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Illustrated News

Vol. XXIV.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1881.

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A ROMAN GOAT HERD.
FROM THE PICTURE BY FREDERICK DUROK.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

as observed by HARRIS & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

July 17th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon... 84°	68°	76°	Mon... 89°	69°	74°
Tues... 85°	69°	77°	Tues... 81°	64°	72°
Wed... 86°	68°	77°	Wed... 86°	64°	75°
Thur... 84°	63°	73°	Thur... 86°	62°	74°
Fri... 82°	64°	73°	Fri... 81°	62°	71°
Sat... 75°	65°	70°	Sat... 82°	60°	71°
Sun... 70°	58°	64°	Sun... 76°	64°	70°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 23rd, 1881.

THE WEEK.

The second exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy has done much to justify the hopes of its founders and to contradict the prophecies of those who believed only in its failure. The pictures this year show a large increase in number while the standard is fully up to and a little beyond that of last year. Still the number of pictures is yet small compared with the number of academicians. We thought at the time and think still, that the Academy should have commenced with a higher standard and fewer members. Of oil paintings—that is to say of the permanent works by which as a rule the art standard of a community is gauged—there are but ninety, while the resident academicians number twenty, and the associates twenty-five. Surely this would seem to show a very small amount of work to each painter. In the Royal Academy it is necessary to limit the works contributed by any one Academician to eight. Here many R.C.A.'s are represented by a single picture, few by more than two or three. This is not as it should be. If the Academy is to be of any real use it must be supported in the first place by its members, and should be the repository each year of the chief works of every R.C.A. The distance of Halifax from the other centres of art in the Dominion may have had something to say to the present paucity, but we hope next year to see that the Academicians are really in earnest and that the Academy is to be a reality and a success.

The press have been greatly exercised over the Marquis of LORSE's excursion to the North-West, in view of their idea that correspondents of Canadian papers would be excluded from accompanying the Vice-Regal party. Apart from the absurdity of supposing that any one who may take it into his mind to go by the same train and follow the same route as the Marquis, would or could be prevented in any way from carrying out his intention, it certainly never occurred to any one except the papers in question that the press would be treated otherwise than with the courtesy which the Marquis has ever caused to be shown them in their connection with his public acts in this country. The explanation of the whole matter is sufficiently simple. It has been arranged that a certain number of journalists should accompany the party on behalf of

prominent English papers, and that they should be considered as part of the suite, and their expenses defrayed by the country. This is being done in view of the advantage which will accrue to the country by the publication in England of full details as to the position and prospects of the North-West. So far there is or will be a *quid pro quo*, and few people will grudge the small additional expense which the country will have to bear on account of these gentlemen. As few, we imagine, will consider that the Canadian papers have any special claim to the defrayment of their correspondents' expenses. Such as wish to send special representatives will be able to do so on the ordinary terms of supplying their own means of transit, and paying their own expenses. We understand, moreover, that those in charge of the expedition have expressed their readiness to afford all information which may be desired to any members of the press who may apply for it, and we do not for an instant doubt that any Canadian journalists who follow the Marquis, will receive every courtesy to which they have been accustomed.

The visit of the Marquis will probably extend from the Red River to the passes of the Rocky Mountains and even into the Peace River Valley. Apart from the advantage which will accrue to the Government from the Governor-General's own practical acquaintance with the farming and mineral regions through which the route will lie, the reports of skilled correspondents upon these subjects cannot fail to have a distinct effect upon the future of the North-West. Not only Canada but the world will know the truth about the magnificent country which lies so near us, and which has a future before it which will involve the fortunes of the whole Dominion.

