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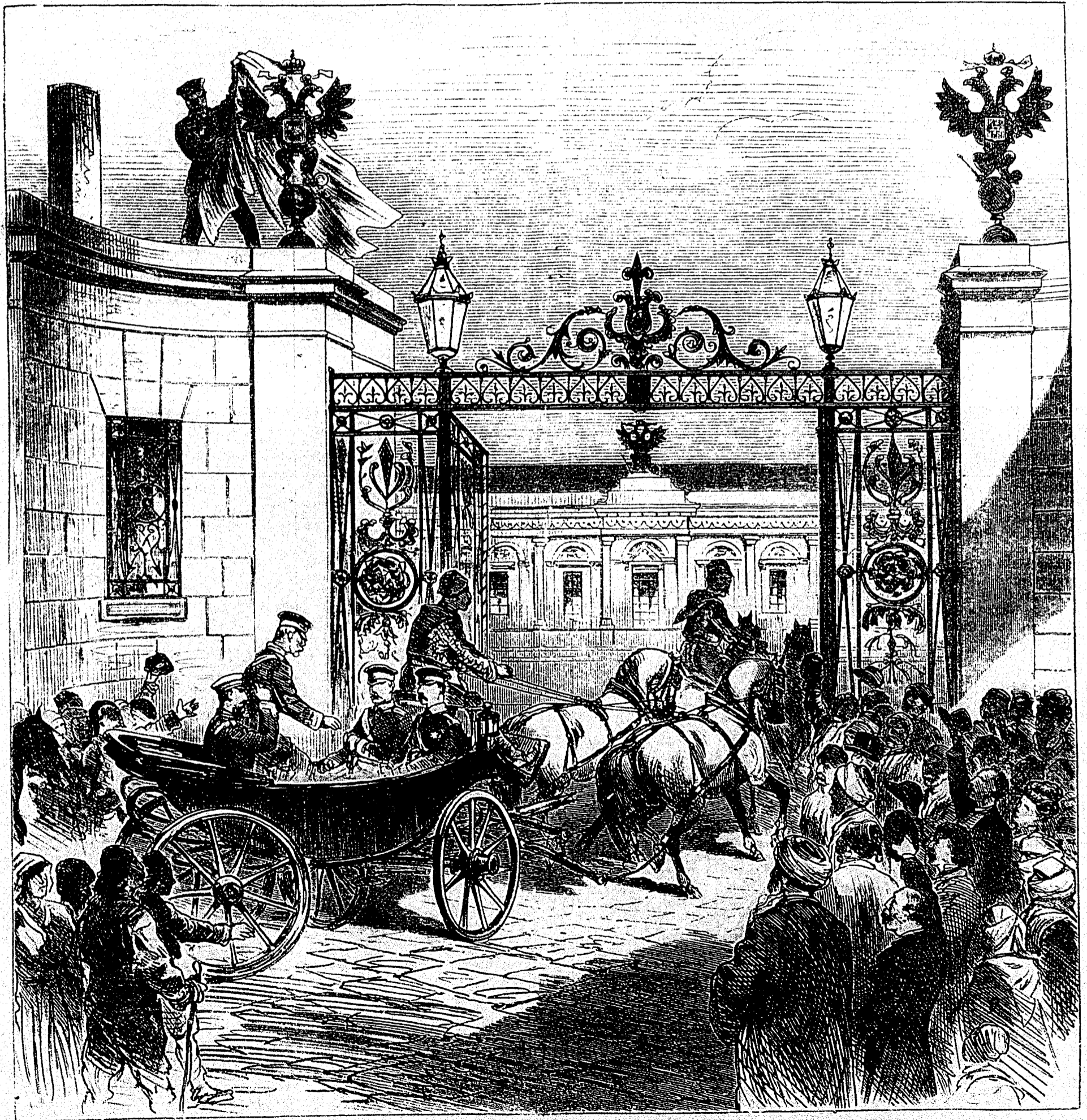
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CONSTANTINOPLE.—RETURN OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY. UNVEILING THE DOUBLE EAGLES AT THE GATES.

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NOTICE.

PRESCOTT (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we shall present the fifth and last series of Prescott views. This is the time to secure them.

Owing to unusual pressure this week, a quantity of matter is crowded out.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 25th, 1878.

AN ENGLISH EXAMPLE.

A special election was recently held in South Northumberland, England, to fill a vacancy in Parliament. There were two candidates, Mr. GREY, Liberal, and Mr. RIDLEY, Conservative. The contest was warm and close. Out of 6,415 registered voters in the borough, 5,826 were polled; and after several careful countings, it was found that the vote stood: GREY, 2,914; RIDLEY, 2,912, showing a majority of 2 for the Liberal. But his opponent showed that two ballots cast for GREY had the latter's name written on them, which was contrary to the statute, as nothing more than a mark opposite the name of the candidate voted is allowed—the Government furnishing all the ballots with the names of all the candidates printed on them, and the duty of the voter being limited to making a mark opposite the name he votes for. The Sheriff, who was the returning officer, admitted the objection, and threw the irregular ballots out. This left a tie vote, each candidate having 2,912. In case of a tie, it is the privilege of the Sheriff, who does not vote at the polls, to decide it by giving a casting vote, and in this case that officer, who is a Conservative, proposed to decide in favour of Mr. RIDLEY; but that gentleman declined to take such an advantage of his opponent, and both candidates were returned—a proceeding which is permissible under English laws. After the matter had been thus settled, Mr. GREY addressed his friends from the town hall in Hexham, and publicly acknowledged that he and his supporters were indebted to the generosity of his opponent for his present position, and wound up by calling for three cheers for Mr. RIDLEY. The cheers were heartily given. After this, the two candidates walked arm-in-arm to Mr. GREY's carriage and drove off together. We had a similar case here lately, as far as the tie went, but no farther. In Rimouski, Hon. M. CHAUVEAU and M. VALLEZ polled an equal number of votes, and the election was decided by the casting vote of the returning officer, which M. CHAUVEAU accepted and on the strength of which he not only represents Rimouski, but retains his seat in the Provincial Cabinet.

Dr. FALK, German Minister of Public Worship, has tendered his resignation in consequence, it is said, of orthodox appointments in and by the Supreme Consistory of the Established Protestant Church of the Kingdom, the Supreme Consistory being controlled by the King, not in his royal capacity, but as *Summus Episcopus*. It is said the appointments are constitutionally those of the Minister, who, however, is supposed to advise and secure the prevalence of identical principle in his department and the supreme ecclesi-

astical board. It appears the liberal views adopted by the Protestant Consistory, when the State began to legislate against the Catholic establishment, are gradually being relinquished, the growth of Atheism among the labouring classes being thought to demand an immediate return to stricter principles.

A measure is submitted by Prussia to the German Federal Council to prohibit or suppress associations and prints intended to promote Social Democratic objects. Such a measure will, however, require the sanction of Parliament in its session, and if not, immediately on its assembling. The suspension of socialist prints and associations may be effected by the local police, but will be invalid if not confirmed by the Federal Council within four weeks. Prints may be seized by the police without previous judicial sanction. Imprisonment for not less than three months may be inflicted for contraventions of the statute.

PRESIDENT HAYES has sent a message to the U.S. Senate, enclosing a communication from the Secretary of State regarding the award of the Halifax Fishery Commission. The President and Secretary EVANS both recommend the appropriation of a sum necessary for the payment of the award, but the latter raises the question of unanimity, and urges that the views of Congress in this connection and on the value of the fishery privileges involved should be communicated to the British Government. He further says that the actual payment of the award might depend on the interpretation which the British Government should put on the Treaty.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The *Athletic Monthly* for June contains the very interesting closing chapters of Mr. W. H. Bishop's romance, "Detmold," the story ending in a way that will prove satisfactory to the most exacting reader. The "Imaginary Dialogue on Decorative Art" by John Trowbridge, will certainly at this time attract much attention. In "Days in June" more extracts are given from the journal of H. D. Thoreau. There is an admirable critical article on Doudan by T. S. Perry; and "New books on Art" are ably reviewed by an anonymous writer, who discusses Perkins's "Raphael and Michelangelo," Elliott's "Poetry Proclaim," Gardner's "Home Interiors," etc. The sixth of Charles Dudley Warner's delightful papers, "The Adirondacks Verified," treats of "Camping Out." Richard Grant White in "England on the Rails," describes English railway travelling and travelers, and Mr. H. F. French in "Count Pulaski's Strange Power," relates some curious incidents which occurred on shipboard during a passage from Portland to Liverpool in 1858. Henry Cabot Lodge contributes an exceedingly interesting paper on "Timothy Pickens;" and the "Unforeseen Results of the Alabama Disputes" are detailed by Mr. Arthur G. Sedgwick. The poems of the month are "Border Lands" by H. H., "Decorative Day" by Amelia D. Allen, "Closing Chords" by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and a "Spring Song" by Mrs. S. M. B. Platt. The exhibition at the Kunst Gallery of the New Society of Artists, is critically described in the "Open Letter from New York." The Contributors' Club is as varied and entertaining as usual, discussing amongst other things the "Power of the Boston Lectureship," "Americanisms," "Analytic Scandal," "Our Windows," and a "Proposal to violate Shakespeare's Tomb." In Recent Literature will be found notices of Palfrey's Life of General Bartlett, the Letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne, Sims's Lesson, Swinburne's note on Charlotte Brontë, Appleton's Windfalls, and other new publications.

"Easter on the Riviera" is the title of the opening paper of *Lippincott's Monthly* for June and invites the reader to join in the holiday excursion of a London barrister and an Oxford professor among the bewitching scenery and famous watering places of the Maritime Alps, of which glimpses are given in the illustrations. "The Four-in-Hand, and Glances at the Literature of Coaching" recalls the modes of travelling of a by-gone day, *apropos* of the recent trip to Philadelphia of the New York Coaching Club, with illustrations depicting the different styles of equipages, from the state carriage of Queen Elizabeth to the "dregs" driven by Colonel Jay and other members of the club. Edward King has a second article on Roumania, full of graphic sketches and interesting details. "The Masons of Virginia" gives the history of a family tragedy by a lady personally acquainted with the actors and events. Marion Conthony writes appreciatively of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Dr. H. S. Schell describes some new discoveries in "Visual Photography," and Lucy H. Hooper gives an account of "Parisian Maniacs and Madhouses." The stories in this number are

numerous and varied. Besides the serial, "For Percial," and the conclusion of Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Hephzibah Guinness," there is an amusing character sketch, "The Professor of Dollingen," by Anna Eichberg, a pathetic story of French life, "Rue St. Jean," and an exciting incident of railroad travel, "Chased by an Engine." Three of our best poetesses, Louise Chandler Moulton, Celia Thaxter, and Emma Lazarus, contribute to this number; and the "Gossip," besides other good things, gives some hints on art study by Emily Sartain.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TORONTO BOAT RACE.—The race between Haulan and Plaisted came off on the 15th inst. Towards 1 o'clock the wind began to go down, and at 5 o'clock the Bay was as calm as could possibly be expected, but the referee's tug steamed around in all directions, instead of calling the race, and it was not till eight minutes past six that a start was effected. Both men came out of their boat-houses about the same time, and leisurely pulled up to the starting point. After the usual preliminaries, the referee gave the word "go," and Haulan, taking the water first, at once took the lead, rowing about 28 strokes a minute to his opponent's 34. After rowing about two hundred yards, Plaisted was seen to be pulling up, and looked in a fair way to give the Toronto man the go-by, but the latter, keeping his deliberate stroke, and never quickening a stroke, rapidly recovered the ground he had lost, and gradually, but surely, drew away from his antagonist. At the foot of Simcoe street, about a mile having been accomplished, Haulan was still pulling 28, while Plaisted had quickened to 36, and was rowing for all he was worth. Haulan was leading by two boat's length, and from that point to the finish, had it all his own way, winning without any trouble by five or six lengths. The day was fine, and the attendance was even larger than last fall at the Ross race. The arrangements are represented to have been imperfect, beside the fact that people were kept waiting fully an hour after the race might have been started. The only time when those on board the steamer caught any glimpse of the contest was when from 200 yards to a quarter of a mile was being accomplished. Haulan's time in the race is variously put at 14:05 to 14:30. In the evening both contestants attended the representation of the "Rambos" at the Royal Opera House. Haulan, as the winner, was presented with a pair of gold oats, three inches in length, and beautifully ornamented with a rubier and rowlock, at the Lyceum Theatre.

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—We present this week a view of the palatial building at the Trocadero, on the right bank of the Seine, which is connected by the Pont de l'Europe with the main Exhibition buildings in the Champ-de-Mars, on the left bank of that river. The mount or rising ground of the Trocadero obtained its name and fame as a public monument from the victory of a French military force, in 1824, employed to capture the Spanish fort of the Trocadero in the harbour of Cadix, for the suppression of a political revolt in the Kingdom of Spain. It was designed to use this "Palace of the Trocadero," shown in our illustration, for the opening ceremony of the Exhibition, and for a series of grand orchestral concerts and other public entertainments, culminating in the official ceremony of distributing the prizes, at a future period of this season. The general style of the building is a modification of the Arabesque; its form is semicircular, accompanied by two spacious wings; proceeding from these are half-circular galleries, forming, as it were, the sides of an immense horseshoe as large as the Trocadero itself, and including the whole of the park. From the centre of this half-circle springs the rotunda, with its domed roof surmounted by a winged Genius, flanked by two lofty minarets, and encircled by two tiers of galleries giving access to every part of the internal amphitheatre, and forming a covered promenade looking out upon the wonderful panorama of Paris and its environs, Moulon, Sevres, and Clermont. The architects have succeeded in combining lightness with strength. All the iron framework of the buildings is covered with materials of different colours placed one over another, and is further enlivened with bright-coloured panels of enameled clay. The opening ceremony on May 1st, took place at the Trocadero at ten in the morning. The Marshal, President, in full uniform, attended by his military household, the great dignitaries of the State, and the members of the diplomatic body, took his place on a platform raised in the middle of the terrace which overlooks the cascade. Behind them were reserved, under the colonnade of the rotunda, about 1,500 seats for persons of distinction and their families. From 5,000 to 6,000 places were set apart at the side of the platform or under the lateral galleries. Troops were drawn up in line on both sides of the fountain, and extended to the entrance of the building of the Champ-de-Mars. Behind the lines, right and left of the cascade, in the lower grounds of the Trocadero, and also in the Champ-de-Mars, 20,000 holders of invitations witnessed the passage of the procession. Finally, the commissioners of the foreign sections, accompanied by the higher officers of their respective staffs, occupied the right-hand side of the grand terrace, whilst the left was reserved for the directors and managers of the various departments in the French sections, who joined the members of the foreign commissions to

salute the Marshal on his arrival. By this arrangement the number of invitations to attend the ceremony may be computed at from 27,000 to 30,000. At ten o'clock precisely the President delivered an address, and afterwards declared aloud that "the Exhibition is open." At that moment the water of the cascade began playing, the military bands played, and three rounds of artillery announced to the public the inauguration of the Exhibition. The Marshal, followed by a brilliant retinue, then advanced towards the Champ-de-Mars, first passing the façades symbolising the foreign nations, and then visiting the French section of the fine arts. The procession, then separating into two groups, went through the French department on one side and the foreign one on the other. At noon the doors opened to the public. In the evening of the same day Marshal MacMahon gave a dinner in honour of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Aosta, and the opening of the Exhibition.

THE "DEADENDIGHT." The *Deadendight*, double-screw iron turretship, armour plated, 10,850 tons, 8,000 horse-power, was built at Pembroke Dockyard, but has been completed at Portsmouth. With her four 35-ton guns, worked by hydraulic power, this ship will be the most powerful fighting vessel in the world. Though belonging to the same type as the *Devastation* and the *Thunderer*, she differs from them in some important particulars. These ships of the *Devastation* class, in which a vast advance was made, represent the first class fighting ships, carrying heavier armour and armaments than vessels previously built, and capable of fighting an action in mid-sea. For this purpose they have their stability increased by a half-travelled unarmoured fore-castle, and by an unarmoured superstructure on each side of the breastwork, protecting the foundations of the turrets, whereby the fore-castle amidship is raised to the full height of the breastwork deck. The armament of the *Devastation* consists of four 35-ton guns. In the sister ship, the *Thunderer*, the armament was still further increased, and the formidable offensive fire was considerably augmented by the first introduction of hydraulic gun gear. The *Deadendight* is a further improvement upon the other ships in various ways; several modifications of the earlier turrets having been introduced in her construction at the suggestion of Admirals Eliot and Ryder. The most important is the erection of a central box, in place of the narrow breastwork of the *Devastation*. The unarmoured superstructures in the latter ship were added to the original design in obedience to remonstrances from outside, notwithstanding the opinion of the Committee on Designs that the addition was not necessary for safety. In the *Deadendight*, to secure a larger reserve of buoyancy and stability, the breastwork has been carried out flush with the side of the ship, by which an armoured wall eleven inches thick is obtained amidship. It was proposed to take advantage of this widening of the breastwork to place the turrets out of line with each other, as in the case of the *Invincible*, so that the whole armament might be fired direct ahead and astern as well as abeam. This idea, however, was not adopted, both the turrets being placed in line, as in the *Devastation*, but the increased space has enabled the whole crew, some 850 all told, to be accommodated in the breastwork, which is lighted and ventilated from above. As proposed by the constructor, the lateral extension of the breastwork would have still necessitated the retention of the cul-de-sac, which has been condemned by many naval architects. But the constructor was of a different opinion, and even went so far as to believe that the light fore-castle of the *Devastation* might be dispensed with. The fore-castle was partly designed to give lifting power to the bow, and the constructor stated he did not consider that lifting power was required there in the *Devastation*. He, on the whole, would rather not have it, preferring to avoid patching as much as possible, which weight at the end encouraged. With a high bow a ship rises with more of a spring, and makes a corresponding plunge afterwards, whereas a low deck forward, immersed, would, it was believed, check her rising by a kind of keel action. Pitching, of course, exposes the bottom to shot. This is a necessary evil in masted ships, in which the decks have to be kept dry, but it has been considered that this danger could be avoided in the case of monitors. The construction of the *Deadendight* was delayed until this and several other matters had been further discussed. The alternative plan was either to dispense with fore-castles altogether and allow the ship to bury herself forward, or to build up the ends flush with the top of the breastwork. The latter plan was ultimately adopted in the case of the *Devastation*, a slight inclination in the weather deck being allowed fore and aft to admit of the guns being depressed. The cul-de-sac has consequently been obliterated, and a high fore-board has been obtained of nearly the same height throughout the length of the ship. In the *Deadendight*, again, the armour belt, which was cut down in the two sister ships, is completed forward, and the recommendations of Admirals Eliot and Ryder for the protection of the fore magazine of the *Devastation* have also been carried out by sloping the bow armour down to the spur. The armour-strakes along the length of the breastwork are of a parallel thickness before and aft, while they taper to 8 inches in thickness at the stem and stern. The armour on the ends of the breastwork is 13 inches, and that on the side 11 inches, except for a length

of about 20 feet in the wake of each turret, where the plating is 14 inches thick. In the *Dreadnought* the constructor introduced another valuable improvement in the shape of a longitudinal water-tight bulkhead between the respective sets of engines and boilers. In the event of injury to the ship from rams, torpedo attacks, or other such engines of war, it would act as a valuable protective agent, provided always that the weight of the influx of water could be equally distributed. The total weight of the *Dreadnought's* hull is 7,350 tons, and the whole weight of armour, engines, coals, &c., amounts to 3,598 tons. The estimated cost of the hull is £400,000. She will carry 1,200 tons of coal, will be provisioned for a month, and will be armed with a 65-pounder Gatling gun, in addition to her turret armament.

