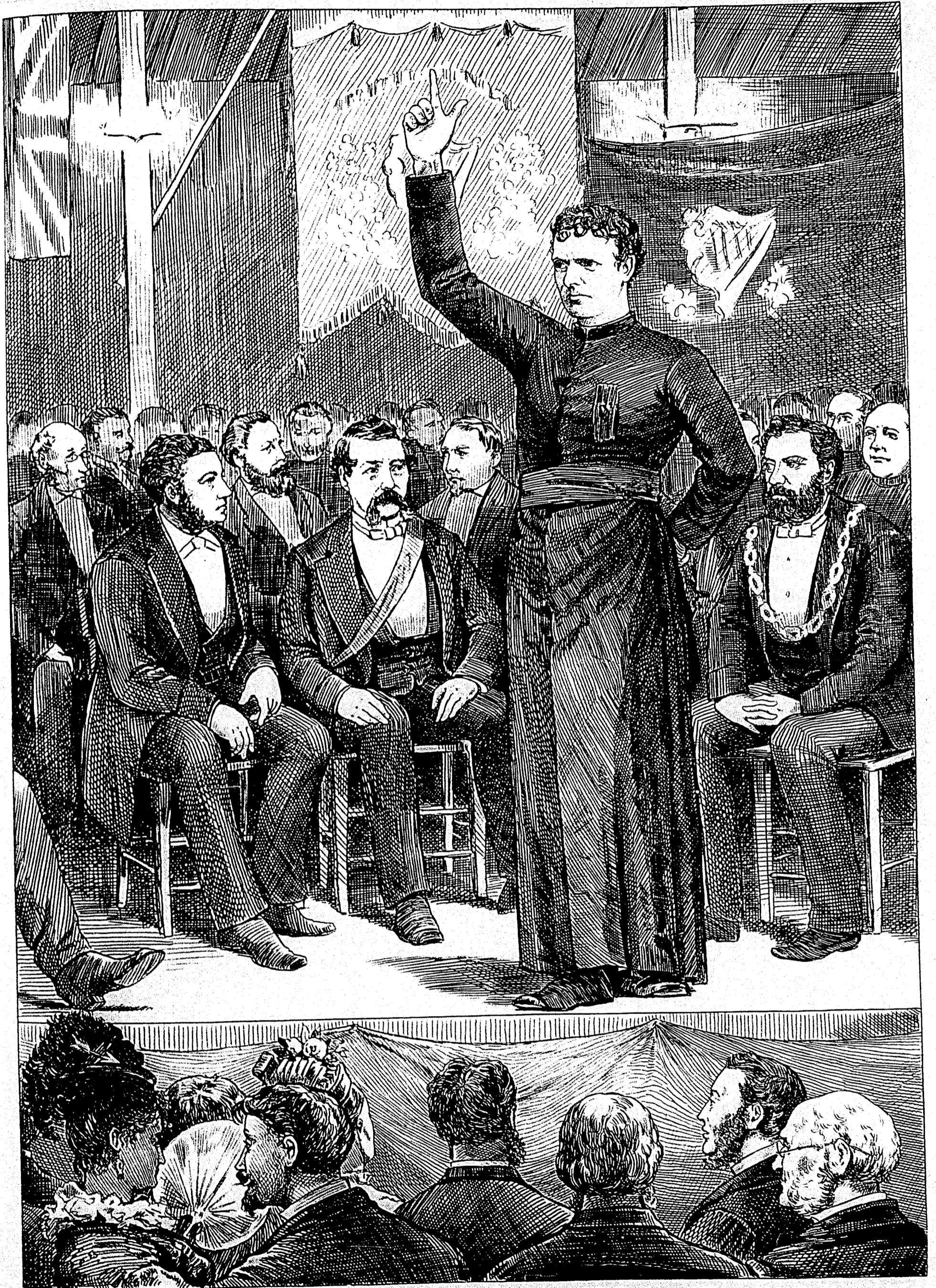
MR. WILLIAM GILBERT, it is said, will probably spend the later months of this year in Egypt, with a view to collecting the early Christian legends which circulate in certain districts there, and having them translated.

SIR CHARLES DILKE will sail for this country on the 4th of next month. He crosses the continent, stopping to pay a visit to Brigham Young on his way, and then proceeds to Japan, returning home in time for the opening of Parliament.

DR. FRANZ DELITSCH, the celebrated German theologian of Erlangen, has made arrangements with Messrs. Bagster for the issue, in half-crown parts, of his "Studies on the Complutensian Polyglott Bible," so called from being printed at Complutum, now Alcala de Henares, a university town in New Castile, Spain, where the original of the printed copy is still preserved.



THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL IN MONTREAL. THE PROCESSION COMING DOWN RADEGONDE STREET, NEAR VICTORIA SQUARE



THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL IN MONTREAL: FATHER MURPHY DELIVERING HIS ORATION IN VICTORIA HALL.

GEMS OF SONG.

The following pretty morceaux were sung at a late concert which formed a part of a grand entertainment given by the charming Lady Dudley.

LES MOISSONEUSES.

Passez passez joyeuses, Cueillez des branches aux buissons, Passez, passez sonneuses, Semez vos fleurs et vos chansons. Passez, les monts, la plaine S'éveillent aux premiers rayons, Le vent de son haleine. Etend les blés sur les sillons. Ainsi s'envolent, Passant sans cesse, Par les sentiers, Semés de fleurs, Les belles heures, De la jeunesse, Chantant la vie Et les splendeurs. Passez, nous reverrons encore L'hiver muet et sombre Jeter sur votre ombre Sur vos nuages d'or, Adieu parfums, chants, et folie Adieu de cette vie Beaux rêves enchantés.

The above was sung by Mlle. Marimon ; the following by Zaré Thalberg.

BARCAROL.

O, me beata ! Ritorna in ciel l' albore ; Vo pormi un fiore in seno. Vo in cerca del mio amor. O giorno sospirato Più d'ogni bel tesoro ! Il giovinetto amato Vedro fra poco ancor. La bruna godeletta Appresta, o barcarol ! Otr' il canal m' a petta Colui che ben mi vuol. Se cosa è amor tu sai, Deh ! vieni non tardar, E quel che tu vorrai Prometto a te donar. Tra, la, la, ah !

THE FIRST OFFER.

"Agatha, you sly girl, I wonder you never confess to your myriads of lovers," said the gay young Sophie Harcourt to her cousin—a handsome girl some ten years the senior of the youthful speaker. "I am certain you must have had a dozen offers at least."

Agatha Somers gave a half-amused, half-annoyed smile at her relative, who was just about to make her seventeen years' old debut, and to whom the world was all smiles and roses.

"Pray, Sophie, are you able to keep a secret?" she asked, in a demure, questioning tone.

The young girl eagerly pushed her chair close to her calm cousin's sofa.

"Oh, yes, indeed—indeed, I will ; only do tell me ! I am dying to know !" she said, with a glad impatience in her whole face and tone.