Mr. INGERSOLL's paper on the Christian Religion in the *North American Review* is by far the most temperate and rational (and for that very reason probably the most dangerous) attack which he has so far made upon the strongholds of our faith. It is therefore the greater pity that Mr. BLACK's answer, which appears side by side with it, should fall so short of the article itself in so many respects that it may be almost said to prejudice his case with people who, however true to the faith of their fathers, can yet respect while they pity, honest infidelity, and believe above all things in fair play. In place of a logical attempt to overthrow Mr. INGERSOLL's position, which on several points is certainly most vulnerable, the greater part of the article is taken up with a personal attack upon the man himself. Mr BLACK makes no pretence at observing the ordinary courtesies of debate in heaping invective upon his opponent, forgetting that to scoff at a man is not to refute him, nor is it enough to quote against him such lines as head the reply "Gratiano talks an infinite deal of nothing," etc. It is the more to be regretted that the temperate tone of Mr. INGERSOLL's attack and the specious cleverness of his arguments undoubtedly appear in a more favourable light in contrast with the discourteous language, to call it by a mild name, of his opponent. It is by the heedless advocacy of the unwise amongst her children that the Church has ever suffered more than by the attacks of her enemies. To meet Mr. INGERSOLL on his own ground, to admit with him that reason should be the final arbiter, and to refute his arguments one by one on logical grounds and according to the laws of judicial evidence, would be to take a far higher ground, and one productive of far more real service to Christianity than to call him a fool, and protest that "it would be a mere waste of time to enumerate the proofs" of the creation and the personality of the Deity.

The inquest on the body of the late Mr. CREIGHTON, who died from the effects of a wound received at the hands of a

companion in the Windsor Hotel, has been the occasion of many commentaries, not in all cases complimentary to the behaviour of juries upon coroners' inquests in this city. While we should be the last to suggest that the occurrence was anything but an accident, and while we most strongly deprecate the ill-feeling which seems to have risen on the subject, still there can be no doubt that a considerable amount of evidence was repressed, though called for by the friends of the deceased; while every effort was made to smooth things over and avoid hurting anybody's feelings, a sentiment with which in its application to private life we most heartily agree, but which is totally out of place in a judicial investigation. A coroners' jury ought to be of the most material assistance in the discovery of crime or the prevention of undue suspicion. They have the opportunity, often denied to the jury at the assizes, of hearing evidence immediately after the occurrence and in its neighbourhood, while all the details are fresh in men's minds, and whatever circumstantial evidence may be forthcoming is open to the closest scrutiny and of double the value it may possess later. For such a body to refuse to admit evidence, and to declare themselves perfectly satisfied before they have heard half the case is equivalent to a confession of their own uselessness. If a coroner's inquest is to have any value it must be conducted on a different plan from this.

The amenities of journalism in the East are little dreamed of by us who sit at home in ease. Our esteemed contemporary the *Nichi-Nichi Shim-bun* gives a heartrending description of the unhappy case of a brother scribe. We learn from its columns that on the 26th of April last Mr. SAIONJI, ex-editor of the *Togo Jigu Shim-bun*, was summoned to the Procurator's office in the Tokio Saibansho, and "Mr. MATUZAWA, of the editorial staff of the same journal, was arraigned there in handcuffs, and tied up with a rope round his loins." Our contemporary adds with significant moderation that "it is very sad to see journalists thus treated who have worked for the benefit of their country." Mr. MATUZAWA's sole offence is said to have been that of publishing a statement that the Mikado had instructed the Minister of the Imperial Department of the Household to order Mr. SAIONJI to resign the editorship of his journal. Of the fate of the latter gentleman the *Nichi-Nichi Shim-bun* is silent. It is probably too awful to put in words. He was summoned to the tribunal—"and then there was only one;" to imitate the expressive *ellipsis* in which the writer of the "Ten little niggers" so excelled. In any case it was bad enough to be handcuffed and tied up by the waist, and we think it only fair to proprietors of journals in Japan to inform them that it will be of no use offering us an editorial chair on any *Shim-bun* whatsoever, as we shall not consider ourselves at liberty to accept it. We are too busy, far too busy, and besides, we object to being tied up by the waist.