A NEW CANADIAN WORK.

We heartily endorse the following remarks of the *St. John Daily News*:

"Mr. George Stewart, Jr., is now engaged in writing a very important and valuable historical work—a book of incalculable interest to every Canadian, and which is destined to occupy a prominent place in our political and social history for all times to come. Mr. Stewart has been indefatigably engaged in gathering materials for his great work, and his collection of state papers and manuscripts is now both large and valuable. He has begun to write, beyond all doubt, the most important historical book ever issued from the Canadian Press. It is entitled 'CANADA UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF LORD DUFFERIN,'—a magnificent title for a volume of this class, and one which sets forth its claim to consideration in an unmistakable way. Not only will all the beautiful and terse speeches of our esteemed Governor-General be included in the work, but a thorough history of the Dominion during the years of his rule will be given. All the great and absorbing political questions of the day will be ably and vigorously discussed in a fair and impartial spirit, and the book will wield an important influence in the old world as well as in this 'true North' of ours. Mr. Stewart is in every way admirably adapted for his work. He possesses a well-balanced mind, a mature judgment, a strong character for impartiality and impartial power. In his hands the history will fare well. He is just the man to deal with the Pacific Railway matter, the British Columbia troubles, the De Boucherville embroglio and the other noteworthy events in our political history. We feel proud that a Canadian has been selected by the publishers to write this eminently practical and splendid work. It is a matter in which our people should take a just and honorable pride. Mr. Stewart will have fine scope for his able pen, and we feel sure he will do his subject full and ample justice. A work of this kind is needed. The requirements of the hour demand a cool and collected account of the Dufferin administration. The speeches of the Governor—not the least interesting part of the narrative—will add zest to the book, and many will be glad to get them in the elegant shape in which the Rose-Delford Publishing Company propose issuing them. The book will be very popular, and Mr. Stewart's name will ensure to it a warm welcome from the people of Canada, who will always view with interest the successes which are in store for this brilliant young author. We learn that a handsome full page steel portrait of Lord Dufferin will form the frontispiece of the new volume. Mr. Stewart will spare no pains to make his work thoroughly reliable and trustworthy, and will write in a way which will add lustre to his name and reputation. We predict for it the most extensive sale of any book ever published in Canada. The popularity of the Governor-General, the ability and literary skill of the author and the well-known liberality and taste of the publishers, will ensure that end. Prospectuses, showing the plan and scope of the work, will be in the hands of agents very shortly, when those of our readers who wish to be supplied with early copies will do well to subscribe at once.

In conjunction with this valuable work there will be published an elegant lithograph portrait of His Excellency, 24 x 30 inches, similar to those published in connection with *The Atlantic Monthly*, of the poets Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant, and will be sold to subscribers only, at the exceedingly low figure of 50 cts. The whole enterprise is certainly one deserving the highest praise."

COURTESY AT HOME.

It is not a pleasant trait in people's characters that they should treat their acquaintances with less and less deference as they become more and more familiar with them, decreasing their courtesy in proportion to the increase of their intimacy; but unfortunately this is too commonly the case. It is usually assumed that a true gentleman is always courteous at home, but this assumption can only be accepted with certain reservations. We have known men perfectly unimpeachable in the matters of education, culture, and refinement, whose manners, though most charming on first acquaintance, relaxed on intimacy into absolute unpleasantness. We admit that nobody whose apparent courteousness to strangers is only on the surface, and who thus seems to be that which he is not, can be a perfect gentleman in the highest sense of the word; but, taking the expression in its ordinary social

acceptation, we fear it must be granted that, in the matter of courtesy, a great many gentlemen do occasionally seem to be that which they are not. These refined beings do not perhaps relapse into absolute rudeness among their relatives and intimates; but they replace their attractive manners by icy sarcasms, taciturnity, and irritability, which exceed the border line of courtesy. They seem to take a pleasure in demonstrating the unhappy fact that the refinement of the agreeable has its counterpart in the refinement of the disagreeable.

In these days it is unfortunately true that, even in the highest society, there is too little courtesy either at home or away from it. In our opinion the best test of the difference between courtesy and humbug will be found in the observation of home life. Humbug may assume the form of courtesy, but it cannot stand the strain of continued use, whereas true courtesy becomes more developed by constant habit, and thrives best in its native soil. People often confuse courtesy with humbug because they imagine that it necessarily implies personal esteem and respect. Where, therefore, they observe a deferential manner in the absence of personal esteem and respect, they immediately suspect humbug. In this they are mistaken. A judge may be perfectly courteous to the murderer whom he is sentencing to be hanged, and the head-master of a public school may show formal politeness to his pupils in the disciplinary interviews which he has with them "after school;" but neither functionary would thereby lay himself open to the charge of being a humbug. Then there are persons who are so utterly devoid of any innate courtesy that they are incredulous of its existence in others; and, when they meet with it they mistake it for humbug. It must be admitted, however, that there are occasions when scepticism is quite legitimate. For instance, when we see ostentatious displays of affection and respect on the part of husbands towards their wives, or parents towards their children, in public, we are apt to form our own opinion of their private life, shrewdly suspecting that this profusion of good things is not an everyday affair. We recommend to the clergy "rude papas" as a subject for a course of sermons. "Nagging manmas" might form a second series. To treat your children like servants or retrievers, whose highest duty is to fetch and carry, is not the surest means of indoctrinating them with the virtue of courtesy. It may be considered a superannuated idea that husbands and wives ought to treat each other with any semblance of ceremony; but we are old-fashioned enough to fancy that the opposite tendency is carried rather to an excess just at present. It may be a prejudice to think that there can possibly be anything objectionable in smoking cigarettes in ladies' drawing-rooms and boudoirs; but there always will be some people who lag behind their times. There is surely a sufficiently wide margin between treating a husband as an utter stranger and calling him a beast; but it seems too narrow for some ladies to discover. Among brothers and sisters a little harmless banter is perfectly admissible and even perhaps desirable; but a family whose members are always snapping at each other in the style at present approved as clear, both in fiction and in reality, can scarcely be upheld as a model of courtesy at home. Both among brothers and sisters and husbands and wives, a great deal of talk which begins with chaff ends in rudeness. In society conventional politeness sets certain limits to repartee, but at home there are no such barriers. In private life when the more refined weapons of conversational dispute fail, the combatants are apt to resort to vulgar personal abuse. Servants could sometimes tell curious stories about the courtesy of their employers at home, or rather their want of it. There are ladies renowned for their charming manners in society who use their maids as safety-valves for the innate rudeness which they contrive to repress and conceal in public. Doubtless they are hurt when, in dressing their heads, their maids drag the hair with the brush; but that is no excuse for pretty mouths permitting ugly words to escape from them. The master may be very fond of his horse, but after speaking to the animal in the greatest tones of the gentlest affection, it is scarcely the sign of a courteous gentleman to swear at the groom because his stirrup leathers are too short.

Courtesy at home, like other virtues, cannot be practised too constantly, or be too well fortified by undeviating habit. Even when a man is alone, it is not well to throw aside too freely the restraints and observances of social usage. We do not hesitate to say that no one can, when alone, discard all customary forms and ceremonies in dress, meals, or the like, without incurring danger of self-degradation. A man who neglects his toilet when he is going to spend the evening in his own society is decidedly wanting in self-respect, and the bachelor who only makes his room comfortable and attractive when he expects visitors must be pronounced unworthy of promotion to the more dignified state of life to which all bachelors presumably aspire.

FOOT NOTES.

WILLIAM III. of Holland is past 60, and since the death of the late queen, from whom he had long been virtually separated, His Majesty has contracted a morganatic marriage. His married life was notoriously unhappy. For a striking likeness of the king, see the Dutch postage stamps. He loves Scheidam.

ADMIRAL Sir Hastings Reginald Velveton, G.C.B., was born a short 70 years ago; he is

a showy officer, brave as his sword, ready to take any amount of responsibility, and careful and wary in coming to a decision. His manners are gentle, his conversation is embellished with anecdotes, and with all he has a certain kind of honor with the so-called chivalric bearing.

LORD Dunsany is a Plunkett, consequently springs from an old stock, is a loyal Irishman, and has always worn a brown coat. He is a dapper little man and a spick and span dresser—wears check neckcloths tied in a bow—also dons chess-board pattern pants. His lordship is nautically inclined, and is an admiral; also has no division between the neck and chin—it's all one.

WILLIAM of Orange, crown prince of the Netherlands, has reached the age of 35, has never married, and has hitherto shown an invincible repugnance not only to matrimony but to the duties of royalty. For many years the prince has domiciled himself in Paris, and has made the Pistols, Nyms, and Bardolphs of the boulevard cafés not only his friends but his associates. He openly declares he would rather be known as "citron" than as the heir to the throne of Holland.

JOHN Paulet, premier marquis of England, and fourteen of Winchester, is a type of the English gentlemen after the fashion of the last generation. He abhors London and that clique of persons who assume to be London society. To the smarter modern man he appears a strange mixture of the farmer and the grand seigneur, and it is rather with curiosity than with complete comprehension that he is viewed upon the rare occasions when he goes to London to bear the cap of maintenance before the queen, as it is his hereditary right and duty. He keeps his children in severe order, and is 77.

PRINCE Henry of Orange is brother to his Dutch majesty, and, his countrymen say, will probably succeed to the throne in the event of a vacancy. He has no children, and having remained single since the death of his wife, a princess of Saxe-Weimar, in 1872, it might have been thought that he was hardly to enter again into the married state. On this very account his betrothal to the daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia has attracted a certain amount of attention. The prince has reached the mature age of fifty-eight, while his affianced bride, the Princess Marie, is very little over age.

WILLIAM McCullough-Tortens has for twenty years represented in Parliament the enormous London parish of Finsbury, containing nearly a million of inhabitants. He divides his attention into three parts, viz.: His speeches, his boots and his hat. He learns the firsts, he himself polishes the second, and as to the third—let's see. On taking off the covering of his Golgotha he gazes fondly thereon, produces a silk handkerchief specially for the purpose, and for the space of five minutes fondly rubs the object of his affection until he produces the required luminosity, gingerly places the "plug" on the table and proceeds to action.

SIXTY-five years ago, in Leipsic, was Richard Wagner born. At eight he played prettily on the piano-forte; at twenty he assayed himself in a tragedy wherein he killed all his characters in the first four acts, and carried it on in the fifth with their ghosts. At twenty-six he married an actress, soon after went to Paris, where nobody would listen to his music. Dresden accepting his *Rienzi* and *Flying Dutchman*, he toddles off there, becomes popular, receives court favor and is made Kapellmeister. Tannhauser, his first new work of his own new kind, only roused all men and critics, and his scores were returned; then he threw himself into the completion of *Lohengrin* as into a haven of refuge from his troubles. In 1855 he finds himself conducting concerts in London, where he left behind him the reputation of a tremendous lunatic. During the sixties Bavaria's king took him in hand and suggested the Bayreuth festival, which was a financial failure. That Wagner is one of the greatest living composers is sufficiently proved by the war cry his name produces.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Two Parisians, MM. Laumaille and de Graf-farried, have completed in forty days one of the longest bicycle journeys on record—they covered between the 16th of March and the 21st of April the distance of 900 leagues.

A NEW boulevard has just been completed, and has been given over to circulation, lying beyond the fortifications, and stretching from the heights of Charenton to the Avenue de Vincennes. It is forty yards wide, and lined with four rows of horse-chestnut trees.

M. FAURE, the opera singer, sold his pictures lately. The total product was over £8,000. Carot's "Italiene" went for 8,000f.; his "Gaulois," 13,000f.; Diaz's "Braconnier," 14,600f.; and Manet's very modern picture, "Le Bon Rock," 10,000f.

GREAT improvements have been effected during the winter at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and notably, a riding-school for children has been built. The construction is handsome and complete, and the ponies which will be placed

at the disposition of the youthful riders are particularly well-trained.

THE new model of the Compagnie des Petites Voitures, something in the style of a small family coach, is much noticed and admired. Not many are to be seen in the streets as yet, but more are being built, and by the time the Exhibition is under way, these capacious and comfortable cabs will be quite plentiful.

A NUMBER of tanks in the marine aquarium at the Exhibition have been cleaned out and filled with sea-water brought from Havre by means of a small vessel appointed for the purpose. The same craft has returned to that port, and will come back laden with a fresh supply of salt water, and bringing some of the fish intended for the aquarium.

A RESTAURANT keeper in Paris has hit upon a very happy expedient, which enables him at once to participate in the extra advantages of an increased influx of strangers to Paris, and yet to do justice to his regular clientele. He has delivered to all the habitual frequenters of his restaurant a card of *abonnement*. The possessors of these cards pay the old prices, while the casual visitors and strangers are put upon the advanced scale of dietary.

IN Paris jokes on the Exhibition are in order. A widowed mother of penurious habits, with an only son, is reported to have called on a physician in reference to her boy's health. She described his symptoms, among which was want of appetite. The doctor said it was only the lassitude of spring. "Let me treat him, and I will give him a stomach to devour all before him." The widow thought a moment. "Provisions will be so dear when the Exposition opens! It is better to let him remain as he is."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A SMALL white stone, bearing her name, is the only monument above Charlotte Cushman's grave.

JOHN BROUGHAM is satisfied with his recent benefit in New York. The proceeds, invested in an annuity, yield him four dollars a day.

MR. DE BAR left his property mortgaged and tied up by litigation, and it is doubtful if his widow gets any sort of maintenance from it. A theatrical performance was given for her benefit in St. Louis on Thursday last.

MISS EMMA ABBOTT doesn't agree with Miss Kellogg. Miss Abbott says that a singer who has never loved can never be great; and that if she is unfortunate in her love she all the more becomes acquainted with the gamut of passion.

JOHN T. FORD, of Baltimore, is said to have made \$20,000 this year from his theatrical management. The Union Square people are likewise in high feather, and Wallack has made enough to run a yacht, a country and city house and give splendid dinners at *Udolpho*.

THE war spectacles at the London theatres are increasing in magnitude and interest. In some of them over 1,000 auxiliaries are employed. At Canterbury Hall, where the "Battle of Plevna" still holds the boards, the audiences are enormous and the applause un stinted. The drill of the soldiers is described as perfect. They go through the manoeuvres and exercises as if they belonged to a crack regiment, and so thoroughly do they enter into the spirit of their parts, that men with canes have to be stationed behind the scenes to prevent the rival armies from falling upon each other in earnest as soon as the curtain falls.

DOMESTIC.

WAFFLES.—Two cups of milk, two eggs, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar and one-half cup of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful melted butter; sift the cream tartar into the flour with the salt, dissolve the soda in a little hot water, beat the eggs well; add the flour last. If too stiff add more milk.

HASTY PUDDING.—Place three pints of sweet milk in a kettle over a brisk fire; thoroughly beat three eggs, add one-half pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Stir, and pour into the milk. Stir until thoroughly cooked. Serve hot; eat with sugar and cream.

TIMBALE.—Cut a chicken as for a fricassee; barely cover it with cold water and stew until tender; add one-half pound of well-washed rice and boil until soft; take it from the fire, add yolks of three well beaten eggs, pepper and salt to taste. Butter a baking-dish, put first a layer of bread-crumbs and chopped parsley, then fowl and rice. Fill the dish in this way, and over the last layer of bread put dots of butter, and brown in the oven. Any meat may be used in this way. If not broth enough to boil the rice add a little boiling water.

SALATOGA POTATOES.—For a family of four slice and pare six good-sized potatoes with a potato slicer—a knife will not do, for if they are not very thin they will not be crisp. You can buy a slicer for 25 cents at any hardware store. Let the slices remain in cold water all night; in the morning drain them through a colander; wipe them dry and drop them into boiling fat as you would doughnuts; do not let them brown too much; sprinkle a little salt over them as you take them out with a skimmer. You can make a large quantity of these and warm them by putting them in the oven as you want them.

LITERARY.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, the veteran author, will be ninety-one in November.

MR. SKELT has undertaken to edit for the Early England Text Society a photo-lithographic facsimile of the unique manuscript of our earliest Anglo-Saxon poem "Beowulf," in the Cotton collection of the British Museum.

LIBRARIAN RICE, of the Springfield, Mass., City Library, deduces this conclusion from his experience: "Those who begin with fictitious literature, and thus form a taste for reading, are often led to find still greater pleasure in works of still higher order." So frequently is this the case that, were it not for the continued influx of new and untrained readers, the ratio of fiction would be constantly decreasing. From these considerations it will be seen that much good is accomplished even by the large percentage of works of fiction."