"Well under that solemn promise, I may perhaps venture to confide in you," returned Agatha, with mock solemnity. "You give me your word not to betray me?"

"Yes, yes, on my honour—my very honour!" exclaimed Sophie, quickly.

Agatha paused a moment, as if to raise the girl's curiosity to the very uttermost.

"Then I suppose I must confide the great secret to you, petite ? The number of my offers is easily reckoned—at least so far as a cypher can be brought into numbers. You will, perhaps, be astonished to hear that I have had—and she made a tantalizing pause—"no offers at all."

Sophie literally gasped.

"Agatha, you are jesting,—you who have been so admired, who are so handsome and clever, and can do no end of things, and who are—that is, I mean"—

"I am twenty-seven, and near on twenty-eight," replied Agatha, calmly. "And I don't mean to deny that I am tolerably good-looking, and not exactly a fool. Nor do I say that I have not had about as much attention as most girls ; but of proposals of real, sober 'Will-you-marry-me?' suitors, I am utterly guiltless."

"Oh, Agatha, how can it be?—that is, if you are serious?" said Sophie with some compassion.

"Nay ; that is only for the gentlemen in question to decide," returned Agatha, coolly. "I can blame no one in the matter. Poor mamma has done her very best. I have been in 'Society' since I was your age, Sophie. The amount of balls I have swallowed would puzzle the calculating boy himself to reckon. The private theatricals, dinners, garden parties, champetre breakfasts, and croquet teas, have been so mingled up indistinguishably that I should be rash to hazard a guess as to their proper quantities ; and yet I am here, at twenty-seven, and have never been asked to say yes or no to any but a partner for a quadrille !"

Perhaps Sophie was rather daunted at the prospect.

"Oh, Agatha, how strange—how amazing ! I am not half so good-looking or attractive as you are, and yet I—well, yes—I do think Frank Conyers does—like me—a little."

"Very probably, my dear ; and you will, I hope, end by being Mrs. Frank Conyers, and ignore all others till death do you part. But it's not my style. I don't go in for boy and girl love, nor a cottage in a garden ; and, to tell the truth, I do get awfully tired of anyone who plagues me too much, Sophie, and my punishment will be that I shall die an old maid."

"Oh, Agatha, how dreadful !"

"Very likely, my love ; but I am fast schooling myself to the prospect, and, as a preliminary, I am going down to Aunt Betsy for the next week, though Lady Suffield offered me a place in her

phaeton, and her brother and half-a-dozen Hussar officers will be in her train."

"Agatha, you are mad ! Do go ! How can you throw away such a delicious jaunt, and all for a stupid prosy old widow !"

Miss Somers, shook her head. "I have promised, Sophie, and besides, it is just as well to be conspicuous for one's absence. I am tired of it all," she went on, more seriously. "Not that I am mean and vain enough to wish to be married for the sake of it. But it is almost degrading to be exhibited as on the market year after year, and calmly rejected, even when fairly tested. There, don't laugh—nor cry, either, Sophie ; and keep my secret. It is as well for the world to know that the beautiful Miss Somers is very hard to please, and has refused no end of offers!" And Agatha hastily rang the bell, and announced a useful packing, with the assistance of her youthful maid, while Sophie retired, and in no ordinary bewilderment and anxious alarm on her own account.

"Well, my dear, it is very good of you to come. I have really nothing to amuse you, only the gardens, and just a few very good friends, who drop in to make a rubber. You may amuse yourself with the books and piano. I hear you are a first rate musician."

And Mrs. Betsy Cole settled herself in her easy chair, and recommenced her knitting, which she rarely suspended, except to play whist or go to church.

"Are you expecting anyone to-night, aunt ?" asked Agatha, as she prepared to go and dress for dinner.

"Well, no one particularly—only three widowers," replied Mrs. Betsy. "No one could interest you, of course. But then, they are men of sense and standing, and one of them the heir presumptive to a peerage ; but still, you need not trouble at all about them, my dear."

Agatha did not trouble herself. Her dinner dress was scarcely looked at before it was donned.

It was a black lace, and she had a rich sprig of geranium in her dark hair as her only ornament, save a chain and cross of Indian gold that hung round her white throat.

She descended, with a weary sigh at the idea of the evening before her.

And her first impression of the trio of "bereaved husbands" was anything but reassuring.

Two bald heads, suspicious whiskers and moustache, and decidedly military air and dress, prepared her for the announcement of "General Forbes" and "Colonel Rivers," as they bowed stiffly to the young lady.

The third was certainly of a different type ; fair almost as a woman, with a fine tall figure, and brown hair, that was certainly streaked with gray, but still abundant and well arranged, "Mr. Annerly" was certainly some few years younger, and, on the whole, decidedly better looking than his compeers.

But Agatha had scarcely time to speculate on his peculiarities ere she was consigned to the tender mercies of General Forbes during dinner, while the more interesting of the guests conducted Mrs. Betsy to the dining-room.

But the party was so small, consisting only of the three gentlemen, Mrs. Betsy's companion, and Agatha, that the conversation was tolerably general, and not only so, but it would be difficult not to overhear what each of the other couples were saying.

Agatha did her devoir ; indeed, it was an instinct with her to be agreeable and sparkling in manner ; but she was somewhat disturbed by meeting the glance of the fair-haired widower fixed on her, albeit quickly removed on encounter with her own.

She sat down to the piano in the music-room, at her aunt's request, when they began a hand at whist ; and, supposing herself utterly unnoticed, she gave herself up to the full fancy of the moment.

Song after song was poured out in succession, till at last she began

"The day is done, and the darkness."

It suited her voice well ; and a certain amount of pathos that she threw into it swelled and fell with a touching sweetness on the ear. A deep sigh succeeded the close.

She looked round in some surprise to see Mr. Annerly at her side.

"I thought you were at whist," she said, in a slight confusion at his look of sadness and emotion.

"I persuaded Miss Drow to take my place. I wanted to hear you sing," he said.

"How did you know I could repay such a sacrifice?" she replied, playfully.

"I was certain of it. I heard you talking of music at dinner ; and you are too like one who was a true, heartfelt musician for me to doubt," he replied. "It is a sad luxury to look at and listen to you, Miss Somers."

She did not ask why. She grasped too well his meaning.

But she quickly led the conversation to more indifferent subjects ; and by her playful vivacity and softened wit, she contrived to brighten his evident melancholy, and even rouse him to a genuine smile at some of her quaint fancies on ordinary topics.

"That is a true mourner," she thought, as she retired to rest. "He must have been a lover and husband worth having—very different to the fippant butterflies who pester me to death with compliments, and puns, and jokes. Why is he so old and gray ? I wonder whether he has any children."

No doubt Mrs. Betsy could have enlightened

her ; but from some unexplained reason, Agatha never mentioned his name to her aunt.

Of course, the gentlemen called, and Mr. Annerly so immediately before luncheon, that he was asked to stay ; and the afternoon was far advanced when he took his leave.

And Agatha was conscious of a feeling of regret when he left, so rich and varied was his conversation, and so quietly did he contrive to draw out her sentiments, while confessing his own, on different subjects.