The bearer of a famous historic name has just died in Vienna. The death of Dr. ANDREAS EDLER VON HOFER will cause regret even to many who knew nothing of the man or his political work, merely because he was a grandson of the great Tyrolese patriot, ANDREAS HOFER, the hero of the desperate stand of Tyrolean liberty in 1809. But if the death of a HOFER can arouse emotion in the minds of aliens, whose knowledge of modern Tyrol is perhaps confined to an autumn holiday, it can also enable them to appreciate the sorrow with which the death of Dr. HOFER will be regarded by the people to whom his name means all that GARI-BALDI's does to a champion of *Italia Irredenta*. The descendants of the peasants who used to hurl down upon the invaders of their valleys huge stones in the name of the Trinity will feel no slight sorrow to think that the grandson of

their TELA has passed away. MOSEN's poem, which may be considered the Tyrolese national song, and which tells how the faithful HOFER lay in chains in Mantua, and how he met his death with the name of his fatherland upon his lips, will wear for some time a fresher melancholy to those who sing it. But Dr. HOFER had other claims to regret than the name he bore. He took an active share in politics, and was chosen in 1870 a deputy in the Tyrolean Landtag, by whom he was returned to the House of Deputies in 1877. The Tyrol has lost a useful representative as well as a descendant of the revered patriot of Passeyyr.

THE CANADIAN ACADEMY.

The Academy exhibition which is now open in Halifax, N.S., is a decided improvement upon the initial attempt of last year both as to the number and excellence of the pictures sent. We give on another page a sketch of the opening of the exhibition by the Governor-General. The pictures have been discussed in detail in the daily press so that for the present we are disposed to say little about them, but we hope to be able in our next number to reproduce some of the leading pictures from sketches by the artists themselves, so that the public may be able to form some idea of them.

The oil paintings by Canadian artists are all hung in the Assembly Chamber, and comprise many diploma pictures—in all over 100 oil paintings. This is not the largest, but on the whole, is the best exhibition of Canadian oil paintings ever held in the Dominion. The work of Canadian artists is far ahead of that exhibited at Ottawa last year, but the loan collection is neither as large nor as valuable. This is accounted for by the large amount of space taken up by the Academy pictures, compelling the committee to confine the exhibits to a few of the choicest works.

In addition to these are a good collection of water-colours and architectural drawings, and a noticeably improved exhibition of designs in the various classes. The encouragement of artistic design, especially as applied to manufactures should be a main feature of the Academy, and the decided step made in this direction from last year is most encouraging to note.

THE SHAM FIGHT AT HALIFAX.

Our large double page contains a number of illustrations of the recent doings at HALIFAX during the week following Dominion Day. Upon the summit of Camp Hill had been erected a large Redoubt, inside of which was stationed the main body of the defenders, under the command of Col. A. W. Drayson, R.A. This Redoubt was protected on the front by a ditch, and a hundred yards further in front—near the foot of the elevated ground—by shelter trenches. In the rear of the parapets were ditches. The heavy rains left all the ground in the Redoubt and vicinity in a muddy, disagreeable state, which naturally added to the difficulties of the defence. The defending force consisted of two guns and 60 men from the men-of-war 2 batteries of Royal Artillery, 2 batteries of Militia Artillery, and the 63rd Rifles. The naval guns were placed in the salients of the Redoubt; one battery of the Royal Artillery distributed along the trenches at the right; a battery of Militia Artillery along the trenches at the left; and one-third of each ordered to the rear as a reserve. One company of the 63rd furnished outposts along Cunard, Park and Cogswell streets; two companies extended along Jubilee Road, from Summer to Park street; another company was stationed at the Junction of Quinpool road and Windsor street; and the remainder in the shelter trenches and rifle pits in front of the Redoubt. A few minutes after eleven o'clock, His Excellency the Governor-General and suite arrived at the Redoubt, and the signal was then given for the action to commence by firing two guns in quick succession. The attacking party advanced from the following points: a company of the 19th, from Quinpool road, where, being checked by pickets, they awaited the advance of their main body, under Lieut. Col. Hereford; men of the 19th and 66th from Agricola street, under Col. Bremner, and the 101st, and Royal Engineers, with two guns, from Maynard and Cogswell streets. The latter quickly massed and took up a position behind the north-west slope of the glacis, when they planted their two guns, which kept up a steady fire at the Redoubt. By this time the advanced guard had formed one unbroken line along the whole north of the common, and supported by their quickly advancing main bodies, and covered by the fire of their artillery, were rapidly driving back the pickets. After an exciting battle, in which every step of the advance was stubbornly resisted by the defenders, the attacking party succeeded in forcing their way to within 50 yards of the Redoubt, their guns at Windsor and North streets, and on the glacis of the Citadel keeping up a heavy fire. They were now ordered to advance to the final assault, which they did with a rush and cheer. At the same moment Col. Drayson ordered his reserve artillery-men to the parapets, who, with the field guns, delivered a steady and murderous fire. According to the *Evening Mail's* correspondent,