THE PALLISER GUN.

We present our readers to-day with a portrait of Captain Edward Palliser, late of the 7th Hussars, who has been mainly instrumental in urging upon his brother, Sir William Palliser, the munificent donation of guns which the latter has made to the old historic Citadel. We hope shortly to publish the portrait of Sir William, with an appropriate memoir. We publish also a sketch of the B Battery drawing the new 8-inch Palliser gun up Palace Hill, Quebec. There is also a sketch of the coiling Palliser gun-barrel, of which we have been promised a description for a future issue.

YET another experiment in street paving, this time in Cornhill, where a number of asphalt slabs, each with a large leaden disc in the centre, have been placed in the roadway.

THE following advertisement has been inserted in the daily papers this week: To the people of God in the final Babylon; that is, in this great city, London.—Awake! awake! keenly watch events; mark well and obey.—Rev. xviii. v. 4; Jer. li. v. 6. See prophecy regarding her: her cup is full.

"MR. GLADSTONE on ox-tail soup" is the latest manifestation of the ex-Premier's activity. The *Times* is a little sarcastic upon him for his readiness to speak upon every conceivable subject, from Homer's rainbow to cookery, from the ruins of Troy and the sorrows of the Bulgarians to American axes and the Hawarden soup kitchen.

THE Royal Academy Exhibition is this year an extremely bad one; indeed quite unworthy of a detailed criticism. There are, of course, several works of merit, and even of genius; but the contempt we feel for the mass of rubbish quite overpowers the satisfaction with which we regard the exceptions.

MR. SAMUEL BRANDHAM has learnt seven of Shakespeare's plays by heart, and is going to recite them in public. His memory is somewhat extraordinary, and he is turning it to good ac-



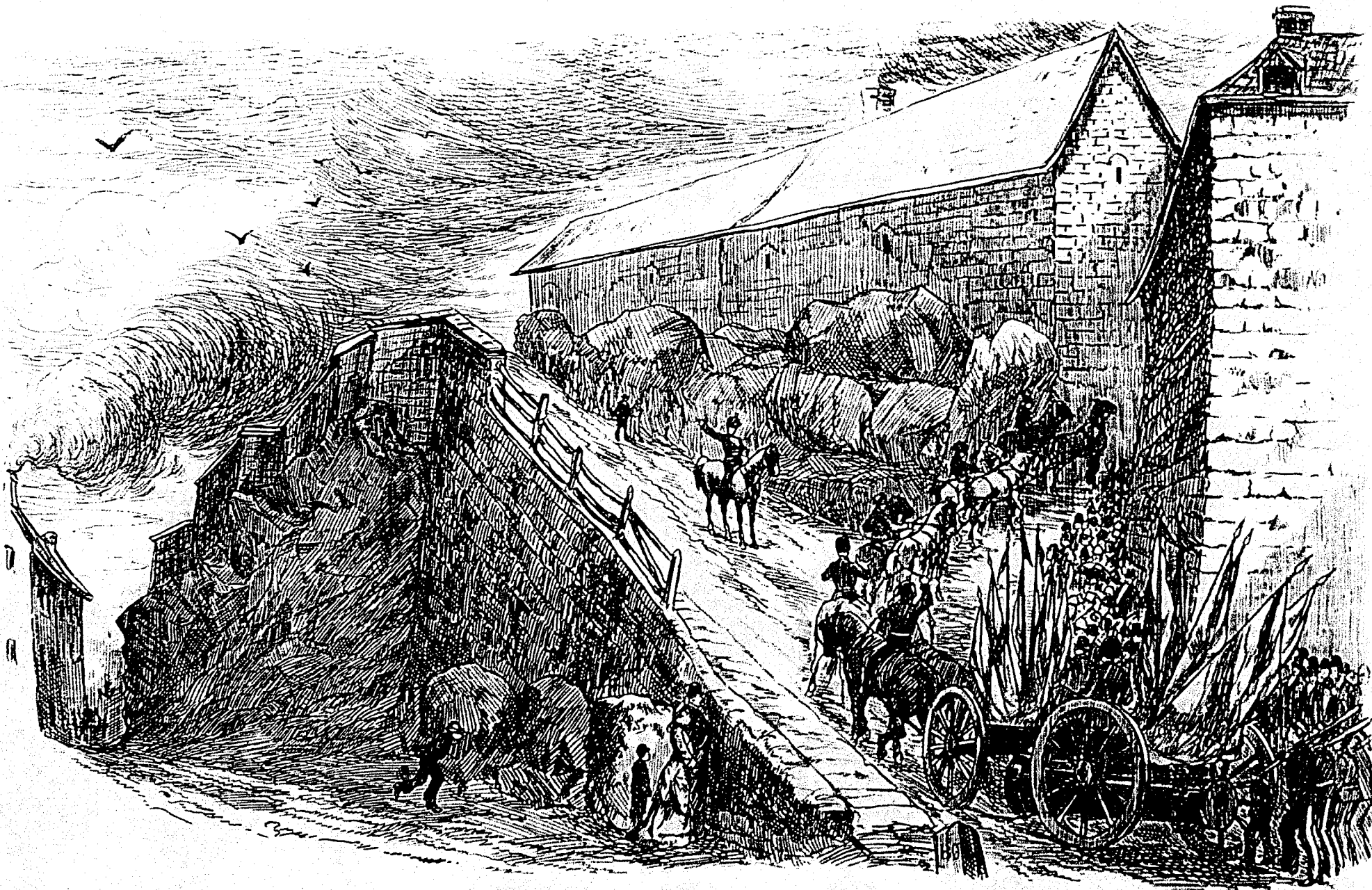
CAPT. EDWARD PALLISER, LATE 7 HUSSARS.

count, for he is supposed to be making over 8,000l. a year by these recitals, and he generously gives some on behalf of charities without taking any fee.

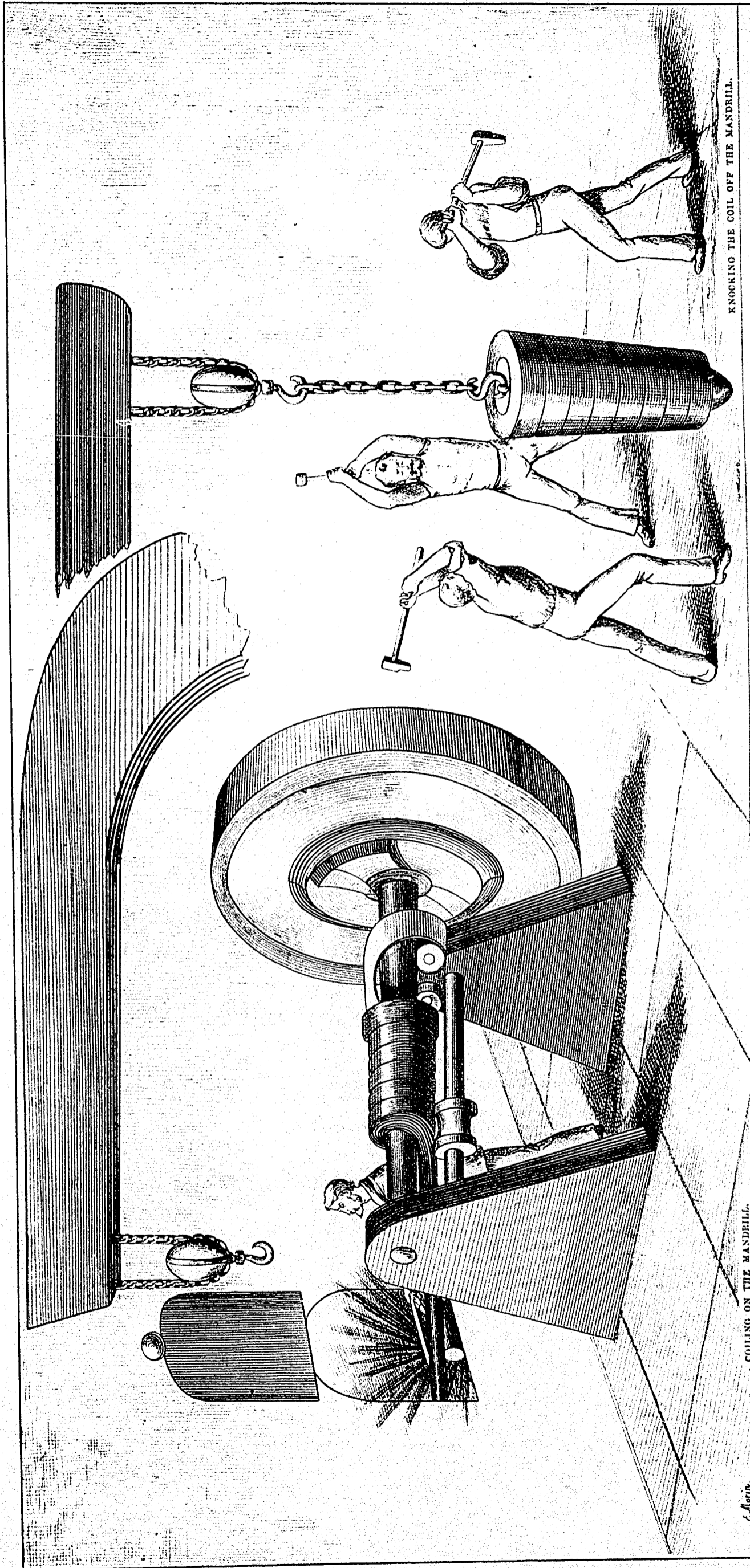
It is now suggested that no person shall be shut up as a lunatic unless certified to be such by one of a medical board, all of whom are to be named by Government in the same way that inspectors of schools, or mines, or factories are appointed. The proposal is a good one, for it seems that persons can be shut up in a mad-house without the necessary formality of being mad, which is rather awkward.

THE friends of the Deceased Wife's Sister are showing unwonted signs of activity. They have apparently grown tired of confiding in the rather feeble advocacy of Sir Thomas Chambers, and are determined to try the effect of a bit of sensationalism. A play of some merit has just been brought out at St. James's Theatre entitled "Such is the Law." The plot turns upon the matrimonial disabilities of a deceased wife's sister.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY and Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, have been settling for themselves the much-vexed question of the "missing link." The details will no doubt be furnished in Mr. Stanley's book, which is expected to appear early next month. Meanwhile, the following instalment may be interesting: On one occasion the traveller observed that the street of a village through which his route lay was ornamented with rows of peculiar-looking skulls. He was told that the quondam owners of the skull had been used for *niama* (food), and that the race lived in the forests of the country. The villagers also called the wood-dwellers "Soko." Mr. Stanley, it seems, had not the opportunity to procure a live specimen, but he purchased a "Soko" skull and skin. The skull he lately forwarded to Professor Huxley, who appears to have decided on ranking it with the human skull. The skin, however, is declared to be that of a monkey. The "Soko" may turn out to be only a monkey, but it seems clear that there is more of the man about him than there was of the famous "Joe," the chimpanzee, whom the late Mr. Monteiro introduced into England, and who died not long ago at the "Zoo."



QUEBEC.—"B" BATTERY C. A. TAKING THE 8-INCH PALLISER GUN UP PALACE HILL.

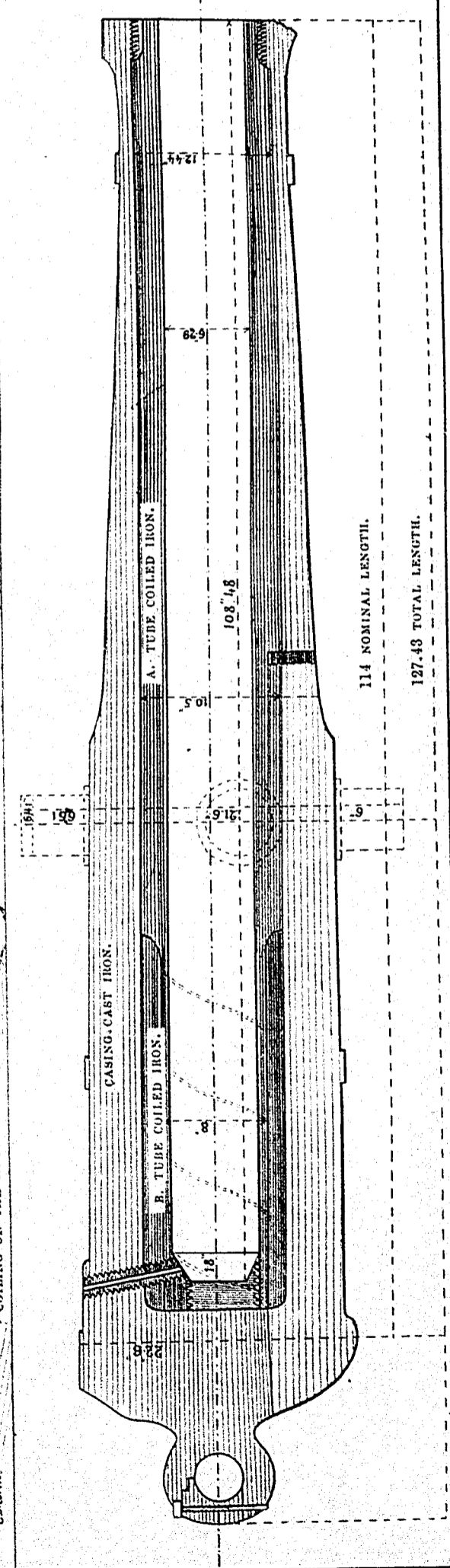


KNOCKING THE COIL OFF THE MANDRILL.

COILING ON THE MANDRILL.

E. Merrin.

CONVERTED RIFLED
 M. L. GUN,
 64 PR 58 CWT
 FROM
 32 PR 58 CWT.



QUEBEC.—THE NEW PALLISER GUN.

BLUE ROSES.

Blue roses! Violets blossomed
Where my April wanderings led;
And forget-me-nots, clear as their kindred sky.

Blue roses! In lavish loveliness
June roses woke gay and brave;
Roses golden, and pink, and white,

Blue roses! through bounteous autumn
I followed my wifely guest—
Headless of August's gorgeous flowers.

And now, when soft-eyed October
Its sweet pale blossoms shows,
I strive to welcome and cherish in vain;

And I think that for ages, wherever
My lonely footsteps tread,
Through time and tide, through weal and woe,

S. K. PHILLIPS.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

Mr. James T. Fields, the eminent ex-publisher, thus discourses:
At the clubs we met many persons of distinction. Several London houses at this time were hospitable to men of letters.

Knowing his great liking for Franklin I took with me an old volume from Franklin's printing press. In the conversation a gentleman who was there drew Rogers out on the Warren Hastings trial.

I remember with what gratification I heard Rogers praise Bryant, our own American poet. It was most delightful to hear how high an estimate Washington Irving commanded at Rogers' table.

THE WIT OF ROGERS

was penetrative, but not always bitter. He had an exquisite way of apologizing for his delinquent friends. Many years ago a slippery letter-writer to a Boston paper said he had a £1,000,000 note framed and hung up in his bedroom.

Faraday was then making his great advances in science. At that time I saw De Quincey, the English opium-eater, and heard his wonderful talk.

ghosts. On his brow he bore the stamp of sorrow, which is seen in the faces of all opium-eaters. One day he discoursed of the absorbing themes that he in the future intended to deal with.

Next to Rogers among the old English poets I was anxious to talk with Barry Cornwall. I found him a delightful old man. I always had an unbounded admiration for him and his poems.

AMONG THE LADIES I MET

at Rogers' were Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Browning and the daughter of Kemble. I have heard Basil Montagu tell of how she first met Burns and how he recited for her "Benny Doon."

Mr. Fields then described, with pleasing effect, the manner in which he made a lasting friendship with George MacDonald. He also gave interesting personal reminiscences of George Eliot, Walter Savage Landor, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Mendelssohn, Jenny Lind and Leigh Hunt.

VARIETIES OF VERSE.

Of all the forms he tries, Mr. Dobson seems most pleased with the rondeau, for he gives us not one specimen, but half a dozen; from which it would appear that the form is one which lends itself readily to the exigencies of the English language.

Jenny kissed me when we met
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweetens upon your list, put that in—

How far this is from the real form of the rondeau can readily be seen by comparing it with this imitation by Mr. Dobson of a French rondeau of Voiture's:

YOU BID ME TRY.

You bid me try, blue eyes, to write
A rondeau. What!—forthwith—to-night!
Refract. Some skill I have, 'tis true;
But thirteen lines—and rhymed on two—

Still, there are five lines—ranged aright
Three Gallic bonds, I feared, would fright
My easy Muse. They did till you—
You bid me try!

This makes them nine. The part is in sight:
'Tis all because your eyes are bright!
Now, just a pair to end with 'oo—
When maids command, what can't we do!

The idea of this rondeau of Voiture's, letting the rondeau turn upon the difficulty of making a rondeau at all, is due to Lope de Vega, who used it in a play. The Spanish sonnet has been imitated in French, in Italian, and in English; and, by way of comparison, an English version, by Edwards, the author of "Canons of Criticism," which is given by Lord Holland, in his "Life of Lope de Vega," may as well be copied here:

Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have;
I never was so put to't before—a sonnet.
Why, fourteen verses must be kept upon it.
'Tis a good, however, I've conquered the first slave.
Yet I shall never find rhymes enough by half.

The halting metre and wretched rhymes of this liberal sonnet make us wonder whether the canons of the worthy Edwards's criticism were quite as good weapons as those our more modern critics fight with.

And here—although it is purely a digression—space must be found for another sonnet, a literary curiosity without parallel; for it is all in lines of but one word each—a sonnet, in short, of but fourteen words. It is by a modern Frenchman, M. J. de Ressaiguer, and here it is:

Fort
Belle
Ete
Dort.

Fort
Sort
Quelle
Mort.

Rose
Close
Lay

Blaise
Lay
Prise.