But any idea of his dreaming of love, or of her yielding to a tender passion for a mature widower, was carefully banished, if it even entered her mind.

And the same remarkable accident seemed to govern Mr. Annerly's movements as had induced him to arrive at Mrs. Cole's at so unusual an hour that morning.

He was extremely solicitous about Mrs. Betsy's health ; and, luckily for him, the excellent lady fell ill of a bad cold, which confined her to her private sitting-room, and gave an excellent reason for kind and frequent inquiries.

Still, Agatha gave half-smile, half-sigh at the grave respect of his manner, considering his privileged seniority in age.

"He is terribly afraid I should mistake him. He need not alarm himself. I am a tolerable Salamander in such attentions from his sex," she said to herself, bitterly, as she returned from ushering him to her aunt's boudoir, and settled herself in the drawing-room.

She had scarcely taken up her netting, and made some exceedingly awkward long stitches, when the door re-opened, and the object of her animadversions appeared.

He walked straight up to her, with a peculiarly resolute step and rigid features.

"Miss Somers—Agatha," he said rapidly, "I cannot go round about when my whole peace is in question. I have, without my will, against my resolves, learned to love you with my whole heart. You won on me first by your resemblance to a most dear and honoured wife, and you have completed the charm by your intellect and playful wit, your womanly grace, and reticence. I am a vain fool, perhaps, to think of your accepting a gray-haired widower ; but your aunt has given me leave to try my fate, and I have too much at stake not to risk the hazard. At least, you will be kind in your refusal, if you cannot love or accept me as your husband."

Agatha had listened in breathless astonishment to the frank, trembling, earnest words. She longed to put him out of suspense. She felt in her mind and heart that she could be happy, could be proud of such a man as her lover—her husband, and that her love was gradually deepening at every fresh insight into the character of this noble, high-bred, and intellectual man. But she literally was too much petrified to speak. She held out her hand to him with a look that was certainly by no means discouraging.

And when he clasped it in his, and whispered, "Agatha, it is mine !" her lips did frame the "Yes" that completed his happiness. A few days afterwards, she returned to town, and Mr. Annerly followed, to ask her mother's permission to claim her promise. And ere the summer had deepened into autumn the day was fixed for their wedding, though once again postponed by the sudden death of his cousin Lord Fernley, to whose title and estates he was heir. There was no surprise now among the gay world that the beautiful Miss Somers had accepted a gray-haired widower for her husband, since he was able to place a coronet on her own raven locks ; and only Lord Fernley himself and the delighted Sophie Harcourt ever were aware of the remarkable fact that the admired belle, the brilliant star of ball-rooms, and "toast" of many a regimental mess and college table, had accepted her first offer.

POINTS OF PALMISTRY.

In his volume on the Mysteries of the Hand, M. Desbarrolles divides hands into three sorts—the first sort having fingers with pointed tops ; the second, fingers with square tops ; the third, fingers with spade-shaped tops—by "spade-shape" is meant fingers that are thick at the end, having a little pad of flesh at each side of the nail. The first type of fingers belongs to characters possessed of rapid insight into things ; to extra-sensitive people ; to pious people, whose piety is of the contemplative kind ; to the impulsive ; and to all poets and artists in whom ideality is a prominent trait. The second type belongs to scientific people ; to sensible, self-contained characters ; to most of our professional men, who steer between the wholly practical course that they of the spade-shaped fingers take and the too visionary bent of the people with pointed tops. The third type pertains to those whose instincts are material ; to the people who have a genius for commerce, and a high appreciation of everything that tends to bodily ease and comfort ; also to people of great activity. Each finger, no matter what the kind of hand, has one joint representing each of these. Thus, the division of the finger which is nearest the palm stands for the body (and corresponds with the spade-shaped type), the middle division represents mind (the square-topped), the top, soul (the pointed). If the top joint of the finger be long, it denotes a character with much imagination or ideality, and a leaning towards the theoretical rather than the practical. The middle part of the finger, if large, promises a logical, calculating mind—a common-sense person. The remaining joint, if long and thick, denotes a nature that clings more to the luxuries than to the refinements of life.

VARIETIES.

A MUMMY belonging to the Duke of Sutherland has been unrolled by Dr. Birch, the Egyptian scholar. The inscriptions will be published.

THE famous monastery of St. Rufina at Rome has been converted into an educational institute for girls under the auspices of Crown Princess Margherita.

FRANCE keeps a ship of war at Ajaccio constantly at the order of the Pope, in case he should desire to leave Rome.

THERE are 709,000 paupers in England, and this notwithstanding a decrease of 4 per cent. in the number since May, 1874.

MEMBERS of the Royal Academy think that English owners will refuse to send their paintings to the Philadelphia Centennial unless they can have them insured.

THE American Centennial Committee has resolved to refuse space to the private exhibitors whose Governments, like those of Russia and Italy, have declined to take official recognition of the international exhibition.

It is understood that as soon as the session closes Mr. Disraeli will leave England for the Continent. His health throughout the session has been feeble, and absolute rest from the cares of office is pronounced indispensable.

It is said that a Dane connected with the Observatory at Copenhagen has discovered a mode of sending any number of telegraphic messages over the same wire, by the simple method of pitching each message in a different key with the aid of tuning forks. The next thing we shall hear of will be that somebody else has discovered the means of sending twenty messages from each end of a wire at the same time. We seem to be coming back very fast to another form of the Tower of Babel.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, who is one of the best officers attached to Major Ward Ashton's battery at Aldershot, paid his respects to the Commander-in-Chief on Friday, and on taking leave said laughingly, "Your Royal Highness, I must go back to my cookery." Prince Louis, who is a great favourite with the men, is instructing them how to cook dinners after the French fashion. There is no service in the camp for which he is not ready and willing. The other day three troop horses ran away on Aldershot Common. With some other cazets, the Prince Imperial went in chase of them, and seizing one, jumped upon its back and rode it into the camp without saddle, bridle, or halter.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. G. A. SALA is said to be engaged on a drama.

NILSSON is to make a professional tour in Scandinavia, assisted by Trebelli-Bettini.

Mlle. TALLANDIERA, the Parisian actress, has wonderful dark eyes, and is a strange wild creature, half Arab by blood.

THE French Assembly has appropriated 3,000,000 francs additional for expenditure upon the Grand Opera House at Paris.

SALVINI was presented recently in London with a handsome silver snuff-box that had been subscribed for by the members of the orchestra.

Mlle. Albani, Mlle. d'Angeri, Signori Marini, Maurel, and Bagagiolo will give a series of operatic performances this autumn in Venice, at the Theatre la Fenice.

ENGLISH versions of Herold's "Zampa" and Cherubini's "Les Deux Journées" are to be brought out by the Carl Rosa company during the coming season.

MISS MONTAGUE, a young Baltimore singer of whom glorious accounts have come from Paris, is to sing in the Kellogg Company next season. Her debut will be made at Booth's in October.