not a man could have escaped to tell the story. The enemy, so successful during the whole attack, would have been entirely annihilated when preparing to win the final victory. As it was—always bearing in mind that this was a sham fight—the enemy advanced to the ditch outside the Redoubt, where they halted while the defenders and guns within withdrew from the parapets to the rear of the Redoubt. This was considered to be a victory for the attacking forces, who were supposed to have captured the Redoubt. After "cease firing," the assembly was sounded, and the troops fell in on their markers and marched to the usual parade ground on the Common, where they marched past in columns of companies—the defending army leading, under Col. Drayson, and the attacking army under Col. Cameron. They then formed contiguous columns at six paces intervals, advanced, gave a general salute to the Marquis of Lorne, and then dispersed.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our first page this week is occupied by an engraving from the charming picture of Durck's of a Roman Goatherd. The figure of the boy with his rustic pipe and picturesque costume is characteristic at once of the artist's best manner and happiest choice of subject.

THE review at St. John's, N.B., of which we give two half-page illustrations from photographs taken in the camp by Messrs. Notman, was originally intended to take place on Queen's Birthday; but was owing to the difficulty of making suitable arrangements, postponed until the 1st of July. Though small by comparison with the Halifax affair of the following week, it was a complete success, and the Governor-General's presence added to the attractions of the spectacle itself to entice a large crowd of spectators. Owing to a press of space we have been obliged to defer an engraving of the review itself, which should have appeared in this number, but being crowded out will be given in our next.

THE Montreal ship-labourer's strike, which is now apparently advancing to a close, had assumed such formidable proportions during the past few weeks that it was found necessary to bring a contingent of the Quebec police over to assist in keeping order. These men our artist sketched as he found them on duty at the wharves, under command of Benjamin Trudel, Chief of the River Police and Shipping Master of the Harbour of Quebec.

A FISHING TRIP TO LAKE ST. JOSEPH.

Lake St. Joseph is situated about thirty miles N. W. of Quebec, and about twelve miles N. of the Q. M. O. & C. Railroad, from which we descended at St. Jeanne de Neuville (Pont Rouge). We had spent a considerable amount of conjecture upon the means of reaching our destination, and the appearance of the station and its surroundings did not tend to reassure us. However our doubts were soon solved by the appearance of a somewhat sleepy *habitant* (it was about five A. M.) with kind inquiries as to our health and intentions. We speedily satisfied him on both heads, and having accompanied him to his shanty, which adjoined the station, we presided at the installation of a remarkable horse between the shafts of a (to me) still more remarkable vehicle, and the connecting of the two by means of a collection of cordage and old leather (I can't in truthfulness call it harness) even more remarkable than either. The conveyance I have endeavoured to depict on another page, and can only add in justice to the owner, that it was really far more comfortable than it looked. Indeed for the rough roads over which our journey lay, the hackboard, so called, produced less and less unpleasant motion in the body of the vehicle than would have been the case with any springs.

These preliminaries despatched we proceeded to the village which lies at a short distance from the station, where after with some trouble awakening the sleepy population ("on se couche tard ici" was our Jehu's only comment on the prevalent somnolency) we made arrangements for something to eat, and strolled about to await its arrival. And here I would warn any who attempt a similar journey against a prevailing characteristic as far as I have observed of the French Canadian. He has no idea of either time or distance, and hence is equally ready to lose the one or miscalculate the other. Our first experience in this direction was the behaviour of our charioteer, who, having petitioned for half an hour's leave of absence, breakfast *casé*, disappeared from the scene for a practically unlimited period. When we had consumed our own meal (I can recommend the eggs and coffee at the establishment, which, although I have forgotten its name, if it had one, I have immortalized in an easily-to-be-recognized sketch) three quarters of an hour had already passed, and no carter. I strolled out to sketch the village, and returned; no carter. A momentary diversion was created by the arrival of a funeral; but the procession entered the little church, and came out again, the boys in their surplices, chanting a requiem as they passed into the graveyard; still no carter. We looked at our watches and began to use bad language. At length after an hour and a half of waiting we resolved that as the mountain would not come to Mahomet, the only thing to be done was for Mahomet to go to the mountain, and accordingly we shouldered our rods and proceeded to seek out our carter, whom finally we met just taking his

way leisurely homewards in the confident belief that he should find us yet at breakfast (from which remark of his I could only conclude that either he was a liar, or that he had gauged our appetites by his own).