To return to our sheep, here are some of Mr. Dobson's most lightsome and frolicsome lambkins. They are triolets, or little verses wherein the first line appears three times—whence the name—and the second line closes the stanza:

ROSE LEAVES

These are leaves of my rose.
Pink petals I treasure.
There is more than one knows
In these leaves of my rose.
Oh, the joys! oh, the woes!

A KISS.

Rose kissed me to-day.
With the kiss me to-morrow
Let it be as it may.
Rose kissed me to-day.
But the pleasure gives way.
To a savor of sorrow—
Rose kissed me to-day.
Will she kiss me to-morrow?

URCEUS EXIT

I intended an ode.
And it turned into triolets
It began to be made—
I intended an ode.
But Rose crossed the road.
With a bunch of fresh violets.
I intended an ode.
And it turned into triolets.

Notice how skilfully the recurring words are sought to be varied in meaning; how a different colour and tone is given to the same phrase, to the greater variety of the whole poem. Upon similar principles of recurring lines are founded the villanelle and the conbill.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Mlle. PLASTER is the name of a French actress. She draws well.

SUB: What age do you think I am? He, gallantly: I don't know, but you don't look it.

A LADY in Mt. Sterling, Ky., eighteen years old, has been married six years, and has three children.

A KENTUCKY paper has a department called "Woman's Talk." The absurd thing about it is, that it never occupies over a column of space.

"Go out, young man, she's not here," said a Kentucky preacher last Sunday in the midst of his sermon to a youth hesitating in the doorway.

At one Belva A. Lockwood is one of the most successful lawyers in Washington. She is a widow, and is said to be worth \$20,000. Won't some enterprising young client make her his B. Iva-dere?

A CLUB Calamity—Husband: "Was the ladies' club lively to-night, dear?" Wife: "No; awfully dull. Every member was present, and of course one can't speak of people before their faces." So— we had nothing to talk about.

A PRACTICAL VIEW.—Miss Grabbau: "Well, we've made something out of our parties, anyway. They left five fans, and Alice Roseloff dropped this lovely curl—just my shade. She won't ask for it, so I mean to keep it."

LITTLE five-year-old is having her first experience of spring in the country. Looking at a pear tree in full bloom the other day, she exclaimed: "Why, mamma! Just look at that tree. It's all covered with popped corn!"

A LATE lecturer remarked that it would not be a very violent stretch of imagination to believe that a "Massachusetts baby six months old sits up in his mother's lap eyeing his own cradle, to see if he could not invent a better, or at least suggest some improvement."

A LITTLE boy in a Sioux City Sunday-school put a poser to his teacher. The lady was telling her class how God punished the Egyptians by causing the first-born in each household to be slain. The little boy listened attentively, and, at the proper interval, mildly inquired, "what God would have done if there had been twins?"

Mrs. JOHN W. LUFF was a saleswoman in the Singer Sewing Machine rooms, Chicago. She went West a few years ago to better her condi-

tion. Her husband died lately, leaving her undisputed owner of \$300,000 and 30,000 head of cattle. She lives in Denver, Colorado. Go West, young women, and grow up with the country.

"Have you got the lesson to-day?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a pupil whose head was bandaged up under a couple of inches of flannel. "No, ma'am," replied the pupil. "Have you got your catechism with you?" asked the teacher. "No, ma'am." "Have you got anything?" again asked the teacher, getting a little impatient. "Yeth, ma'am," was the timid reply. "What is it?" "The numpth, ma'am."

A LITTLE grandnephew of Prince Bismarck was sitting on the prince's knee the other day, when he suddenly cried out, "Oh, uncle, I hope I shall be a great man like you when I grow up!" "Why, my child?" asked his uncle. "Because you are so great, and every one fears you." "Wouldn't you rather everyone loved you?" The child thought a little, and then replied, "No, uncle; for when people love you they cheat you, but when they fear you they let you cheat them."

THE GLEANER.

CARDINAL MANNING drinks only claret and water or tea.

LADY ROSEBERRY's wedding dress cost \$5,800; her veil, \$2,625.

GENERAL TODDREN is the son of a shoemaker and has worked at that trade himself.

FRANCIS JOSEPH of Austria is described as having red hair and a constantly surprised expression.

It is now the mode in England to be buried in an open wicker-work coffin filled with flowers.

THERE is a report that the Marquis of Lorne and Earl DuRoaven are to visit Western America next autumn.

THERE is a rumor that Mr. S. J. Tilden will live in Washington next winter and give many brilliant entertainments.

EMILER WILLIAM, of Prussia, keeps a diary of the things he shoots. Since 1819 he has shot 7,000 head, or about 120 a year. In 1819, while shooting, he let his gun go off accidentally, and soon his right hand he hasn't got much of a forefinger.

HUMOROUS.

AN honest man is the most handsome work of the Creator.

THE latest mania of pottery decorators is to paste pictures on bald heads and coat them with varnish.

"DYING in poverty," says a modern moralist, "is nothing; it is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

BROOK, who offered to stake his reputation, was considerably taken aback by being asked to bet something that was of known value.

THE "average" shoemaker can frame more excuses in fifteen minutes than a picture-dealer could supply frames for in two weeks.

No wonder a ship is called "she." She has shifts, stays, a fore-and-aft, eyes, ears, nose and ribs, heels, poppets and a keel-board.

A SINGHMAN asked an Irishman, "Why are half-farthings coined in England?" The answer was, "To give Scotchmen an opportunity of subscribing to charitable institutions."

Miss Viola Rand, of Maple Grove, Mich., put a cartridge in a hot stove to see what it would do. It operated quicker than a dentist, to say nothing of a hole through the cheek.

A YOUNG man suffering from "hereditary gout" didn't mind the pain of it so much, "but," said he, "the thought that some old ancestor had all the fun of acquiring this precious heirloom is what takes hold of me."

PARIS Charities has a sketch of a prisoner appearing before the correctional court. "President," says the court clerk, "you first only and you would give me three months, and now you make it six." The magistrate gravely replies, "You ought to know, prisoner, that everything is doubled in the Exhibition time."

A LAWYER once asked the late Judge Pickens of Alabama to charge the jury that "it is better that ninety and nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be punished." Yes," said the worthy judge. "I will give that charge, but in the opinion of the court the ninety and nine guilty men have already escaped in this country."

ONE of the funniest, most aggravating typographical errors on record has just produced a hurricane, accompanied by thunder and lightning, in the office of the Lynchburg Virginian. Its editor on glancing over his powerful leader, at the breakfast-table on Thursday morning last, was astonished to find that he was made to say that the farmers would forget their pauper and misery in the excitement of politics. The manuscript read poverty and misery.

COPY OF TESTIMONIAL JUST RECEIVED.

33 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL, 25th April, 1878.

To the Proprietors of "Phosfozone,"

MONTREAL.

Gentlemen, I have been using your PHOSFOZONE for the last two months, and I have thus derived very great benefit from it in the cure of a DISORDERED LIVER and of INDIGESTION, and I can therefore most cordially recommend it to all suffering from either of these ailments.

Respectfully, (Signed,) JOHN POPHAM.

"Phosfozone" can be had from every Chemist and Druggist throughout the Dominion. Price, \$1.00 per bottle.

MAY-BLOOM.

When the rosy flush of the almond shows,
And the young buds break, and the rose's bloom;
When the golden light of a sun that glows
Is sweeping the purple skies from gloom;
When the young day laughs in a gladsome noon,
And the jasmine stars at the crenelated shrine—
Then welcome the merry May tide bloom,
And the budding fancies that leap to rhyme.

When the breath of the evening breeze is low,
And the waters dark beneath the fern;
When like the young feet pass to and fro,
And soft lips smile and soft hearts yearn;
When love is a lesson that's sweet to learn,
And the coo of the dove is a song divine—
Then welcome the bloom of the May tide bloom,
And the budding fancies that leap to rhyme.

When the leaflets wake from a tranceful dream,
And the bloom and blush of the spring is here;
When a laughing face is a fairy's queen,
And the vow of a life is the vow of a year;
When never a thought is dull and drear,
And the young month laughs in her wanton prime—
Then welcome the bloom of the May tide bloom,
And the budding fancies that leap to rhyme.

L'EVAL.

Though the beat of pulse may be dull and slow,
And the little young limbs grow frail and old;
Though the aged blood has a measured flow,
And the sky looks dim and the sunlight cold,
Yet still is the bloom of the May tide dear,
With its dreams of hope that were once divine,
And the breath and blush of the glad young year
Is the sweet refrain of a vanished rhyme.

RITA.

THAT VOICE

A day in June, 1863, and one of the loveliest early summer days the world ever beheld—a cloudless sky, golden-bright sunshine, soft fragrant air, joyously sweet songs of birds, faint musical murmurs of brooks and plashings of fountains, delicately green grass, lingering violets, and budding roses.

On the lawn in front of the elegant mansion of Leon Fishback, Esq., a party of young people are playing "Follow-follow-follow-me"—a game somewhat resembling (so their mothers and grandmothers tell them) an old game called "pass in the corner," played a quarter of a century or more ago, only in "Follow-follow" the players, instead of beckoning to each other, beckon to a group of metallic balls, around which they stand in a circle, and he or she who proves to have most magnetic force the balls follow with a rush, while the remainder of the players rush as wildly in their efforts to secure the place left vacant by the flying one.

At this moment the balls are rolling pell-mell, helter-skelter, knocking against each other with a pleasant ringing sound, after a pretty, fair-haired maiden, whose little feet, clad in slippers all glancing with silver and gold, flash in the sunshine beneath her blue satin Turkish trouser-lets as she springs lightly over the greenward and amid the exquisitely modulated laughter—no one shouts loudly in this refined twentieth century of her merry companions.

In the back garden, on a green clover-sweet grass-plot, stands a broad, deep basket of newly washed, snowy white linen, and a hanging-out machine, planted firmly in the middle of the plot, is industriously raising and lowering its wooden arm, grasping the various pieces in its wonderfully constructed hands, and hanging them upon the stout no-ropes-pins line, which is slowly revolving around it, and to which they adhere without farther trouble.

In the dairy the rosy-checked dairy-maid is reading a love poem while the automatic milker is milking the beautiful white cow that stands just outside the door; in the kitchen the cook is indolently rocking to and fro in a low rocking-chair, watching the "magic rolling-pin" roll out the paste for her pies, ready to stop its pendulum-like movement the moment the crust is smooth and thin enough; and a small servant-boy, with his hands in his pockets, lounges against the wall in one corner near a tall stool, whistling softly to himself as he waits until the pair of shoes the electric blacking-brush is polishing thereon attain the proper degree of brilliancy and mirror-likeness.

This is a prosperous place, this domain of Leon Fishback, Esq., and Leon Fishback himself is a tall, handsome, energetic, positive man of one-and-thirty—a bachelor, who gives a home to his widowed sister and her four half-orphaned children, and in return is taken care of by her, with the assistance of the old house-keeper—to tell the truth, with a great deal of assistance from the old house-keeper—as well as any brother was ever taken care of by any sister.

Still, people, as people will—especially people with grown-up single daughters—wondered that he had never married. It was not for want of opportunity he had not done so—oh, no indeed!—for a dozen lovely girls, half a dozen more or less charming widows, and several ladies of neither class, had, since his coming into the property of his uncle and godfather Leon Fishback, sen., (whose ashes in a solid gold casket stood in a sort of shrine, made of a hundred rare woods, in the south drawing-room), intimated to him, in every way that the shrinking sensitiveness of womanhood would allow, their perfect willingness—nay, anxiety—to assume the rôle of mistress of the Fishback mansion.

But Leon had walked calmly among them, dispensing hospitality, kind words, and gracious smiles with the strictest impartiality, distinguishing none by the slightest preference, until a few weeks before this beautiful June day when his young guests merrily called, "Follow-follow-follow-me," to their highly polished admirers on the closely shaven lawn.

Then came to visit his sister an old school friend, Laura Beardsley by name, who had been

residing in a far distant State, but with whom the sister had kept up a warm correspondence ever since they parted at the college door the day on which each was hailed with loud exclamations as "Mistress of Arts."

Miss Beardsley is a lovely woman of eight-and-twenty summers, looking at least five summers less, with an exceptionally sweet voice, an exceptionally bright smile, an exceptionally graceful figure, and exceptionally winning ways. And to this bewitching woman has Leon Fishback, the hitherto apparently unimpressible bachelor, devoted himself since the moment he took her slender little hand in his and bade her welcome to his home. And it is by her side he loiters, untempted by the merriment without, in the deep, pleasant, vine-enwreathed bay-window of the library as the fair-haired girl comes flying across the garden, pursued by the tinkling balls.

Laura starts from her seat with a blush, and, leaning from the window, entreats, "Coax them away, Bella dear. They are dancing on the flower bed." And as the girl obediently turns and speeds in the opposite direction, she draws back her pretty head, and looking at her companion, says, "How much Bella is like her sister Teresa—that is, when Teresa was only sixteen!"

"Is she?" asked Mr. Fishback.

"Why, don't you remember?" said the lady. "I do not," replies Mr. Fishback with emphasis.

Miss Laura makes two interrogation points of her silken eyebrows, opens her mouth to speak, thinks better of it, closes her red lips firmly, and turns to the window again as the Follow-follow-follow-meers stop playing and gather in a group, with their eyes fixed upon a small aerial car, gayly decorated with flags, which is gently swaying between heaven and earth, as it slowly descends toward the lawn. In a few moments it touches the ground, and a handsome young fellow leaps out, and is greeted with many exclamations of pleasure and surprise.

"Your brother Reginald," says Miss Beardsley. "So soon returned from London? Why, he only started a few days ago."

"Yes; flying ship *American Eagle*—fastest of the Air Line. I heard of her arrival just after breakfast this morning, when it was shouted by the telephone at the station below."

"Thirty miles away!"

"Oh! that is nothing. We expect to be able to hear news from a hundred miles away before many years are past."

"May I not be in the immediate vicinity when that news is shouted?" says the lady, with an involuntary movement of her pretty white hands toward her pretty rose-tipped ears, "for I should expect to be deaf for evermore."

"Never fear, my dear—I mean Miss Beardsley. Such a misfortune as that shall never occur, even though you should change to be at the side of the shouter. Edison is at this moment perfecting an instrument that begins to deliver its messages in a moderately loud voice, which increases in volume as it is carried forward, until it reaches the most distant point it is intended to reach, thus maintaining an even tone all along the route. How glorious all these Edisonian inventions are!" he continues, with a glow of enthusiasm, "and what humdrum times our ancestors must have had without them! Why, they are the very life of the age. There's the phonograph, for instance—but I beg pardon: you are looking bored. I can not expect you to take as much interest in these scientific subjects as I do. Is not Reginald coming this way?"

"He is not," answers Laura, demurely: "he is still holding Bella's hand, and totally ignoring all the other welcoming hands extended to him."

"Ah! the old, old story that is ever new!" quotes Mr. Fishback, as he peeps over the shoulder of his fair guest at the new arrival; and then suddenly rising and confronting her, he exclaims: "You must have heard that story very, very often, Laura—forgive my calling you so, but you used to permit it in the days we went blackberrying together some ten years ago; and forgive me again, but, upon my word, I cannot help asking you, impelled as I am by some mysterious power, why have you never married?"

A blush rises to her cheek, but she looks up in his face calmly, and replies: "I don't remember the blackberry episodes, and I have remained unmarried because I vowed when a young girl never to marry unless convinced that I was the first and only love of the man whose wife I became."

"Laura, I have never loved another."

"Mr. Fishback, you forget my old friend Teresa, the sister of the girl to whom your brother Reginald is now making love on the lawn."

"Good heavens! Laura, how mistaken you are!"

"'Twas with her you looked for blackberries. I never knew you to find any—not with me, sir."

"Laura, how blind you were! I sought her society only to be near you. I declare, upon my word and honour, I lingered by her side for hours and hours in the hope that you would join us for a moment or two during the time, and when you did, in that moment or two was concentrated the joy of the whole day. You were so proud, so cold, so reserved, I did not dare to approach you save through your friend; and—"

"And you did not bury yourself in seclusion for two years after she jilted you and married Frank Huntington?" she asks, as he pauses.

"Great heavens! how preposterous! Laura, I swear—"

But, as he is about to swear, enter a procession of small nephews and nieces and attendant friends, the leader of which carries an odd-looking box.

"See, uncle!" the bright-eyed little fellow calls out as he approaches. "I found this old phonograph on the top shelf of your closet, where I was looking for your fish line to play horse with, and it talks like every thing."

With this he begins to turn the metal crank, and a voice—a somewhat shrill young voice, the voice of Teresa, sister of Bella—whilom friend of Laura Beardsley—begins to speak:

"Yes, Leon, my own, I will grant you impassioned prayer, and breathe the words you long to hear into this magical casket, and then, when you are lonely or inclined to doubt me, jealous one, you can call them forth to bring back the smiles to your dear face, and joy to your dear heart. I do return the love you so ardently avow, and I will marry you when mamma gives her consent. Until then no lips shall touch the lips made sacred by your kiss, no hand shall clasp the hand that wears your lovely diamond ring. But, oh, Leon dear, try to like Laura a little for my sake. I know she is all that you say she is—affected, cold-hearted, haughty, and disagreeable (I am just naughty enough to be pleased when you tell me her beauty, so much admired by others, particularly Frank Huntington, fades into utter insignificance beside that of your own little Teresa)—but, my Leon, try, oh! try, to tolerate her, for, strange as it may appear to you, disliking her as you do, I am quite fond of her. Good-night, beloved. Dream of your Tessa."

"That"—something or other—"phonograph!" said Mr. Fishback: "I thought I destroyed it long ago," as he angrily snatched it from the hands of the small discoverer.

"What did our humdrum ancestors do without these glorious inventions?" murmured Miss Laura, as she quietly faded away for the first and only time in her life.

"If ever you go prowling around my room again," continued Mr. Fishback—addressing his nephew, and supporting Miss Beardsley with one hand, while he flung the tell-tale out of the window, where it broke into a dozen pieces as it touched the ground with a shrill ear-splitting shriek—"I'll apply the double back-action self-acting spanking machine until you roar for mercy."