MISS KATIE PUTNAM, a Western and Southern actress, has been playing Little Nell and the Marchioness in Boston, and her performance is pronounced a clever imitation of Miss Lotta—banjo and all.

A movement is on foot in London having for its object to secure by means of a company, a theatre for the permanent representation of French plays, and to organise regular and adequate performances.

A London critic says, in speaking of a performance of "Don Giovanni," "That Mme. Nilsson has created Donna Elvira, and made the betrayed woman equal in importance to the Donna Anna, is well known."

MARRYAT's daughter Florence, now Mrs. Ross Church, editor of London Society, is about to make her debut on the stage. She will appear, with some other ladies, at a theatrical performance in aid of the Toulouse fund.

THE Atheneum in a review of the London operatic season says: "Two more thoroughly trained and well-prepared aspirants for lyric honours than Mlles. Varesi and Chapuy have not been heard since the debuts of Mesdames Patti, Lucca, and Nilsson."

IN Paris at the present day the most important and paying literary work is done in behalf of the theatres and also in theatrical criticism. That's what makes the Parisians so eminently a theatrical race. Nobody ever gets weary of theatres and of actors and actresses in that capital.

Mlle. AIMEE is not to sing at the Gaité Theatre, Paris, after all, having, it is reported, refused very wisely to lend the manager 50,000 francs, which he desired for the production of the new piece in which she was to appear. Mlle. Aimee, it is to be hoped may return to this country.

MISS NELSON, in consequence of indisposition has been compelled to decline the liberal offer made by Mr. Max Strakosch, of New York—viz., £10,000 for one hundred nights, the terms of her last engagement, in order to tempt her to return to the United States. Miss Nelson is now in Paris.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the new London singer, appears to have something besides his name to bring him into prominence. A critic writes of him: "To say that he will take a high place among our English vocalists would give but an insufficient idea of his gifts and acquisitions. He is an artist of the very highest merit."

THE season of English opera under Carl Rosa's direction will begin early in September at the Princess's Theatre, London, with Mr. Sautley as baritone and Mlles. Rose Hersee, Torriani, and Julia Gaylard as prime donne. The first opera will probably be Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," in which the three sopranos will, of course, be heard.

THE OLD TABARD.

The last traces of the Tabard will have vanished in the course of a very few weeks, if not sooner. The "Tabard" was an inn at the beginning of the present year, 1875, and there it reason to believe that it was already an inn as far back at least as 1375.

We have already quoted Stow, who wrote his "Antiquities" in the year 1598. Four years later, in an edition of Chaucer, by Speight, we are informed that, "Whereas through time it (the Tabard) is much decayed, it is now, by Master John Preston, with the Abbot's house thereto adjoined, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much increased for the receipt of many guests."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SPOTTED FLAG.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR.—On the subject of small-pox, I would propose for the safety and satisfaction of the general public, that whenever a case occurs in any house, a spotted flag be planted in front of it, there to remain for one or perhaps two months, as the Health Committee may decide.

F. P. M.

A CANADIAN INDIAN GIRL AT LONG BRANCH.

Oliver Logan writes thus to the N. Y. Graphic:—I pause before a shanty of quite peculiar architecture. A young girl with a gray veil well tied over her head asks me to buy her wares.

"May I sit by your side?" I ask of the girl. "Oh, yes," she says prettily but bashfully, turning away great black eyes and smiling in a shamefaced way.

"No; pure Indian." And very pure English this pure Indian speaks. "You must have a great deal of white blood in your veins."

A blue-eyed, blond, well-looking young fellow approached and saluted me pleasantly. "I am astonished at what your sister-in-law tells me," I remarked to him; "I can scarcely believe she is an Indian, she is so fair."

The young man dwelt on this circumstance with a pride quite pardonable; the more so as it was immediately evident from his diction that his own education had not been so thorough as that of his wife and sister-in-law.

I said the hut was a peculiar architecture; not one on this long stretch of shore in any way resembles it. It looks like the capuchon of a Canadian overcoat; an extinguisher for a candle; a frame tent in fact, very peaked, with canvas roof.

"We will tie him on to a board pretty soon so he'll grow up nice and straight like an Indian," says his father, "he's only three days old now," and he smiles proudly and casts long glances of love at the newcomer.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Henry A. C. Fuchs, Quebec.—Problems and Solutions received. Many thanks. No time for inspection. Will answer more fully in next column.

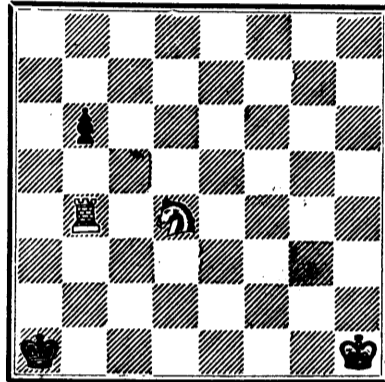
We perceive that it is the custom in England for the Chess Associations to provide some trophy to be obtained by the most successful competitor in any of their local Tourneys.

The large number of clubs in the Dominion, and the interest felt generally in the Royal Game, would make it a matter of little difficulty to obtain the necessary means for carrying out some measure of this nature.

PROBLEM No. 33.

By M. D'Orville.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

Solution of Problem No. 31.

- WHITE. 1. R to K 8th 2. R takes B (ch) 3. R mates. BLACK. 1. B takes Q (best) 2. K takes either Kt, or moves to his B 4th.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 30.

- WHITE. 1. B to K R 8th 2. Q P one 3. K to K 3rd 4. Q P one dis. check-mate. BLACK. 1. K Kt P one 2. K to B 4th 3. K to Kt 4th

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 31.

- WHITE. K at Q R 4th Q at Q B 4th R at Q B 8th B at Q 7th. BLACK. K at Q Kt 2nd Q at K R 3rd R at K R 2nd Pawns at Q R 2nd Q Kt 3rd and Q B 2

GAME 36TH.

Between two members of the Montreal Chess Club. [The Sicilian Game.]