The procession, considerably demoralized, started on the double-quick for the door, and Mr. Fishback, looking upon the inanimate form he held in his arms, cried out, as he struck his forehead with his clinched hand, "She will never, never look at me again!"

But she did, and, what's more, she married him a month after. And—oh, the marvellous progress toward perfect womanhood in this wonderful twentieth century!—although they have been man and wife for some twenty years, she has never once said to him, "That voice!"

HEARTH AND HOME.

ACTIVITY AND DECISION.—A man, now-a-days, must have something of the steam-engine in him. A lazy, snail-paced fellow might have got on in the world fifty years ago, but he won't do these times. We live in an age of quick ideas; men speak quick, think quick, and slow coaches ain't tolerated. "Be up and dressed" always—not yawning and rubbing your eyes, as if you were half asleep, but wide awake for whatever may turn up, and you may be somebody before you die. Think, plan, reflect as much as you please before you act, but think quickly and closely.

MUTUAL TOLERATION.—The house will be kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors. If you lay a single stick of wood on the grate and apply the fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn; add half a dozen sticks, and you will have a blaze. If one member of the family gets into a passion and is let alone, he will cool down, and may possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, pile on all the fuel, draw in another of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by others, and there will soon be a blaze that will enwrap them all.

ABOUT "GETTING ON" IN BUSINESS.—How often do we hear the remark, "Oh, so-and-so rose because he had a friend who could push him ahead." As a rule, however, the disposition to advance another does not arise from friendship, but rather from a full confidence in his ability; men possessing the elements which raise them in business are usually too just, too keen-sighted, and too careful of their own reputations to risk the same by recommending others out of pure friendship. Indeed such a course would be anything but an act of friendship, because, as compared to getting a good appointment, keeping it is ten times more difficult.

BLUNDERS.—Few attributes of character are more charming than the faculty of gracefully acknowledging one's errors. The man who makes a blunder and sticks to it is a person with whom argument or controversy becomes impossible. The trouble and time spent in attempting to convince him of the truth are completely wasted; for he will still believe that what he has advanced must be right, even in the face of actual demonstration that it is wrong. On the other hand, the action of one who will admit with frank and ready courtesy that he has been mistaken, it may be said that it "blesseth him that gives and him that takes"—it covers his

own retreat with gracefulness, and gives his adversary a pleasant memory of an encounter with a generous foe.

ALONE.—Solitude, though silent as light, is, like the light, as the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness that if he should be summoned to heaven, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appals or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude through which he has already passed, and of another solitude, deeper still, through which he has to pass; reflex of one solitude—prefiguration of another.

FASHION NOTES.

BONNETS are smaller.

VERY few hats are worn.

RUSSIAN lace is in high favour.

THE reign of the dolman is over.

PEACOCK blue is revived for silk dresses.

LOW shoes are again worn in the street.

MANILLA hats are the novelty for little girls.

WHALEBONE fringe is used in half mourning.

SMALL boys are no longer given waistcoats.

CHILDREN'S skirts are worn longer this season.

SMALL satchels are taking the place of pockets.

KNEE breeches are still *de rigueur* for small boys.

CORONET and cottage brims are equally fashionable.

NECKTIES are *de rigueur* with wide linen or lace collars.

CHILDREN wear coloured dresses more than white ones.

THE short kilt suit grows in favour for younger women.

LINSE thread gloves have open clocks around the wrist.

THE scarf fichu, tying on the bosom, is very fashionable.

YOUNG girls from 12 to 15 years of age wear Derby hats.

BYRON collars and square cuffs are the thing for little boys.

THE "Richelieu" sets have double collars and double cuffs.

HATS are worn only by little girls and misses to their teens.

THE side satchel à la Marguerite is the fancy of the moment.

DOUBLE fringes are used in trimming mantles and mantelets.

THE "Mercedes" continues to be the leading style of coiffure.

PLEATED basques with square yokes are worn by girls in their teens.

THE "Richelieu" is the favourite set of deep linen collars and cuffs.

COSTUMES de fatigue is the correct name for the short walking suit.

POINT d'Alençon is the only French lace made entirely with the needle.

TRAIN supporters are necessary when long skirts are worn out of doors.

MANY handsome silk costumes are made with yokes and shirred waists.

CARRICK capes and cardinal collars are the features in this spring's Ulster.

FOR full toilet the princess form of dress takes precedence of all others.

BLOUSE waists for small boys are pleated in front but gathered in the back.

CUTAWAY jackets for misses and small girls are not made with waistcoats.

KILT skirts and cutaway jackets should not be worn by stout or elderly ladies.

AMBER and rainbow beads are mingled with the richest fringes and passementeries.

SPANISH lace scarfs, black, white, and beige coloured, are having a run of popular favour.

WHEN low shoes are worn out of doors, the stockings must be dark or to match the dress.

ROMAN pearl beads and mother-of-pearl ornaments are taking the lead for bonnet ornaments.

THE Ulster of the *élégante* this summer is of India Pongee, with Carrick capes or cardinal collars.

CANCERS ARE CURED AT THE LONDON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE by

a new scientific, painless, and speedy process.

The knife is never used, and a cure is warranted

in every case when undertaken. Ulcers, tumors,

fever sores, and all diseases successfully treated.

One or two of the physicians of the Institute

will be at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on

Wednesday, the 15th day of May, and will re-

main a few weeks for the purpose of effecting

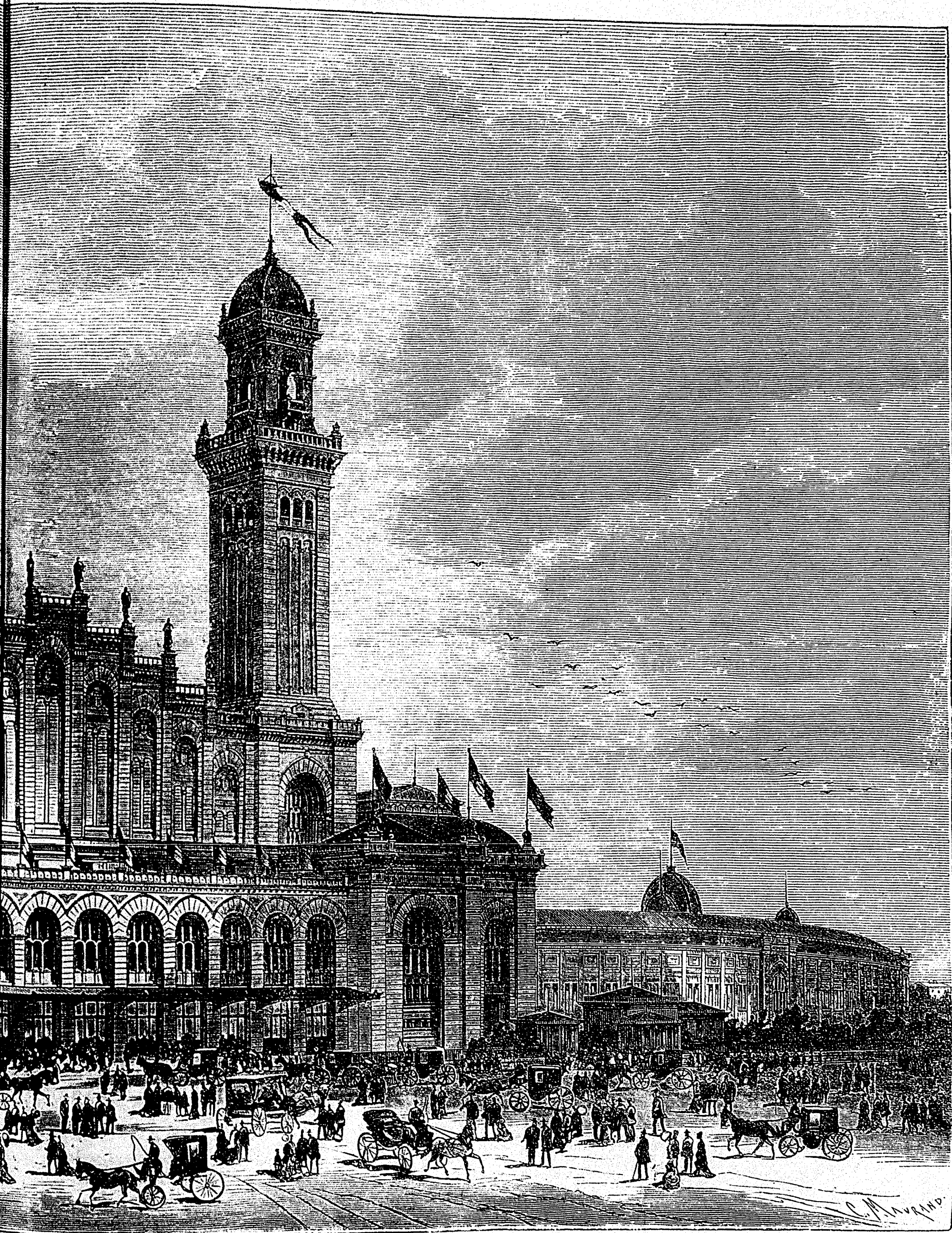
cures of cancers and other diseases during their

stay. Ladies will receive attention by the Prin-

cipal of the Institute. Call early.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—ENTR



VIEW OF THE TROCADERO PALACE.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A lady occupied a whole year in searching for and fitting the whole thirty-eight lines from English and American poems. The whole reads almost as if it had been written at one time, and by one composer.

LIFE.

- Why all this toil for the triumph of an hour? —Young
Life's short summer—man is but a flower; —Dr. Johnson
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die. —Pope
The cradle and tomb, alas! so nigh. —Prior
To be is better than not to be. —Swift
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy; —Spenser
But slight cares speak when mighty grief is dumb— —Daniel
The bottom is but shallow whence they come. —Sir Walter Raleigh
Your fate is but the common fate of all; —Longfellow
Umingled joys here to man befall. —Southwell
Nature to each allots his proper sphere. —Congreve
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care; —Churchill
Custom does often reason overrule. —Rochester
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool. —Armstrong
Live well—how long or short permit to heaven. —Milton
Those who forgive most shall be most forgiven— —Bailey
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see in face— —French
Vile intercourse where virtue has not place. —Somerville
Then keep each passion however dear. —Thompson
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. —Byron
Her sensual snates let faithless pleasure lay. —Smollet
With craft and skill to ruin and betray. —Crabbe
Sour not too high to fall, but stoop to rise; —Massinger
We masters grow of all that we despise. —Crowley
Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem; —Beattie
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream. —Coryell
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave. —Sir Walter Ralegh
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. —Gray
What is ambition? 'Tis but a glorious cheat. —Willis
Only destructive to the brave and great. —Addison
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? —Dryden
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down. —Francis Quarles
How long we live, not years but actions tell; —Watkins
That man lives twice who lives the first life well. —Herrick
Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend. —Wm. Mason
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend. —Hill
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just; —Dana
For live we how we may, yet die we must. —Shakespeare

JOHN BROKENSHERE.

I.

If I were to say that we hoped to light up the whole of Paris with the blaze of that plum pudding with which we were preparing to do honor to our English guest, John Brokenshere, I should be indulging in one of those figures of speech which, poet as I am, I think should be used rather in verse than in prose. But Noemie, the children, and I had resolved that there should be enough rum round that pudding to remind our English friend in no dubious fashion of Christmas in his own insular home. Noemie had spent two days in combining the ingredients, the number of strangenesses whereof made our French minds wonder; and it was as good as a picture to see her stand with a wooden spoon in one hand and a list in the other, asking herself whether after all she had not forgotten something. We were both agreed that the dish which John Brokenshere and his countrymen love must have been invented by a grocer in difficulties, anxious to sell off a variegated stock, and willing, by the same occasion, to do a good turn to his friends, the Doctor and the chemist. Pudding, though, formed but one feature in our preparations, for I had ransacked the books that treat of English customs, and found that John Brokenshere would feel unwelcomed unless we all kissed him under a branch of Druidical mistletoe, and encouraged him to do the same by us. So mistletoe hung from a hook in the ceiling. Then the sideboard was graced by six bottles of British ale, labeled with little red pyramids; and two of Opôrto, not to be touched with a pair of tongs for the crusts and cobwebs on them, and three more of our own national vintage of champagne, which you will allow me to think is not unconvivial wine when capped with gold-leaf, and bearing the Duke de Montebello's curte blanche mark to guarantee its being made of the full white grape that grows on the sunny slopes near Rheims. Meanwhile an odor of soup and roasting came from the little kitchen, where Noemie had just enough room to move about among her ruddy saucepans and white dishes, with her sleeves rolled up to her shapely elbows, and her cheeks pink from the glow of the stove-range. The two children, Victor and Louise, sat each on a stool making themselves useful. Victor was scraping a truffle of pungent perfume; Louise was cutting out one of those paper frills that are fastened to ham bones. Hard by on the hot plate, a goose in a baking-dish was hissing ves-

pers plaintively in his own juice, pending when he should be laid upon his supreme bed of apple-sauce. By the bye, looking to the goose's ultimate destiny, may not his career on earth be described in the words of my brother poet, Horace, as ab ovo usque ad mala? I beg your pardon.

Noemie Leblanc was not my wife, nor was I her children's uncle—only their god-father. We clubbed much together, for we all lived on the fifth floor of one of those big Parisian houses whose roofs seem to reach up to the skies whenever the weather is misty, and cast shadows right across the street when the sun shines. The lowermost story was occupied by a printing office, where Noemie was employed as reader to two newspapers—one Republican, the other Royalist—which were struck off by the same presses and published under one roof, though their principles differ like fire and water. Her work occupied her during twelve hours of every day; and while she was punctuating the articles that were to instruct our countrymen in the principles engendered by the fruitful series of revolutions, I, sitting in my attic writing, used to keep an eye on the children. My door remained open that they might run across the landing from their apartment to mine. What games they had! If they were not up to some piece of mischief that kept the whole upper part of the house in an uproar, they scarcely considered that they were playing. One of their favorite amusements was to fetch some damp clay from a neighboring sculptor's studio, and to make exploding panakes. Having flattened out the clay to the size of a cheeseplate, they impressed a little hollow in the middle with the thumb, then threw the panake with force on the floor. The sudden compression of air in the hollow caused it to explode with a noise like the eruption of a gasometer. It was a delightful sport.

Victor was 7, and Louise 6. They were good children, with affectionate ways and merry voices—he an intelligent little urchin, much addicted to spoiling bits of wood in the carpenter's shop next door on the pretense of learning upholstery; she a damsel with gay blue eyes, already versed in the wiles of her sex for getting what she wanted, even when it might be convenient to let her have the same. The pair went to the communal school every morning with knapsacks on their backs full of books and bread-and-butter; and if my door was not opened when they set out, they rapped at it, and called me lazy through the keyhole. At 4 they returned, and I rather think that the pleasant hour in the day to me, notwithstanding that they would herald their arrival by a terrific clatter of their small shoes on the wooden staircase, which the concierge was at such pains to polish twice a week with beeswax. From four to seven, when their mother came back, rather tired of her proof-correcting, to make supper ready, I had Victor and Louise all to myself, or, to speak more truly, they had me all to them. Many are the poetic inspirations which they have nipped short by playing hide-and-go-seek behind my bed, and dragging me into the games by the coat-tails when I was immersed in that difficult task of finding rhymes—as laborious often as fishing for pearls.

I have told you that I am a poet. I write verses that are widely read and pondered over by thoughtful minds; but, unlike my countryman Victor Hugo, I attune my lyre to sing the products of man's industry rather than the works of Nature, which maybe, have panegyrist enough. I indite versified advertisements for pushing firms, whose names cover largespaces in the outer sheets of newspapers; and I excel in the ornate description of articles suitable for human attire, chiefly feminine. I have turned sonnets upon bonnets, but am not above rhyiming to a bill or a nickle. One of the most fanciful things that ever flowed from my pen was a little epigram in four lines, which the purchaser, a hair dresser, ambitiously gave out as his own, and caused to be stuck on all the pomatum pots that left his shop. The best of this sort of work is that it keeps a man in beefsteaks, which the higher sort of epics do not, so far as my experience of them goes; but the more important point to me was that, by picking up a little more money than was essential to my needs, I was enabled to assist my neighbor Noemie Leblanc in bringing up the children, her own slender earnings being much curtailed by the sums which she sent regularly every quarter-day to her absent husband.

Where was that husband? Had he deserted her? Had he gone away, as many husbands do, with grand hopes of making a fortune, which had all come to nothing, and obliged him to fall back on his wife's wages? No, Jules Leblanc was a political exile in New Caledonia.

He had got mixed up in the doings of the Commune, and had been sentenced to transportation for life, though a milder man than he, and one less disposed to upset existing arrangements for the government of mankind, I never saw. Talk to him of charters and barricades, why he could not so much as understand what was the use of the vote which the Constitution had conferred on him, and he would have given it to the first canvasser as readily as a sou to a beggar. But Jules was a humorist; and in that droll, honest head of his Nature had implanted a gift for caricature, which served him to sketch you off a Cabinet Minister with a monkey's tail, or a Cardinal with long ears, in no time. He called this mere fun, and thought he was only doing a laughable thing when he stopped in Paris during the civil war and brought out a comic paper, which contained twice a week a colored cartoon of one of the Generals or Roy-

alist statesmen of the Versailles party. Fun indeed! when the Generals got hold of him they showed him what fun was. He would have been shot but for Noemie's throwing herself at the feet of some man in authority, who had just influence enough to get the sentence commuted into one of transportation. We were obliged to be content with that. One weary, dry summer day Noemie traveled down to Toulon with the two children (the one a baby in arms then, the other a toddling mite not two years old) to see Jules a last time before he sailed in the convicts' ship. I think I can see that day now. The sun was baking hot, and the streets of Toulon were hardly fit for a dog to cross. Jules passed along the port amid a large gang all hand-cuffed and guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets; and Noemie could do no more than wave her handkerchief to him from a distance. He answered by kissing his fettered hands once, twice, and smiling to exhort her to keep up her spirits for the children's sake. Noemie, half-distracted, made another effort to get near him, but there was a crowd of other wives and mothers around her, all sobbing and the police were obliged to force them back. So Jules disappeared, stepping on to the gangway that lead to the ugly black transport, where he was to be cooped up for four months with felons and murderers, and with some convicts, maybe, as innocent as himself.