- WHITE.—(Dr. H.) 1. P to K 4th 2. K Kt to B 3rd 3. P to Q 4th 4. B to Q B 4th 5. P to Q 5th 6. P takes P 7. Castles 8. P to Q B 3rd 9. Q to Q B 2nd 10. B to Q 3rd 11. Kt to Kt 5th 12. Kt to R 7th 13. B takes Kt (ch) 14. B to Kt 6th 15. P to K B 4th 16. B to K 3rd 17. B to Q 3rd 18. Kt to Q 2nd 19. P takes P 20. B to B 2nd 21. Kt to Kt 3rd 22. Q to Q 2nd 23. P takes P 24. P to K Kt 3rd 25. Q R to K sq 26. B to K 4th 27. B to Q 3rd 28. Q takes B 29. R to K 4th 30. P to Q R 3rd 31. R to Q sq 32. B takes P 33. Kt takes B 34. Q to K 2nd 35. Q takes R 36. K takes R 37. K to Kt 2nd. 38. R to K B 39. R to K 8th [ch] 40. Kt to K 6th 41. K to Kt sq 42. Kt to B 8th [ch] 43. R takes Kt 44. K R to B 3rd 45. K to Kt 2nd 46. K to R 3rd 47. Kt to K 6th 48. P to K Kt 4th 49. Kt to B 8th [ch] 50. R to K 7th [ch] 51. Kt to K 6th. BLACK.—(Prof. H.) P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd K Kt to B 3rd Kt takes P Q to Q Kt 3rd B P takes P B to K 2nd Castles Kt to K B 3rd P to Q 3rd P to K R 3rd Kt takes Kt K to R sq Q Kt to B 3rd B to K B 3rd Kt to K 2nd P to Q 4th P to Q 5th P takes P B to Q 2nd Q to Q 3rd P to K 4th B takes P B to Q B 3rd Q R to Q sq B to Kt 4th B takes B P to Q R 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd R to K B 2nd Q R to K B sq B takes B Kt to K 4th R to B 7th R takes Q Q to B 3rd [ch] Kt to Q 5th Q to K Kt 4th K to R 2nd Kt to K 6th [ch] K to Kt sq K to Kt sq Q to Q 5th Q to Q 8th [ch] Q to Q 2nd [ch] P to K Kt 4th K to R 2nd K to Kt 3rd K to Kt sq Resigns.

MORTURI SALUTAMUS.

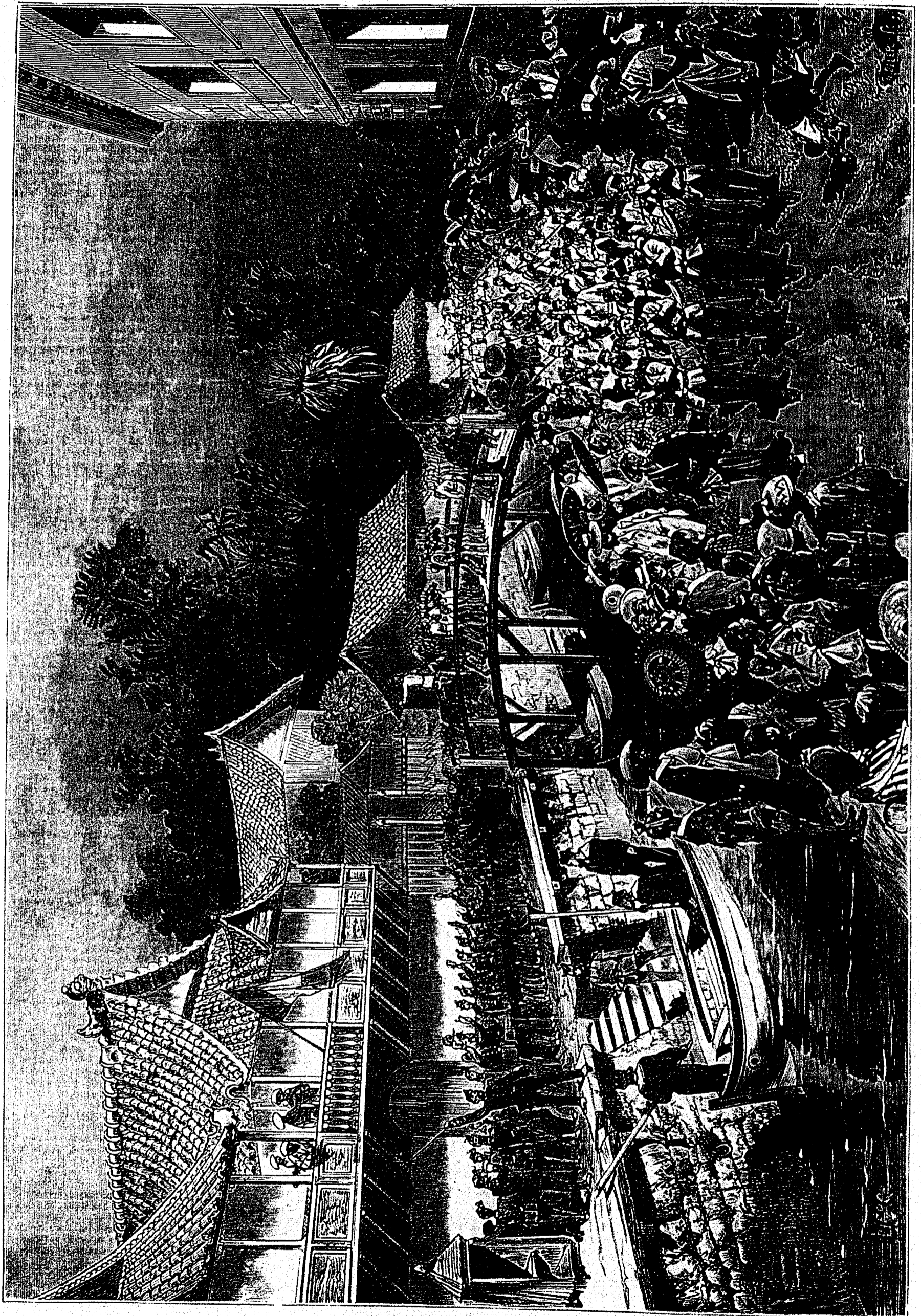
The Providence Journal says: A fresh interest is given to these ancient Latin words by Mr. Longfellow's appropriation of them for his poem of tender farewells at the late Commencement at Bowdoin. Felicitous, however, as is this appropriation of words—and it seems to us that the very conception of such a use of them for the occasion is a poem of itself—the opening lines, in which they are translated, do not reproduce for us the original historical ideas.

A REMARKABLE PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS.

Among the notable professional men of this country who have achieved extraordinary success is Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. The prominence which he has attained has been reached through strictly legitimate means, and, so far, therefore, he deserves the enviable reputation which he enjoys.

The immense demand for his specifics some time ago necessitated the opening of a regular Dispensary for their preparation, and from a small beginning the business of the establishment has expanded into mammoth proportions.

The high price fire insurance companies shares fetch up in England and the United States are not to be wondered at, when we see in the statement furnished yearly to the Government by the companies, of their standing that two-fifths of the premiums paid by insurers go to form the profit of the stockholders after deduction made of the expenses of management.



JAPAN: DEPARTURE OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH TROOPS FROM YOKOHAMA

NILSSON IN "LES HUGUENOTS."

The following from the London *Times* concerning a performance at Her Majesty's will doubtless effectually set at rest any fears that may have existed in the minds of Mme. Nilsson's legion of admirers regarding the success of her *Valentine* abroad, and at the same time gives the lie to the deterioration in this matchless artiste's powers: There was a feature in the cast of "The Huguenots" which gave to that justly renowned work, the masterpiece of its composer, a new and special interest. We refer to the *Valentine* of Mme. Christine Nilsson, who, like her contemporary, Mme. Adelina Patti, and with equally good reason, seems determined to show that her genius is not confined to any particular line of opera; that high tragedy is as much in her sphere as sentimental drama.

without entering into minute details, we may conscientiously affirm that a greater effect has not been produced than that created by the performance of Mme. Nilsson in the duet following the "Benediction des Poignards." Never was applause more enthusiastic and more genuine extorted from a critical audience.

THE SULTAN AND THE GREEN ROOM.

Writing on the Sultan, or Seyyin, of Zanzibar, a correspondent says: On visiting the opera he gave the Europeans by whom he was surrounded a striking lesson of dignity. Between the acts he was invited to go behind the scenes. He asked the meaning of this proposal of men representing in his eyes Western civilization.



THE FASHIONS.
NEW STYLES OF HEADRESS.

and that she can play Meyerbeer's *Valentine* just as well as she can play the *Mignon* of Ambrose Thomas or the *Margaret* of Gounod. The result has twice proved that she has not overestimated her capacity. Mme. Nilsson's *Valentine* is one of the most admirable performances witnessed of late years on the operatic boards. It is not only poetical in conception and elaborately wrought out, but—a charm in itself when such an engaging individuality as that of Mme. Nilsson is in question—entirely original. In this, as in every other character she has essayed, the Swedish songstress thinks for herself and takes no predecessor for a model. That her voice, owing to its extensive compass and equality of tone, lends itself to every requirement necessary for the adequate execution of the music may be readily believed. Indeed, her singing throughout was everything that could be wished. Meyerbeer himself would have been satisfied, and that is saying no little. But what now interests most those amateurs who watch the career of this accomplished lady is the extraordinary progress she has of recent years been making in the histrionic department of her art. This was never more apparent than in the great scenes with *Marcel* (Signor Castolmary) and *Naoul de Nangis* (Signor Campanini). Both exemplified the highest dramatic power, and

It was explained to him that in the green room he could get a close view of the airy nymphs whose graceful movements he had just been admiring; that there he could form an idea of the mode in which a Frenchwoman prepares to come before the public, of the powder and paint which decorate her face, eyes, and mouth, the artificial hair which shows off her forehead and falls over her shoulders, the mechanical means which render her carriage more graceful, and the contributions levied on every quarter of the world for her outfit. The Seyyid, after reflecting a few moments, asked whether Europeans who went there liked people to know it. No, he was told; though they had a strong desire to go they did not generally talk of having been there. "Then," rejoined the Seyyid, "I will not have it said that during my visit to Europe I did a thing which I should be sorry to have known." Probably this honorable trait of his character did not reach certain circles, for fifteen or twenty letters have daily been addressed to him, which, if placed before him with their accompanying photographs, cannot have given him a high idea of Parisian morality. Happily his interpreters had received instructions, and these autographs did not reach their destination.

THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

OR

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

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

PART THE SECOND. THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

1792.
III

"You know, Michel, that my lands at Pickedholtz are the best in the ban of Lixheim; I saw it the last time I was walking about there. It is strong land, with chalk and sand in it. Everything ought to grow there abundantly; but those idle Tiercelins have let the land get so low, the river overflows there, the meadows are become marshes, ranunculuses and all descriptions of rank vegetation grow there plentifully; the cattle will not feed there. Nothing would have been easier than to have let the water run off by removing the willows which have fallen for ages past; but they never cared about it; they had food enough in their racks when they returned to their homes every morning and evening; bams were rotting in their store-rooms. What a set! On the high lands everything remained waste, all dried up; the old walnut and pear trees spread their branches at random, and covered everything with their shade. The plough will have some work to turn that over, and the axe too. There will be no want of faggots; I shall have sufficient for three or four years. It is not small task to put a hundred and fifty arpents of land in good order again, to manure, cultivate, and sow what has not had two hard-frost for hundreds of years. These hundred and fifty arpents ought to have brought me in ten thousand four hundred livres this year, and I have not had even six hundred. See the result of the idleness and cowardice of those beggars; they ruin a country! Well, we shall change all that. I have already put a new roof to the little farmhouse, which was in ruins; and have taken out the rotten beams of the barn, and paved the stable. Now it is nearly all to rights. But I must have cattle. Catherine's property at Fleisheln has always paid well; our inn does very well also; we shall do in the end. Only I cannot always be here; to see if every one does his work properly—if the cattle are looked after, the land ploughed &c. I must be there; I shall only come to Baraques once or twice a week. Catherine does not want any help to carry on the inn; but I must have a man at the head of the forge, and I have made choice of you. You shall be journeyman instead of me. You must find a master smith for you will have all the responsibility, and the journeyman must suit the master. From to-day I give you fifty livres a month instead of thirty. This is not all; with work and good conduct all will improve. I love you—you are a good lad; I have, I may say, brought you up; I am your godfather; I have no children; you understand!"

He was affected as he concluded. I was so happy that I said to him—
"Oh, Maitre Jean, you make a man of me, and I feel I deserve it."
"And by your good conduct also," said he, as he pressed my hand; "by your work and your attachment to my family; had I a son, I should have wished him like you. Well, it is understood, till next spring we continue to work together; I will show you what you have yet to learn; in the meantime you must look out for a journeyman, and then things will be as I have just explained to you."

He gave me his hand. Ah, we may say, if there is great unhappiness in life, we sometimes fall on happy days. When Maitre Jean put me in the position of master, I felt proud of being something myself, and of not always having an order to obey. The idea of Margaret learning this great news filled me with satisfaction. But what pleased me the most was that out of my fifty livres a month I could send my brother Etienne to Lutzelbourg for him to be taught by the curé Christophe, and bring him up as a schoolmaster; this was the greatest happiness of all, for I dreaded letting my infant brother become a burden on the village, should any accident happen to me; and immediately thinking of the joy my father would feel, I asked leave of Maitre Jean to run home.

"Go," said he, "and make yourselves all happy."
I did not take a moment in reaching home. My father, Etienne, and Marceline were making baskets; they were surprised to see me at that hour, when I was always at work at the forge. My mother was cooking at the fire; she looked round, and went on with her work.

"What is the matter, Michel?" said my father.
"In my happiness I cried out—
"Maitre Jean gives me fifty livres a month, and Valentine's gone, and I take his place, and I get fifty livres. Maitre Jean has told me at the end of the winter he is going to Pickedholtz to look after his land, and then I shall take his place as master, that I shall do everything, and I am to find a journeyman at once."
Then my father lifted up his hands, and cried—
"Oh, my God, is it possible? Now, my child, we may say you are rewarded for your good conduct to us!"

He got up. I threw myself into his arms, and said—
"Yes, how fortunate for Etienne! For a long time I have hoped to send him to be taught by M. Christopher, to become a schoolmaster; but there was no money—"
My mother would not let me conclude. She cried out—
"He shall not go! He shall not be made a heathen!"

As she spoke, my father turned suddenly round; he looked at her, grew very pale, and answered in a tone of anger and indignation such as we had never heard before—
"And I say he shall go! Who is master here? You will not have it? Well, I will. Do you understand me? I will! Ah, when your son—the best of all—comes to rescue his poor brother from want, is that all the thanks you can give him? It is the others, Nicolas and Lisbeth, whom you love—creatures who have given us up, and would let us die of hunger—you, I, and the children, all of us—those are what you love!"