John Brokenshere had come down to Toulon about a contract for supplying this very transport with tinned meat. He was standing by when Noemie swooned. Catching her in his arms he bore her to the nearest wine-shop, and when she had come to herself he swore one of those curt oaths peculiar to his shy race, vowing that it would be one of his objects in life thenceforth to procure Jules Leblanc's pardon.

John Brokenshere was a dry man, with a cold blue eye that repelled people of the begging sort. He never gushed with sentiment, as we Frenchmen do; and he seldom made promises, but when he did he kept them. He redeemed his pledge in this instance more largely than could have been expected, seeing that his words had been spoken under the influence of pity, which might have been a passing emotion.

But alas! it is not much that a commercial traveler can effect, even one so energetic as John Brokenshere. This much only could our Englishman do, and did—he kept Noemie supplied with news from her husband, and Jules with letters and remittances from Noemie. There never was such a man for knowing people. Being constantly on the move, having business connections everywhere, and not caring whether he compromised himself, since our French laws had no hold on him, John Brokenshere found it easy enough to smuggle letters in and out of the penal colony. He fancied at first it would be easy to obtain the pardon too by pulling the proper wires; but in this he was mistaken. Either the wires were rusty or he had not got hold of the right ones. Our Government does not so readily lose men at whose opinions it has taken fright. The Englishman's ill-success made him fret and abuse the political ferocity of Frenchmen with all the vigor of that liberalism which grows on the banks of the Thames, but he neither despised nor suffered us to do so; and we knew that, wherever he went and whatever he did, he bore Jules Leblanc in mind. If he was buying wine of a Bordeaux merchant he would mention the exile's case between two tastes of samples; he begged sympathy for him of influential silk merchants, importers of British cutlery, coffee-brokers and indigo salesmen. He had all the particulars of the poor caricaturist's offense and its mitigating circumstances by heart, and spoke of them to journalists and politicians whom he met in his travels, thereby widening every day the circle of those who knew something about poor Jules and pitied him.

That is how John Brokenshere came to be our friend. That is why every Christmas Day, since that year when Noemie had been widowed by decree of a court-martial, he was the chief guest at a banquet which we prepared of such delicacies as he loved; and seasoned with a frank French welcome. That is why we were expecting him with our goose, our mistletoe, our pudding, and our homely wishes, on the occasion of which I am now writing—which was last Christmas Day.

II.

"Les rois! Here they come!" exclaimed little Victor, clapping his hands as the first ascending steps of our guests were heard on the stair-case; and Louise, bravely tricked out in a Scottish tartan dress, with a Royal Stuart sash clung to her mother's gown, and half hid herself behind it, with one finger in her mouth—making believe to be timid, the sly puss, as if ever little French girls had really wanted for assurance.

It was 6 o'clock. The room was lit, the cloth laid, and Noemie stood ready to receive her visitors by the crackling fire of pear-wood logs. How pretty she looked! How sweetly sad and gentle in her black silk dress, and the small lace cap that covered her glossy chestnut hair! she was but twenty-seven then, and grief had not aged her—it had only thrown a wistful look into her blue eyes, and subdued her manner to a quietness like that of a nurse in a sick-room. For the sake of her children, who could not remember their father, she had been obliged to maintain an outward serenity more heroic than sorrow; and had forced herself always to smile in their presence, that their young hearts might

not be modeled to a melancholy which would change to moroseness when they grew older. Only those who know Noemie as I did guessed how her wifely heart ached with hope long deferred. How she could work so exactly as she did at her correction of proofs—never missing a stray comma, nor any ill-placed circumflex, and amending even grammatical errors in the nearest of hands—was to me a mystery. Grattelot, the foreman of the printer's works, and Barbelard, the sub-editor of one of the two Republican journals on which Noemie was employed, were as much puzzled as I; but they had ended by concluding that Madame Leblanc was of a philosophic turn, a master-woman, who thought that crying spoiled the eyes. They and their wives were to be our guests on this evening. By the hearty way in which they entered, sniffling our goose and glancing at our bottles, it was evident that they did not consider they were intruding into an abode of sorrow.

Grattelot, Barbelard, their spouses, and John Brokenshere formed the total of our expected company—that is, including Noemie, the children, and self, nine of us, the number of the Muses, were to sit down to table. Neither Grattelot, Barbelard, nor their wives, reminded me of the Muses though. The printer's foreman was a little swarthy fellow who had a Babelian leer, and spoke with the richest brogue of Marseilles. He used r's for j's and pronounced o as ou. Out of his experience in the printing-office he had picked up an odd jumble of education and a standing grievance against all literary men, whom he accused of never measuring their productions to the requirements of newspaper size. He cared nothing for style or logic: "Give me adaptability," he would say; and his universal test of merit was: "Will this article run to more or less than a column and a quarter?" If it ran to more the writer was stamped in his mind as a man of inelegant verbiage; if to less he was one who lacked elasticity of expression. Grattelot had a respect for poets, because their lines were easy to set up in type, and did capitally as padding; and of course he gave the palm of poetry to bards who did not write in Alexandrines. He has often told me that he preferred an ode of mine to the finest idyl by M. Francois Coppee; and I felt much flattered by the compliment till I discovered it was owing solely to my fondness for six-foot versification, not to the subject matter of my odes, which Grattelot never read.

Barbelard, the sub-editor, was another literary curiosity, for he could only read with difficulty, and spelled no word in our language correctly save his own name. He had been appointed sub-editor by reason of his gigantic stature and his powers with all dueling weapons. An old Sergeant of the Cent Gardes, who had been decorated for carrying off two American Colonels prisoners (one under each arm in the Italian war, he stood six French feet in his socks, and had a pair of bristling red moustaches, which, when he was angry, looked as if they were aflame. It was Barbelard who assumed the responsibility of all the unsigned articles in the Republican journal which employed him; and if any stranger came to ask for explanations about personalities, this imposing sub-editor was there to answer him in the correctest language to chivalry. He tendered no apologies or explanations, but would forthwith be ready to accept a challenge to fight next morning, early, with swords or pistols, according as might be most convenient. This often led to little dialogues, somewhat in the following fashion:

Stranger (bouncing in furiously with the offending journal in his hand)—Sir, I want to see the man who wrote this article.

Barbelard (rising with dignity from the sub-editorial seat, with a pipe in his mouth)—Young man, it's me as wrote that article. If you want to objectionize, name your friends, and we'll have it out at daybreak.

Stranger (growing civil)—Ah no. . . . I have merely come to renew my subscription to the paper. . . . What a warm day it is. . . . Good-morning. . . . (and exit.)

Sometimes, however, a duel would arise, and then Barbelard always showed himself magnanimous in inflicting only flesh wounds. Just mere flea-bites, as he called them, ripping up the arm for twelve inches or so, or carrying off an insignificant little piece, from the aggressor's calf. Barbelard had fought a round dozen of duels; but he owed another duty to his newspaper besides fighting, for he appeared in the correctional courts to answer all charges of attacking the Government, and underwent the sentence of imprisonment to which members of the staff were condemned. He had come to look upon the jail of Ste. Pelagie much as a second home, and was never sorry to go there for a few months, for he got double pay, unlimited allowance of tobacco, and excellent meals sent in daily from the restaurant at the expense of his employers so long as his incarceration lasted. Madame Barbelard, a little black-haired woman with despotice eyes, used affectionately to remark that she was always more pleased to see her husband in prison than out of it, for she knew then that he was not in mischief—riaking his life in mortal combat, or drinking more absinthe than was good for him at the cafe. Prison life was such a saving, too, for she could go every day to sit with Barbelard from 10 to 6, take her meals with him and economize thereby the cost of marketing and kitchen fuel. She had no opinion of liberal governments, ascribing their unwillingness in sending journalists to prison to sordid stinginess with the public purse.

It turned out that on this Christmas Day when he came to dine with us, honest Barbelard

had one of his periodical scores of durance to wipe off, for his first remark to us, when he had shaken hands with Noemie and kissed the children, was about going to Ste. Pelagie on the morrow. "Three months for writing disrespectfully of the Senate," he said in his dry bass voice, and casting a side-long glance of anticipation at the chiffonnie where the bottles stood.

"Yes, three whole months!" exclaimed little Madame Barbelard in glee. "I had some hopes it might have been six, for then we could have saved up enough to buy that pretty villa at Suresnes, on which I have set my heart."

"We'll make up for it by taking three more months in the summer, if all goes well, my dear," said Barbelard, good humorously; "too much of the real isn't good; one likes to get out and breathe the air now and then."

"Ah, that's just it; and then half-dozen of frames are spent in billiards and little glasses with your friends," responded Madame Barbelard, tartly. "Think of what nice things we might do if you remained for a whole twelvemonth under lock and key!"

"I wonder why they never send printer's foremen to prison," said Madame Grattelot, querulously. She was an Alsatian dame, very fleshy and frugal, and talked with that grudging Strasburg accent, which used to make us Frenchmen laugh till all the sturdy men and women of our fairest Bretonish province passed under the Pansian yoke. "L'cher Himmel!" continued she, "what would I not give to see Sesostris in prison for a year, that we might have a little money in these not-to-be-qualified-for-hardness times!"

Sesostris was Grattelot, and he laughed; "Softly, Mamma Grattelot—if I were sent to prison thou wouldst save nothing, for I should have to go there at my own cost. The good times when printers were imprisoned went away with the Empire."

"I wish the Empire would come back then," declared Madame Grattelot. "There should be equal privileges for all; if a sub-editor goes to prison, a printer should be allowed to go too."

At this Madame Barbelard fired up, for she was a stickler about her husband's prerogatives.

"But you forget, Madame, a sub-editor runs great risks, for he has to draw the sword at times," she observed with a touch of asperity.

"Foolish, Madame, but Sesostris would fight too if need were," said M. d'Alman-dame, dryly; "and all I say is that it is that all the enjoyment should go to one set of parties, when there's room enough in those prisons for other parties if the Government only chose to make better laws."

Noemie diverted the course of this delicate dispute. It was in her nature to play the peace-maker. I have seen her in the old times, before her husband went away, recon-ile a quarrel of artists, who were quarreling about a sthetic art by setting a jug of beer in their midst. She did some of the sort now by bringing out a decanter of kirsch and some liquor glasses to whet our appetites. Such potatoes make tongues soft. We were still expecting John Brokenshire. The children had climbed on to Barbelard's huge knee something like a camel's hump in size, and were riding a cock horse on it. The two lady guests, possibly struck of a sudden by the incongruity of vanishing the delights of imprisonment in the hearing of Noemie, who was pining after her captive husband, fell to conversing with their hostess on the more congenial topic of children's garments. Grattelot, pleasantly inhaling the odors of good things that came from the kitchen, took his stand by the mantelshelf and talked to me about my natty and "handy" verses. He was delighted with a recent sonnet of mine on a newly-invented ironjack.

The half after six struck from the steeple of a neighboring church. It was at that hour that John Brokenshire was due; and he never came late, for he regulated every movement of his by a powerful chronometer that told the days of the week and month, and even the changes of the moon. The children pricked up their ears. "L'Ami Brokenshire" was to them the very incarnation of Father Christmas, for he never failed to come with parcels of toys under his arms, and bags of sugar-plums in his pocket. Was he going to be late this year, just for once? No, here he came. Those were his well-known strides on the staircase, clearing four steps at a time, like a graffe taking uphill. One step more and he would be here.

"Le voici!" cried little Victor and his sister jumping off Barbelard's knee with a loud crowing, and off they rushed into the passage. Another namute, and John Brokenshire, parcels, wraps, comforter, and all, was standing under the mistletoe to be hugged and kissed. We all kissed him, men and women, as the fashion is in our country; and I promise you Noemie Leblanc's salute was not the least hearty, though she did make a little sisterly blushing about it.

III.

Imagine the lankiest of men, with cheekbones the hue of red currant jelly, a bay-colored beard flowing over his waistcoats, a gray tweed suit delved at, with deep pockets fore and aft, and there you have John Brokenshire as he appeared every day in the year; add a little fog that hung about his flaxen hair and the bluish end of his nose, and a broad smile that displayed his long yellow teeth, like a whole game at dominoes coloured by long use, and you will have him as he showed himself on this particular occasion of Christmas festivity in our hospitable Parisian lodging.

Christmas was his one day of rest in the year, if rest it can be called to breakfast with an uncle in the suburbs at eight, to attend divine service in the British church at 11, after that to lunch with a married sister, and to wind up with a three hours' racing among toy-shops to bargain for the best sort of gifts for a legion of juvenile friends at retail price. But this was rest to John Brokenshire, comparatively speaking, for mostly he was in a hurry to catch express trains. Christmas was the one day on which he did not travelling, but that which was done for his own pleasure, and the maintenance of affectionate relations with his kinsfolk and acquaintances. When he came to dine on the 25th of December with Noemie Leblanc, we might be sure that he would have the whole evening to himself, and not bolt away between the roast and sweets, as he was certain to do if invited on any other day or any other month in the year.

"Along Dec, mes Amis, quel plaisir de recevoir vos cadeaux!" exclaimed this worthy man, drawing a fifteen-bladed knife from one of his score of pockets and beginning to cut the string of his various parcels. "Only to think! pas de voyage until 1.15 to-morrow morning, when I'm off for Lyons! Monsieur Barbelard, you seem to me fresh and hale. I've brought you a pair of furred slippers to wear in prison."

"Thank you, Monsieur John," laughed the tall sub-editor. "You seem gay enough too; your business is prosperous, I hope?"

"Business is so-so," said John Brokenshire. "There are times in this country of ours, when money can be hauled in with a net, and others when it has to be angled for, coin by coin, with a fish-hook. It depends on politics, which are shifty things everywhere."

"Politics come of newspapers," remarked Grattelot; "if people would read more books and fewer journals, it would be better for trade."

"Not for my trade," said Barbelard, finishing his kirsch. "Here's to the spread of journalism!"

"Oh! you—you'd like to be setting people by the ears all the year round; but they'll lock you up for longer than you like one of these days," ejaculated the fleshy Madame Grattelot.

"No, madame, they won't lock him up for longer than he likes; he'll retire from the business if he sees any signs of that," retorted Madame Barbelard.

They were at it again, but John Brokenshire checked them: "Hallo, you were wrangling over that question last year, and the year before," said he. "I shall be thinking myself at Versailles, among the Deputies, if you don't mind. But I tell you what, I am hungry, and the sooner we sit down the better."

"There's that goose in the kitchen squealing to be dressed, my dear Noemie," remarked Grattelot, with an enjoyable whiff.

"Ah yes; and, Noemie, mes enfants, don't serve up the pudding in a soup-tureen, as you did a year or two ago," prayed John Brokenshire with a wink.

Noemie laughed at this reminder of a bygone failure in preparing the national English dish. She retired to lend a helping hand to the servant-maid, who had been hired for the evening from *Rotterdam* over the way; and meanwhile our commercial friend laid out all the presents he had brought. No one had been forgotten. No one—for the Grattelots and Barbelards were adherents of Brokenshire—and it was not in his nature to perpetrate slips of memory. The sub-editor got his furred slippers; the printer's foreman a meerschaum pipe with a pound of Latakiew, bought while selling a stock of rifles to the Turks in Asia Minor; Madame Barbelard had a Norwich shawl that looked like cashmere, and Madame Grattelot had a piece of Lyons silk that looked like what it was—first-rate stuff, and no cheating about the dye. Then came the turn of the children to be helped out of one of those wondrous toy-boxes which our Parisian toy-shops send out to develop the instincts of luxury in the minds of French infancy. Victor was presented with a set of articulated soldiers, who made a mimic war in defending a cardboard fort; and little Louisette was rendered happy with a silk-clad doll that could shut its eyes, and say "Mamma," like a very small child with a stomach-ache. I wish I could add the names of a number of gaudy children's books illustrated by my sprightly friends MM. Bertall and Grevin; but I had scarcely time to examine these treasures then, for John Brokenshire thrust something into my own hands—a Russian leather purse, and a pretty full one too. As he did so, he told me that he had been successful in disposing of a whole sheaf of my verses.

This was grateful news that made me redder. "And I've orders for a lot more, friend Poet," said he, closing that fearful knife of his with a snap. "A publican at Nice wants you to recommend his fried fish, and a pastry-cook at Arles has a notion that you can make his cream popular."

"Stick to the six-foot verses, Poet—there's nothing like them for printers," observed Grattelot, who was sucking at the amber mouth-piece of his pipe.

"And then there's a fellow at Carcassonne going to set up some cheap baths," continued Brokenshire, consulting a list. "As this is the first time the people in those parts have seen a bath-house, they may poke fun at the innovation unless the inventor can put the laughers on his side by something smart in the way of an epigram, which he will print on his prospectuses."

"I'll do my best," said I, thinking of a rhyme for soap and water.

"But stop a bit; this isn't all," said John

Brokenshire, in that smileless way he had when giving a serious order that he meant to be executed with care and dispatch. "I must bespeak some of best quality verses for a tailor. This is an extra important case. Do you think you could say something nice and kind about breeches and waistcoats?"

"I happen to have a copy of tailoring verses ready made, and only waiting to be filled up with the purchaser's name," answered I, foraging in my pocket-book.

"Good, then. But are they of your best brew?"

"As good as I can write, I think; but I'll try better, if needful."

"All right, then," said the Englishman; "but stay—we'll hear your verses by and by; now's the time for dinner—and here's Noemie's present."

Saying this, he laid a small square parcel by the side of Noemie's plate. She had just entered, preceding the servant wench who bore the soup-tureen, but when she would have stretched forth her hand, smiling, to look at the present, Brokenshire restrained her. "No, my dear, not now. When the plum-pudding comes on, and there's a flash of blue light to cheer us."

His will was law on these occasions. If he had told us all to kneel in a row and guess conundrums we would have done it. Noemie said nothing, but began ladling out the smoking soup with tranquil acquiescence; and we all sat down, the Englishman laying his napkin over his knees, while we three Frenchmen tucked ours under our chins, Frenchwise.

I noticed that John Brokenshire had made no remark yet about Noemie's husband, and she had done no more than question him with a silent interrogation of her blue eyes. She knew his ways, and that there was nothing to be got out of him by pressing. If he had anything to say he would divulge it all in due time. For the present he was absorbed in his soup, and we in ours. It was the richest beef-broth, flavored with leeks, that the spoons seemed to dip into it lovingly of their own accord. Only the children had no appetites, being too much excited about their presents, and grudging every moment that delayed them from going back to play with these tokens of John Brokenshire's friendship.

So this dinner of ours proceeded. And had my friends, how I wish I had the pen of those eminent gastronomists, MM. Erickmann-Chertrain, to describe to you what effect that succulent array of dishes had on our jovial minds. None others but the chronicles of so many brawny feasts in the hard-eating country round Phalsburg could do justice to the splendid figure which the roast goose cut in his dish, stuffed as he was with chestnuts and truffles, and glistening with the sheenest gravy. A ring of well-browned sausages surrounded him. His flesh was so plump that the knife sliced deep into it, and the mouthfuls which you ate with the appesance seemed to melt on the tongue. Nor must it be forgotten that we had drink enough to defy indigestion. The yellow ale of England sparkled in our glasses with its white wig of froth, and our own red vin de Grave, so petulant and ninth-compelling, twinkled like molten rubies. Grattelot and Barbelard drank a bottle apiece, and then polished off a third between them. Their wives gnawed the drumsticks, which they held in their fingers like persons who are not ashamed to show they are enjoying themselves; and buxom Madame Grattelot said all this reminded her of Alsace. John Brokenshire stuck to his beer and made havoc among the sausages. At last he had enough of it, not that we were tired in mind, but because physical Nature said "Hold!" Noemie helped to clear away the plates, and the servant wench went out to fetch the pudding.

It was then that I uncorked the champagne bottles and filled the glasses for a toast to our hostess. We always began with that, and followed it with one to John Brokenshire, in those long glasses of the old fashion that show off the bubbles better than the modern top-heavy bowls. At this moment the maid marched in with the pudding, which she held at arms' length, laughing and shutting her eyes. She had set fire to it in the kitchen, and the flames, leaping up in forked tongues of blue, red, and yellow, licked the sprig of holly on the top and made it crackle. The children clapped their hands, and Barbelard, exhilarated by what he had drunk, shouted "Vive l'Angleterre!" There never was such a joyous meeting.

John Brokenshire, however, held up a finger to enjoin silence.

"May I open my parcel now?" asked Noemie, timidly, but with a woman's curiosity about all things hidden.

"Not yet, my dear—one moment," said John Brokenshire; and he looked across the table to me. "Poet, what did you say about having some verses suitable to a tailor? Mind you, it's a tailor whom I wish to please and honour."

"I have the verses here," said I. "I keep a stock of them ready, in case of getting sudden orders."

"A good plan," said our commercial friend. "Sometimes inspiration doesn't come when wanted," I explained, smoothing out my verses on the tablecloth. "You may be asked to rhyme to 'black' when your thoughts are running on 'cau-de-Cologne.' What's your tailor's name?"

"Jakers, an Englishman; but he lives in France. Fill up that name in your blanks, if it will scan. If not, contrive to make it scan."

"It will scan," said I, drawing out a pencil.

"Well, then, read on," begged John Brokenshire. "This is no common matter, and we'll all listen."

I was struck by John Brokenshire's tone—one of greater gravity than the circumstances seemed to call for. Reading aloud is not my forte, and I would have gladly passed on my verses to Noemie, who had a sweet musical voice, well suited to bring out the beauties of poetry. But she was labouring under the emotion of women when they suspect some mystery, and was not in the mood for anything in the nature of a public performance. So I did the reading myself in my best company singsong; and here is the poem I read. I need hardly tell you it was French, but John Brokenshire has since translated it for me into his own tongue and given it a title. I dedicate it with affection and respect to the noble-hearted clothier whose ware it celebrates:

A PAYMENT IN RHYME.

On a summer's morning early, when the grass with dew was pearly,

I called upon a farmer who was feeding little chicks; He ceased not from his labour, but he said, "Good morning, neighbour: My brecks are worth a guinea, and they cost me twelve and six."

And the morning sun rose higher, and there came a forage buyer, And he asked the stalwart farmer for the prices of his ricks; It was "New hay, four eleven, and the last year's ninety-seven."

And his brecks were worth a guinea, but had cost him twelve and six.

Then a builder, as appointed, came to speak of fences jointed, And an apple-loft of timber, and a gentle shed of bricks: When the notes were daily posted, then again the farmer boasted

That his brecks were worth a guinea, and had cost him twelve and six.

When the clouds at noon grew thinner, then we took a frugal dinner, And the farmer's buxom daughter did a glass of toddy mix;

And her father waxing wrothy, said his legs were strong and sturdy, And his brecks were worth a guinea, but had cost him twelve and six.

To the fish-pond then we sauntered, where Loten had the vault heard, "When wheat's in bloom the trench will rise, although you bait with sticks,"

And he caught some goodly dishes of the little silver fishes: And his brecks were worth a guinea, but had cost him twelve and six.

When the sun had finished setting, and the spouse our tea was getting, He took a pair of candles and put matches to their wicks;

And the swallows on the skylight were remarking in the twilight, That his brecks were worth a guinea, and had cost him twelve and six.

And I lit a cigarette, for no fair one puts a veto On the act, since my affections on myself alone I fix: And as home I slowly wandered, I anxiously pondered, Would my brecks were worth a guinea, and had cost but twelve and six.

In my sleep a vision hailed me, and at first my courage failed me; But he smiled, and then I knew it was no courier of Old Nick's:

"I'm the ghost of William Jaker, England's famous breeches-maker, And my wares are worth a guinea, but shall cost you twelve and six."

I finished reading, and gazed at my plate as authors do when they have been airing their talents in the family circle, and know that the applause will exceed their dues.

"Bravo!" cried the whole table, children included; and there was a chorus of compliments from all save Grattelot, who deplored that I had abandoned the safe path of six-foot lyrics.

"If you write such long verses as those, you might just as well be doing prose," said he, sententiously.

"Hush!" exclaimed John Brokenshire. "Hand over the paper to me, Poet. You'll be glad to give it gratis (though it will be paid for, don't fear) when you learn that William Jaker is a man who makes breeches for the President of the Republic's favourite valet."

"Ah!" ejaculated Madame Grattelot, admiringly.

"An old soldier—I knew him," chimed in Barbelard. "He was one of those who stormed the Malakoff Tower; but he wears black breeches and a white choker now, like a notary."

"And he shaves his master every morning," said John Brokenshire.

I bowed my acknowledgments, but looked puzzled. Noemie, quicker, as women are, detected some meaning in the phrase, and changed colour.

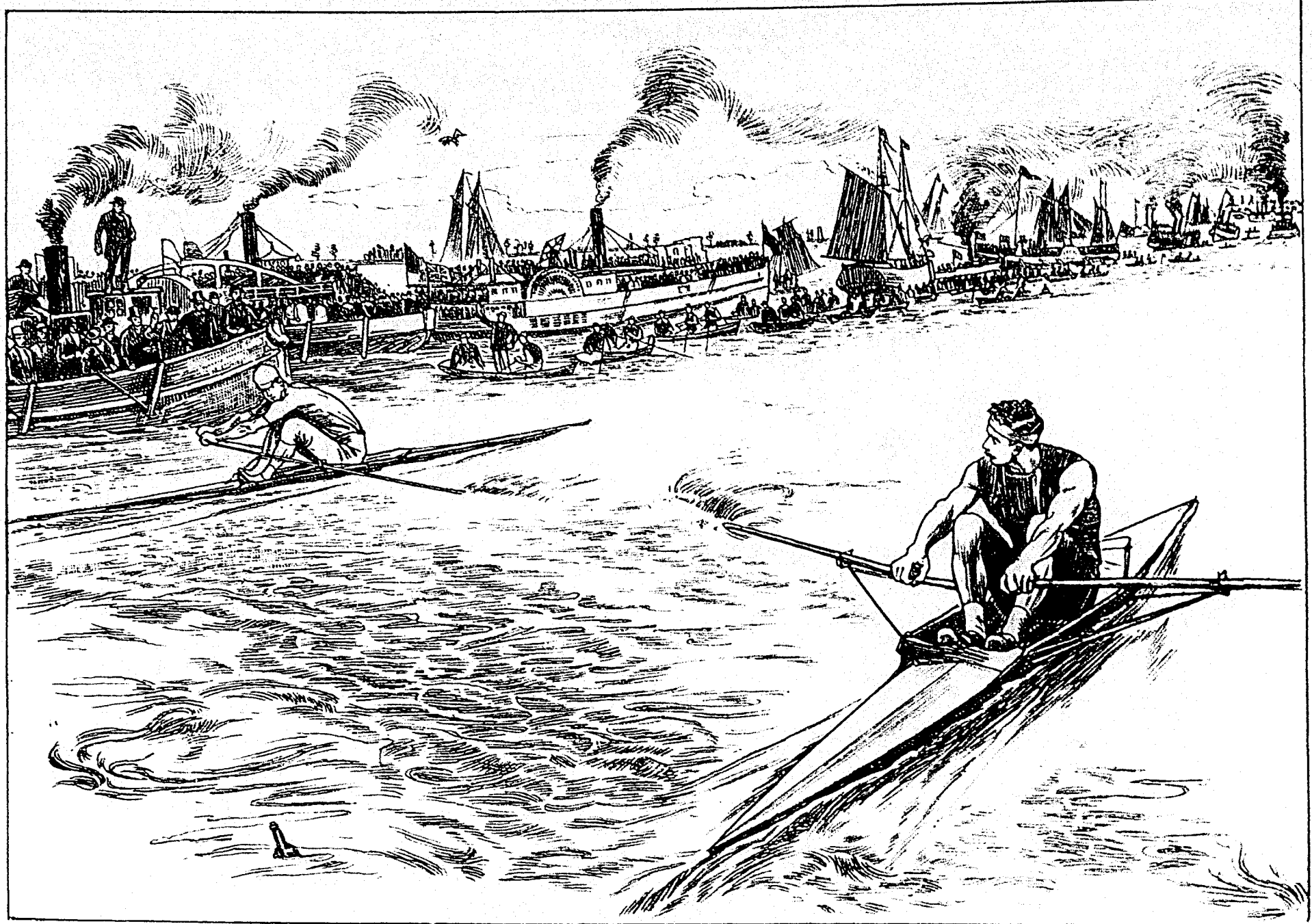
"Consequently, William Jaker has influence, you see," continued John Brokenshire, shaking the pudding-dish to make the flames go on leaping. "You know servants have often more power than Cabinet Ministers. So when I got talking to William Jaker about poor Jules Leblanc's case, I knew that if he repeated the thing to the Marshal, he would be throwing seed on good ground."

"And did he repeat it?" asked Noemie, breathless.

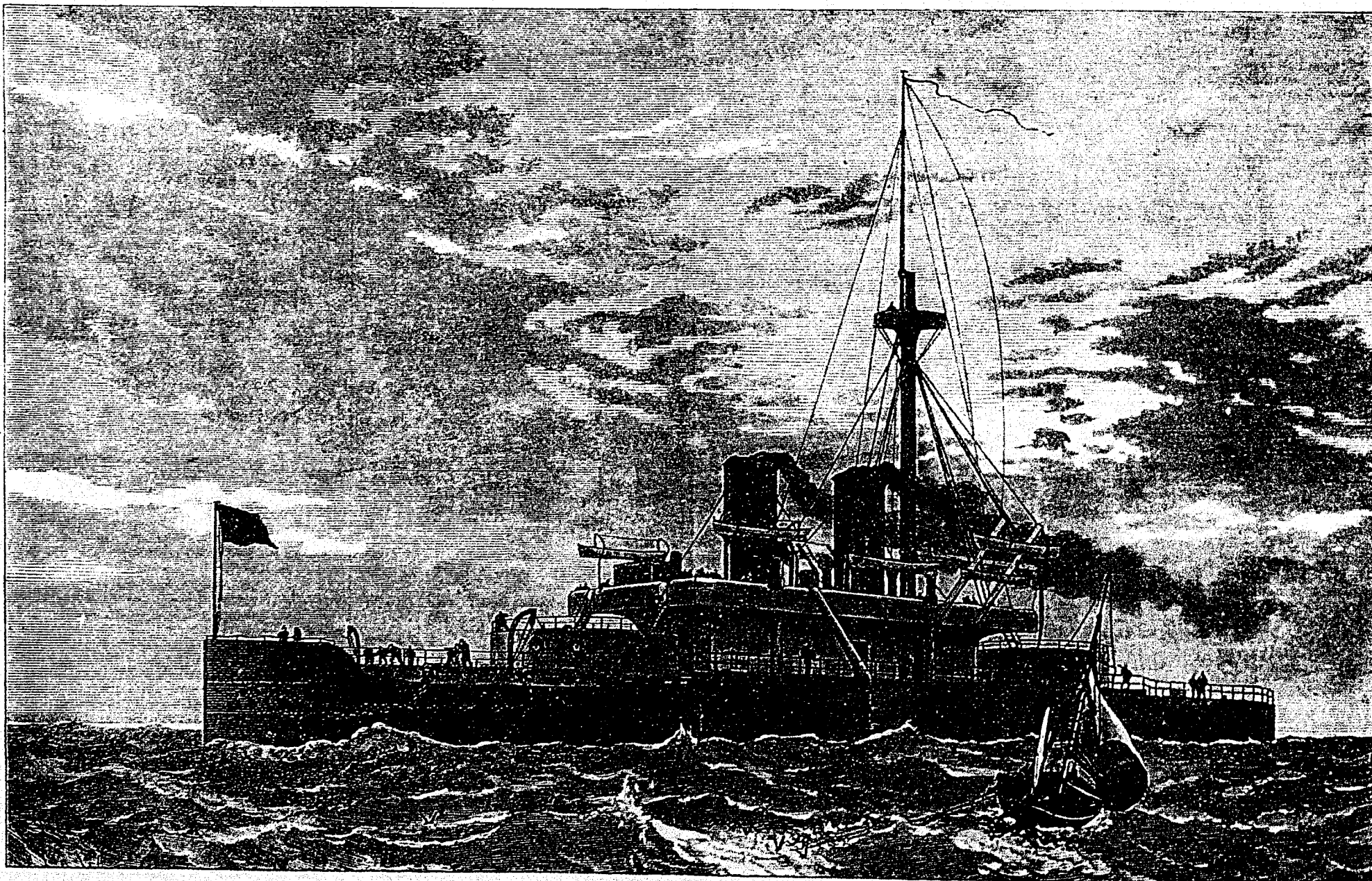
"Yes, my dear, he did," said John Brokenshire. "He repeated it while he was plying his father, and while the Marshal had a napkin round his neck so that he couldn't budge."

"Ach lieber Himmel!"—the brave man. "And did anything come of it?" asked Madame Grattelot.

"Well, Noemie may open her parcel now," answered the Englishman.



TORONTO.—THE GREAT HANLAN-PLAISTED BOAT RACE, WHICH TOOK PLACE ON THE AFTERNOON OF MAY 15.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRICKSHANK.



THE DREADNOUGHT, THE MOST POWERFUL IRONCLAD AFLOAT.



DEPARTURE FOR THE HUNT.—FROM THE PAINTING OF CHAPLIN IN THE SALON OF 1877.

"What's in it?" we all asked, excited, as Noemie, with trembling fingers, unloosed the string.

"It contains your husband's pardon, my dear," said John Brokenshire. "And now for the pudding!"

FENIANISM DENOUNCED.

FATHER WALWORTH'S OPINION FEARLESSLY EXPRESSED—A LECTURE DELIVERED AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, ALBANY.

A congregation composed of members of various denominations throughout the city of Albany attended vespers in St. Mary's Church on Sunday evening to hear Father Walworth's lecture on "Fenianism," a subject interesting at this time on account of the supposed disposition of the members of that order to attack some of the British possessions in the event of war between England and Russia.

Father Walworth said substantially: If it had been my purpose to gather a large audience here to-night, I should have waited a little longer, until the cloud of "Fenianism" had burst into a violent storm. But I had other things to consider when setting the present time. There are two classes of men who lead the public mind whenever a fever has taken hold of it. One class may truly be termed demagogues, having none but their own private interests to gain, without regard to what may happen to the crowds who love to run after such leaders. The other class do not run with them, but labor strongly against the current of that fever, not for private gain, but for the benefit of those whom they love and for whom they have an honest regard; and to prevent them from going into danger and bringing down upon themselves increased sorrow. This class, if they possess the true spirit, may be called apostles, and they obey the Scripture warning, "Thou shalt not follow the multitude to do wrong." In my argument I may say what will displease some whom I dearly love and also those who may love me. If, when I lay my head upon my pillow to-night, I shall feel that my interest in the welfare of the souls of my people has lost to me the friendship of a single one, I will offer my grief and pain to God, in part expiation of my sins, and now, in the name of God and my country, I assume the office of district attorney and make my charges against Fenianism.

First, I charge it with treason against the Irish people. The Fenians claim to have at heart the best interests of that people, and also to be acting in the cause of Ireland. If it were this, and if they presented any reasonable arguments for, or legitimate method of righting the wrongs of Ireland, not one word would I utter against them; on the contrary I would recommend the undertaking and pray for it with my whole heart. This country is full of sympathy for poor oppressed Ireland. If strangers feel thus, surely it ought to be expected the Irish people will feel deeply. Here I found my charge of treason—knowing the feelings of the Irish heart, these leaders play upon them, not to accomplish any good, but to fill their own pockets. They may be likened to the fable of the monkey and the cat. You all know which suffered from the fire and which secured and ate the chestnuts. I know not if those whose oppressive laws have crushed poor Ireland are any more wicked than these impostors, if, indeed, they can be called as mean.