He was so terribly angry, we were quite frightened. My mother at the hearth looked at him with astonishment without daring to reply to him. He went quietly up to her, and when he was two steps from her he said as he looked sternly at her—
"Bad heart! You have had not a word for your child who gives you your daily bread!"

Then at last she threw herself into my arms and cried—
"Yes he is a good boy—a good son!"
And I felt she loved me at all the same, which softened me much. The children cried, but for a moment my father could not recover himself; he still stood there, looking at us pale and angry; at last he took me by the hand and said—
"Let me embrace you again. It is a good thing to have such a son; yes, it is a good thing!"

He sobbed out loud, and mother cried; so that what ought to have made us all happy made us miserable.
At last we all became calm. My father wiped his eyes, put on his jacket and his Sunday cap, and said as he took my arm—
"I shall work no more to-day. Let us go, Michel, and thank my friend Jean, our benefactor. What a good idea it was to choose him for your godfather! that idea must have come from heaven!"

Two seconds after we were walking up the street full of snow; my father leaned on my arm; joy shone in his eyes; he explained that I was baptised Jean-Michel, which seemed a great source of gladness to him. As he walked into the Three Pigeons, he cried—
"Jean, I come to thank you!"
Maitre Jean was very glad to see him.
We sat around the stove till night, talking happily about me, Maitre Jean's projects, and family affairs. When supper-time came, my father sat down with us; and late, about half-past nine, we returned home, where they were all in bed.

IV.

Such was the beginning of the year 1794. I had sent my brother to board at Lutzelbourg with an old mattress-maker named Gertrude Arnold, at an expense of twelve francs a month. Thus he was able to attend M. Christopher's school, and from that time the child has always continued to give us the greatest satisfaction.
During the month of January Maitre Jean made me comprehend what he wanted done. I was to look after the forge, and keep an account of all that was bought and sold at the inn, because his wife could not write. I had to keep his books, so that when he came home from the farm he need only look at the bottom of the page to know exactly how he stood.

My mother, who was quite astonished that anything in the cottage dared to oppose her, seemed very pensive; sometimes my father used to say—
"Now I am happy—all goes well; and if Mathurine can only find a place with respectable people, I should have nothing to wish for."

I thought of that, too; but in this troubled times rich people did not like to undertake new servants, and I was become prouder than I had been, and I should not have liked to have seen my sister a servant to people in the town. This is very natural, and easily understood.
So we were happy.
Unfortunately the storm grew greater every day; in January and February emigration was at its height. At that time the Red Book circulated all over France; we saw there the pensions and disgraceful presents which noble families had enjoyed, and which amounted to fifty millions a year; while poor wretches weighed down by taxation were dying of hunger. National contempt compelled these nobles to leave the country in crowds; the roads were covered with their carriages; there were not sufficient relays of horses to be procured; every day we heard the crack of their postillions' whips. When the gates of the town were closed they would drive round the ramparts rather than wait for the gate-keeper, Father Lebrun, to come and open them. It rose to such a pitch that the patriots began to grow uneasy about it. The National Assembly was discussing the law on

passports. Mirabeau said it was wrong to prevent people going and coming, but the citizen guards did their duty nevertheless; they questioned the emigrants as to what they were going to do at Coblenz, Constance, or Turin. If they refused to answer they threatened to put the ladies in the town guard-room till they received instructions from the department; then they could see the haughty attitude of these gentry change; then they could be mild enough, shake hands with the patriots, call them "friends," and drink to the health of the nation at the nearest wine-shop.
We used to laugh at this comedy, and the National Guard would let go the horses' reins, and cry out—
"A pleasant journey, gentlemen!"
Well, Frenchmen have always enjoyed a joke; it is natural to them.
However, troubles respecting the civic oath increased. Twelve or fifteen hundred rebels in Alsace had formed an association to oppose the execution of the decree. They used to meet to the rallying cry of—
"Vive le Comte d'Artois!"
The National Assembly sent commissioners to ascertain what they wanted; they became more insolent than ever, and raised the cry of—
"Les commissaires à la lanterne!"

Some chevaliers of Saint-Louis and some ancient councillors of the parliament were their leaders. When that was found out, the patriots of Colmar and Strasbourg took their clubs and dispersed the citizens. All the royalist gazettes spoke of the coming invasion. At Phalsbourg, the Saxe Hussars having to pass through the town on their way to Sarre guemines, as it was suspected they intended going over to the enemy, some soldiers of the La Fère regiment seized their bridles and wanted to make them cry, "Vive la nation!" when they all drew their sabres and rode over them, leaving the town by Porte de France. The hospital was full of wounded soldiers. It was disgraceful, for the La Fère soldiers were unarmed. That did not prevent Louis XVI. praising the Saxe Hussars, who were chosen later to cover his retreat to the Austrians. The La Fère regiment was blamed severely, and the Royal Liegeois was sent to replace it which had distinguished itself six months before, under the orders of M. de Bouillé.

Imagine the patriots' indignation! As long as the Royal Liegeois remained, no one in the town or the environs would return the salute of any officer. We lost the services of Sergeant Quéru and all the drill-instructors. We accompanied them in a body to Sarrebourg, where we fraternised before parting.
During the agitation we heard of the escape of the king's aunts with twelve millions in gold in their carriages, leaving debts to the amount of three millions behind them as a charge upon us; then that they had been arrested at Arnale-Duc in Burgundy, and that in their fright they had written as follows to the National Assembly:—
"We wish to be only citizens, as, indeed, according to law we are. We are respectfully your very humble and very obedient servants."
This letter, which made one laugh, nevertheless showed very good sense on their part, being only the plain truth.
The Assembly gave them permission to go wherever they wished, though Maitre Jean said they ought to have been brought back to Paris in triumph. I always thought the Assembly in the right, and if they had opened every gate in France to induce the nobles to leave, with the understanding they were not to return, they would have done well. We all hold to our own opinions. I am sure Louis XVI. would not have done more or less than the Count d'Artois if he had succeeded in gaining England or Germany. I am sure that our rulers who quitted us in later times would have been satisfied to have stayed at home, for they found it more difficult to return than to quit.