I also charge "Fenianism" with treason against the holy church. We all know how, for centuries, the Irish people, through all kinds of suffering losing nearly all they had, clung to their church, in which their only comfort was to be found. Their church and their clergy only were left them, and this union was left unbroken. Sidney Smith's proposition was to break this union between priest and people, and recommend that the priests be paid a certain amount of money to quit home, but they would not accept, preferring to live in poverty with their people, and the people also clung to the clergy. The Fenians now are trying to break up this union between priest and people. Is it any wonder then that this which Fenians call the Irish cause should be proscribed by the bishops and priests of Ireland? They advise that calm reason and good judgment be used.

I charge "Fenianism" with treason against the United States Government, whose privileges they enjoy. The United States, like other governments, has certain neutrality laws, and it cannot permit any of its subjects within its borders to make war with foreign powers, nor allow them to gather together with arms for intended warfare. It is necessary, for many reasons, to forbid it. While the United States Government and the American people will not allow it, it does not mean that they do not feel for the wrongs of the Irish people. Their sympathy for them has been shown on more than one occasion. You, no doubt, remember

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND,

when the Americans showed their sympathy in a very practical form. It was in 1846 or 1847 that they sent a ship filled with bread and grain to the suffering and starving people there. I was told by a person who saw that ship in harbor that when it reached the cove of Cork the shores were lined with distressed humanity watching and waiting for the arrival of the vessel, and imagine their horrid feeling and sad

disappointment when it was discovered that the ship could not enter port until the duty had been paid. The disappointed and sympathizing Americans on board at once sent word back to send on the money immediately. It has always been a joy to me to remember that my own father furnished a large part of that cargo, and I trust that the blessings then showered upon his head from the Irish shore have been heard in heaven. Oh! it is not for want of sympathy, my beloved brethren, not even for misguided Fenians, that the United States laws are made and must be enforced. In 1838, I think it was, I was present at the trial of William Lyon McKenzie, when every reason was put forth why the United States laws should not be enforced in that instance, but they were. Joshua Spencer, one of the ablest lawyers of his day, was United States District Attorney, and conducted the prosecution. The prisoner had been found carrying war into Canada from American soil. He defended himself at his trial, and his whole cry was "Liberty, Liberty, Liberty. We seek liberty, and how can the American Government, so free itself, wish to deprive us of our liberty?" When liberty means the right to do and say what any man or set of men think proper, it cannot always be allowed.

THE NEUTRALITY LAWS

can not and should not be broken simply because of the cry of "Liberty." They can not, ought not and will not. America must protect her own people.

Again, I charge "Fenianism" with treason against humanity. What does it propose to do? Does it propose to carry a fighting force across to Ireland and there battle to give freedom? Surely that can not be their plan. Can they swim the ocean? In what vessel can they go there? In American vessels? Surely the Government will not permit its vessels to depart for such a purpose. Perhaps in Russian vessels? Will this nation quietly see Russian vessels leave our ports filled with soldiers and arms to make war on the possessions of a foreign and friendly power? Certainly not. What then do they mean to do? The only other practicable course will be to

INVADE CANADA.

That plan has been tried before, and the result you know. It was then that the leading general, surrounded by his soldiers, with sword by his side, and pistols in his pocket, was arrested and removed by a single United States marshal. The mother and babe lying on the border, would lie sleepless on her bed at night in terror. Suppose it was invaded and some success followed, and suppose great battles took place, and suppose what is quite unassailable, that Canada were taken. Is it not a fact that Canada is and has been considered a burden to England, but because of their making laws that suit themselves and give them contentment, it remains in her possession. Who are the Canadians? Are they not largely French and Irish Catholics, who would be its principal defenders? Then this would be the result: Catholic blood flowing and Catholic dead strewn the battle field, simply to make England feel a little bad at what the Fenian can do. It is a crime against humanity, and yet that would be the only achievement the wildest hope for now. It is one thing to cry for Ireland's wrongs, for which we all feel, and quite another thing to adjust them. Bloodshed! Oh! it is a fearful thing to shed blood willfully when not in self-defence, and when there is no good to be gained. St. Columbine, the great Irish saint, in his early life, filled with passion, gathered his friends, including princes, around him and by warfare spilled a great quantity of human blood and destroyed many lives in such work, but when the excitement had passed over, a great council was called and he was condemned to exile for the dreadful result of his leadership. He was powerful and resisted, but soon his conscience troubled him, and he appealed to a certain holy hermit, who said he must go as punishment for the spilling of his countrymen's blood. He went. He loved Ireland, but had wronged her. And thereafter the penitential cry of his life was: "I have made Irish blood to flow, and without need."

Nothing but injury can come of the Fenian undertaking. When they gather together, do not go with them. Give them no money or other aid. Trust in God and not in them. Perhaps some may feel that those Fenians can be trusted more than I can or the other clergy. If such is the case, then the will of God be done! Time passes. Life itself passes. Soon the calm and silent gave will gather all in. We may meet on another shore, and then you will know which are your earnest and best friends, those who seek to stir your blood with hatred and revenge, or the clergy who preach to you the gospel of love and peace.

BURLESQUE.

HIS FIRST AND ONLY LOVE.—"Did I love any other girl!" repeated a prospective bridegroom, in answer to a tearful query of his intended. "Why, darling, of course not. You are my first and only love. This heart knew no wakening until the sunshine of your love streamed in and woke it to ecstasy."

And then he kissed her tenderly and went home and said to himself:

"I must hurry them things out of the way right off, or there'll be a row."

And he collected a great pile of letters, written in all kinds of feminine hands with lots of faded

flowers, and photographs, and locks of hair, and bits of faded ribbon and other things, and when the whole collection had been crammed into the kitchen grate, he drew a deep sigh, and said to himself:

"There goes all that's left of fourteen undying loves. Let 'em flicker!"

THE GRIMALDIS.—Turning over the leaves of an old volume of an old and once famous magazine, we met with this story of "the oldest Grimaldi." He had a shrewish wife, with whom he frequently quarrelled, and the pair at last succeeded in making their lives so intensely miserable that in despair they determined to end them. So Mr. Grimaldi went to a neighbouring apothecary and bought an ounce of arsenic, "to poison the rats." Taking it home, "the illustrious Punch and Judy" swallowed, in tumblers of water, each a moiety of the deadly powder, and, with tears and embraces, separated, that neither might have the pang of seeing the other's sufferings and death. He went to the sitting-room couch, she to her bed in the adjoining room, leaving the door between the two rooms open. A long, solemn pause ensued, and in the silence each listened with terrible intensity. But nothing was heard except an occasional sob from Mrs. G. and a quivering sigh from Mr. G. Both were in tears. At last his patience was exhausted, minutes seemed hours, and in a deep, low voice he asked:

"Are you dead, love?"
And with a sigh she answered "No."
"Ha!" growled he, angrily.
"Grimaldi!" said she, reproachfully.

Half an hour elapsed, and at length Mrs. Grimaldi found the silence unbearable. Frightful visions of her husband's face, ghastly and motionless in death, were before her as she tremblingly raised herself in her bed and cried out:

"Mr. Grimaldi, are you dead?"
Any the gruff reply came, "No, Mrs. Grimaldi."

For two hours these questions and answers went on periodically, till at last the lady's turn coming again, she in an almost hysterical shriek repeated the inquiry:

"Mr. Grimaldi, my love, are you *not* dead?"
as if his living were a most incredible thing. Grimaldi then replied:

"No, my dear, I am not, and I don't think I shall die to-night, unless it be of starvation. Get out of the bed, Mrs. Grimaldi, and I see for some supper, for I am very hungry."

And so ended this fatal performance, for the apothecary knew them, and guessing their purpose, had prudently given Mr. Grimaldi a small parcel of magnesia.

NOT A MARRYING GIRL.—They were seated together, side by side, on the sofa, in the most approved lover-fashion—his arm encircling her taper waist, &c.

"Lizzie," he said, "you must have read my heart ere this; you must know how dearly I love you."

"Yes, Fred, you have certainly been very attentive," said Lizzie.

"But, Lizzie, darling, do you love me? Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife, Fred? Of all things, no! No, indeed, nor any one else's."

"Lizzie, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Fred. I've two married sisters."

"Certainly, and Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Skinner have good husbands, I believe."

"So people say; but I wouldn't like to stand in either May's or Nell's shoes; that's all."

"Lizzie, you astonish me."

"Look here, Fred; I've had over twenty-five sleigh-rides this winter, thanks to you and my other gentlemen friends."

Fred winced a little here, whether at the remembrance of that unpaid livery bill or the idea of Lizzie sleighing with her other gentlemen friends, I cannot positively answer.

"How many do you think my sisters have had? Not the sign of one, either of them. Such pretty girls as May and Nellie were, too, and so much attention as they used to have!"

"Now, Lizzie—"

"I am fond of going to the theatre occasionally as well as a lecture or concert sometimes, and I shouldn't like it if I proposed attending any such entertainment to be invariably told that times were hard and my husband couldn't afford it, and then to have him sneak off."

"Lizzie, Lizzie—"

"And then if once in a dog's age he did condescend to go with me anywhere in the evening, I shouldn't like to be left to pick my way along the slippery places, at the risk of breaking my neck, he walking along unconsciously by my side. I'm of a dependent, clinging nature, and I need the protection of a strong arm."

"Lizzie, this is all nonsense."

"I'm the youngest in our family, and perhaps I've been spoiled. At all events, I know it would break my heart to have my husband vent all the ill-temper which he conceals from the world on my defenceless head."

"But, Lizzie, I promise you that I—"

"Oh, yes, Fred; I know what you are going to say—that you will be different; but May and Nell have told me time and again that no better husbands than theirs ever lived. No, Fred; as a lover you are just perfect, and I shall hate awfully to give you up. Still, if you are bent on marrying, there are plenty of girls who have not married sisters, or who are not wise enough to profit by their example, if they have. And don't fret about me, for I've no doubt I can find some one to fill your place!"

But before Lizzie had concluded Fred made for the door, muttering something "unmentionable to ears polite."

"There!" exclaimed Lizzie, as the door closed with a bang. "I knew he was no better than the rest. That's the way John and Aleck swear and slam doors when things don't go just right. He'd make a bear of a husband; but I'm sorry he came to the point so soon, for he was just a splendid beau."

YOUNG men should take pattern by pianos—be square, upright, grand.

THE engaged ring generally becomes the guard of the wedding ring.

THE influence of woman as a wife, if wisely exerted, is almost boundless.

A BAD marriage is like an electric machine—it makes you dance, but you can't let go.

THE higher Education of Women—Learning to walk in French boots with six-inch heels.

A COQUETTE is a rosebush from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband.

"Yes," said an old lady thoughtfully, "it is all right. When God made Adam, he went right to work and made Eve to tell him what to do."

A YOUNG lady was undecided whether to accept the address of James or John. James gave her a sealskin saccue, and she immediately gave the sack to John.

If there is anything that disturbs a quiet household more than a healthy mother-in-law, it is a woman that has certain reasons for believing that she's "smart."

A head of hair seven feet long is to be exhibited at the Paris exposition. It is light brown and grew on a Normandy girl. She sold it for \$500 and expects to have another and better clipping ready within three years.

You can buy a baby in China for one hundred cancelled postage stamps. But as long as you can buy a China baby in this country for five cents, it would be a bald piece of folly to squander the price of a trip to China for an inferior article.

It is said that a project is on foot looking to the management of railway trains by the use of mirrors so arranged as to reflect a complete picture of the road to the President's office. That's the way the ladies always manage their trains.

THE following figures show how popular music sells: "Put me in my little bed," by Dexter Smith, 250,000; "Come, birdie, come," same author, 100,000; "Mollie, darling," by Will S. Hays, 40,000; "Silver Threads among the Gold," by Danks (who is very popular), 75,000; "Come home, father," 50,000; "Evangeline," 25,000; "Tramp, tramp, tramp," 100,000; "Nora O'Neill," 100,000; "Sweet Genevieve," 20,000. Many of these still sell steadily, and will doubtless continue to do so for a number of years. Songs written to suit the times frequently reach immense sales, and, as in book publications, those which appear the weakest are not unfrequently the most successful.

MT. VESUVIUS.

Should an eruption occur in this volcano, and cause the destruction of one-half of the inhabitants who live in the vicinity, the remainder, who barely escape with their lives, immediately move back upon the half-cooled lava, and there live in constant fear of another eruption, foolishly fancying that the only tenable portion of the earth rests within the shadow of the great volcano. This fairly illustrates the force of habit, and the persistency with which people cling to opinions when once formed. For example, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures incipient consumption, coughs, colds, and all affections of the liver and blood, yet some s ill depend upon physicians and remedies that have naught but repeated failures to which they can refer. And although Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold under a positive guarantee to cure those weaknesses peculiar to women, and notwithstanding that thousands of women bear testimony to its efficacy, and the truth of all statements made concerning it, many yet submit to the use of caustic and the knife. Again Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, no larger than mustard seeds, will positively cure constipation, where it is dependent upon dyspepsia or torpid liver; yet some still depend for relief upon the "blue pill" or huge doses of drastic cathartic medicine. In the face of such facts, can we wonder at the blindness of the poor Italians?

If we had no pride we should not complain of that of others. Send for samples and card for self-measurement, and get six of **Treble's Perfect Shirts** for \$12. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks. Solution of Problem No. 173 received. Correct. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 174 received. F. W., Montreal.—You will receive an answer to your letter by post. E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 170 received. Correct.

Subjoined is a list of the competitors in the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney. The contest is progressing very satisfactorily, and already we have heard it whispered that one or two victories have been achieved. We shall not fail to report any particulars of this nature which may be furnished us for our Column.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Names of Competitors.

- Professor W. H. Hicks, Montreal. John Henderson, A. Saunders, J. W. Shaw, M. J. Murphy, Quebec. C. A. Roy, St. Hyacinthe. W. Braithwaite, Unionville, Ont. Dr. J. Ryall, Hamilton, Ont. H. N. Kirtson, G. Gibson, Toronto. J. E. Narraway, St. John, N.B. J. Clarkson, J. P. Wylie, Halifax, N.S. Jas. G. Foster, Geo. P. Black,

In accordance with the above number, the corrected list of prizes will be as follows:

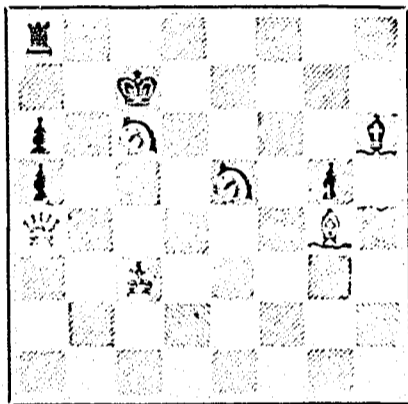
Table with 2 columns: Prize rank (1st to 5th) and Amount (\$5, \$3, \$2, \$1, \$0.50).

J. W. SHAW, Conductor of Tourney.

Montreal, 14th May, 1878.

PROBLEM NO. 173.

By G. E. CARPENTER. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY GAMES.

A game in the series between Mr. Menck, of Dublin, and Mr. Froese, of Washington, D. C. The notes are by the Chess Editor of the Nottingham (England) Times.

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

NOTES.

- (a) This we consider the best reply to this opening at this point. (b) One of the regular continuations of this opening, which we consider rather inferior to P takes P. (c) Again the best defence. (d) All this is according to the books. (e) We do not like this, but recommend P to K R 3, followed by K to Q 2. (f) Of course. (g) In order to prevent Black's P to K B 5, but not a good expedient. P takes P en passant is much superior.

but, in any case, Black remains with the advantage of position. We may safely ascribe White's loss of the game to this improvident move. (h) Best under the circumstances. (i) A miscalculation, which loses a piece. The student who is desirous of improving his play should not fail to look at the principal variations arising from Black's last move. (j) All Black's moves after White's 16th move are perfect, and we commend them as very instructive to young players. (k) We would have played K to K 2. (l) There is no need for this sacrifice, but it is perfectly sound and must win. (m) The correct style. White may as well resign at once, but we give the whole, as the end game is very instructive to young players.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 173.

- WHITE. 1. K to Q K 4, 2. Q to Q 8 (ch), 3. K to K 6 mate. BLACK. 1. K to R 2 (ch), 2. K takes Q, 1. K to K 4, 2. K moves.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 171.

- WHITE. 1. K to K R 8, 2. B to K 5 mate. BLACK. 1. Anything.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 172.

- WHITE. K at K 5, R at Q 4. BLACK. K at K R 5. White to play and mate in two moves.

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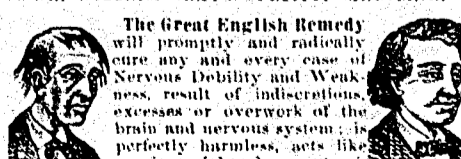
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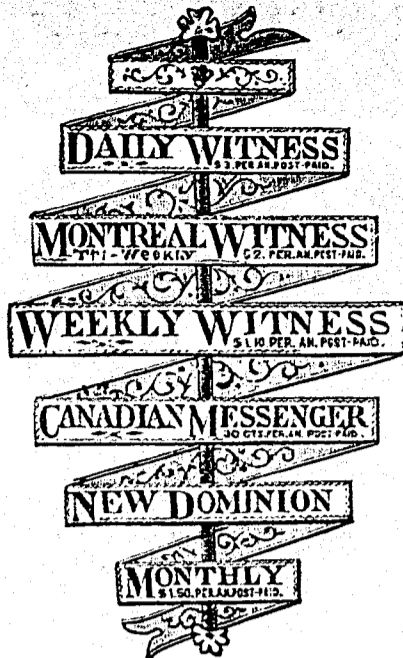
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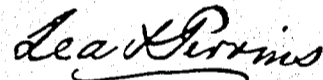
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