As to the king's aunts, they went to Rome, and we never heard anything more of them. We saw from the gazettes which Chauvel sent us that there were great troubles in Paris. People were distrustful, expecting some blow to be struck by the nobles and the seigneurs. Camille Desmoulins, Brissot, and Féron, bold and clever men, continually said—
"Be on your guard! Do not let them take you by surprise. Many of your deputies of the Third Estate have sold themselves. Leopold and William have made peace together to invade us. Be ready!—sleep not!"
On one occasion the faubourg of Saint-Antoine wanted to pull down the Château de Vincennes as they had the Bastille; Lafayette had great trouble to dissuade them. That same day five hundred nobles, armed with poniards, introduced themselves into the king's palace by a door which opened into the guard room of the Swiss soldiers. When discovered they declared that they were the king's best guards; they were beaten out again with the butts of the soldiers' muskets, and Louis XVI. said he wished for no other protectors than the citizen guard, but that did not make the people watch him less carefully. It was said he was ill, and his medical attendant suggested he should go to Saint-

Cloud. But the market-women begged him to remain; which shows how simple the ignorant are; these poor creatures believed the departure of the king would be a great loss to France, as if kings were not much more easily found than countries; however, we cannot be wise in a moment.
At the end of March, Maitre Jean set off to look after his farm, and I remained at the forge with my new journeyman, Simon Benerotte, a strong fellow with a rough beard. It rained nearly every day, as it usually does in the spring. Few vehicles passed, but we had a good order for Phalsborg Church. It was the railing, which is still to be seen in the chancel. Maitre Jean left me the care of putting it up, and I went to work every day in town, leaving Benerotte at the forge.
The Royal Liegeois regiment about this time was recalled to Metz. It was said that General Bullié wished to have all regiments devoted to the king within reach. We discovered why soon after. This regiment left us in March, and the Auvergne, a true patriotic regiment, replaced it. It had distinguished itself in the American war, and refused to march against Nancy. Eloi Collin at the club passed a eulogium on it; he recapitulated its battles, and on the first day we fraternized with the non-commissioned officers and soldiers, as we had done with those of La Fère.
But the Auvergne regiment had also its accounts to balance; its officers continued to beat their men, and soon after a most extraordinary occurrence took place, well calculated to make the aristocrats reflect.
On that day, in the beginning of April, I was putting up the railing with the help of two workmen, when I heard the drum beaten, about one, at the Hôtel de Ville. Rather surprised, I go out to see what it is; and as I come to the church door I see the Auvergne regiment under the command of its non-commissioned officers, march by and form a square under the old elm-trees. The nobles, officers, were at the Café de la Régence, where Hoffman's distillery now is, at the corner of the Rue de l'Ancienne Cléroue. They were quietly taking coffee and playing cards. On hearing the drum they rush out pell-mell, without even putting on their hats. The colonel, the Marquis de Courbon, approaches, and calls out to know what it all means, but the continual roll of the drums gives him no answer. Then three old sergeant-majors step forward from the ranks, each with his musket on his shoulder, and meet in the centre of the square.
They were tall fellows with grey moustaches, bearing their cocked hats across their shoulders, their pig-tails hanging down their backs, and looked fierce enough. The townspeople looked on from the windows, not knowing what it all meant. Suddenly the drums cease to beat, and one of the old fellows takes a paper from his pocket, and cries—
"Sergeant Ravette, come forward."
The sergeant steps forward, his musket on his arm.
"Sergeant Ravette, the Auvergne regiment acknowledges you as its colonel."
The new colonel immediately places his musket against a tree, and draws his sword, while the drums are beaten and the colours lowered, and the whole regiment presents arms.
I never saw anything more terrible. If the officers had attempted to use their canes the regiment would have fallen on them with the butts of their muskets and their bayonets. Fortunately, they soon saw their danger, and returned to the café while the affair continued.
After the colonel, they appointed the lieutenant-colonel, major, captains, lieutenants; all the officers, in fact, and many non-commissioned officers. It was all over by three. The square deployed; when the officers came out of the café to remonstrate, the new colonel, a little dark man, said to them drily—
"Gentleman you have six hours allowed you to leave the place."
Then he gave the command—
"By files to the left—forward—quick march!"
And the soldiers returned to their barracks. The next day not one officer was in the town. This is what I saw myself. Three weeks after, the 24th of April the National Assembly was informed by the minister of war of the revolt of Auvergne regiment, "which had expelled its officers, had become a private society, and disavowed all authority but its own." I read it in the gazettes of the day, with many other falsehoods. The truth is the Auvergne regiment sided with the nation; they were tired of their officers' insolence; nor would they be under the command of men likely to betray them on the battle-field. Notwithstanding the minister's letter, many other of our regiments followed Auvergne's example, and if our whole army had done the same we should not have seen in later days generals-in-chief endeavour to lead their men against the people's representatives, and whole regimental staffs desert to the enemy.
One Sunday soon after, Maitre Jean came home; he saw everything was in order and was satisfied; he brought us a parcel of newspapers from the hotel of the Grand Cerf at Lixheim, by

which we learned that Mirabeau was just dead; that the king, queen, the court, and every one regretted him, and the Assembly had passed the following decree:—

"The new building of Sainte-Généviève is destined to receive the ashes of the great. The legislative body alone can decide to what men such honours shall be ascribed. Honoré Riquetti Mirabeau is judged worthy of this honour."

From what Chauvel had written to us about Mirabeau, this decree surprised us.

The same gazettes informed us that the king had decided on going to Saint-Cloud; that the citizen guard and the people opposed his departure, and that he had gone to the Assembly to complain of this want of confidence in him. He was quite right. It would have shown a want of common sense to trust him, when one saw his palace always full of nobles and refractory men, and not one single patriot, or read his journals, always exclaiming against the want of discipline among the troops, against the decrees of the Assembly, against the people and the citizens; when one saw the mass of bad little books which were puffed up by these journals, and were even published under the names of Camille Desmoulins, Marat, and the Père Duchêne to insure them a circulation, and similar falsehoods and calumnies.

Finding everything as it ought to be at Baranuc, Maître Jean returned to his farm the next day, and a few days afterwards Plus VI. excommunicated the priests and bishops who had taken the oath. In reply the Pope's bull was burnt in the Palais-Royal, the ashes of Voltaire were transported to Sainte-Généviève, the bells were ordered to be coined into money, the Prince de Condé was summoned to return to France under penalty of losing his rights as a Frenchman, &c., &c.

(To be continued.)

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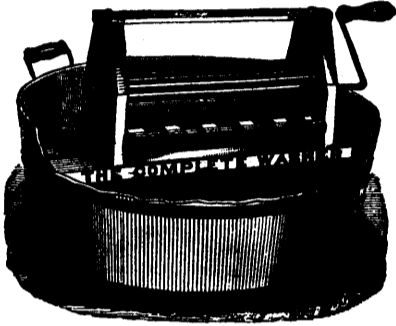
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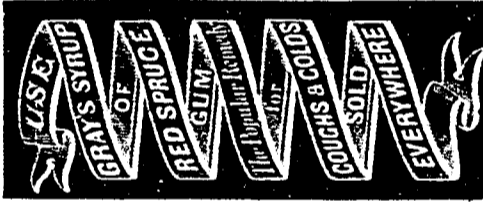
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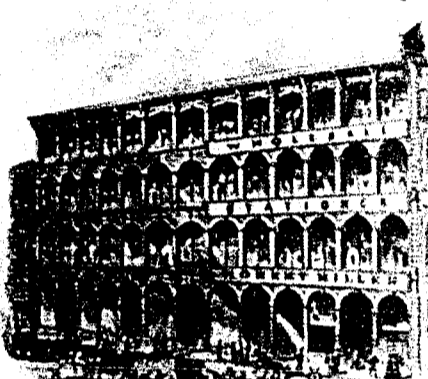
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