As I have said the *habitant* knows nothing of distance. I know this now, but did not then, or my heart would have been less rejoiced at the intelligence that we had but six or seven miles to drive. But the drive itself was perhaps as enjoyable as anything I experienced. As we drove over the Red Bridge there burst upon us the most lovely view of the river, tumbling through half a mile or so of rapids, in exquisite grays and browns flecked with creamy foam, and relieved against a background of warm tinted rocks and brilliant foliage that rose against a cloudless sky. But we had wasted too much time for sketching, and I had to let nature alone for the time being, and devote myself to art—the art, none too easily acquired of holding on to the shiny leather seat of a buck-board on a country road.

Passing over a comparatively flat tract of country, settled all along the road with uninteresting whitewashed shanties all cut apparently off the same piece, we struck the river once more, and skirted it for a few miles. The scenery, which had failed a little in interest during the past half hour, now gained fresh attractions, and the steep banks of the river, which ran some sixty or seventy feet beneath us, clothed in luxuriant foliage, with the glassy surface of the water glittering through rifts in the verdure, made a series of charming views which passed before us as it were in a panorama.

When at length the road began to diverge, we had accomplished probably eight miles, and allowing a little for "windage," I thought I might reasonably expect an early view of the lake. Here it was that I was in error. On questioning the gentleman who presided over our destinies and drove our rig, he laconically pointed to a mountain some three miles distant, and muttered without removing his pipe something of which "autr'cote" was all I could catch. From this point the road commenced to climb and descend again, the sand of which it was composed distressing our horse a good deal, and compelling occasional pilgrimages on foot. Finally after crossing the line of the new Lake St. John Railroad which will in future prove a boon to travellers by the same route, we struck off into the bush, and enjoyed a ride more picturesque than strictly comfortable. A buck board is well enough so long as it is not called upon to surmount a rock of a greater height than two feet. Anything over this in size is apt to make it jump, and—well I did not measure them, but the road seemed mainly composed of boulders of various size and shape, and each boulder accounted for a more or less serious bump on my unfortunate anatomy. But there was some comfort we were nearing our destination, and when a clearing burst upon our fatigued vision followed shortly by a view of the lake, after a journey of some twelve miles and a half, in place of six, we felt that we had not suffered in vain.

Our destination, which we had left in the carter's hands, led us to the house of a Mr. White, a gentleman from the "old country" who administered a hearty welcome, and promised the minor convenience of a bed. The really important items in the programme, a boat and a guide, were also forthcoming, and we lost no time in starting, considering that the journey had lost us enough already. The lake is in shape a parallelogram, some seven miles long by a mile to a mile and a half in width, with an outlet into the river—Jacques Cartier thence into the St. Lawrence, and on the opposite side a small stream flowing into it, which with its numerous springs keeps up the water supply.

Our first day's fishing was on the far side of the lake. Crossing almost directly across—the house is situated almost in the centre of the S. side—we coasted along towards the head of the lake. A gravelly bottom, and rocky shore seemed suggestive of trout, and in the shadow of an overhanging boulder I dropped my first fly. A few casts only and a splash, a struggle and a landing net epitomized the history of the first blood. Along the shore we paddled with varying luck, returning over the same ground after reaching the head of the lake, until, when we put up our rods and paddled across to dinner it was growing late, and our basket held about two dozen fish, all trout save three or four bass, and though small of an excellent flavour, as my palate subsequently testified. As to this same dinner occurred for the first time a slight difficulty. It seems that visitors to Lake St. Joseph are expected to bring their own provisions, a fact of which neither my companion nor myself were aware. The difficulty however was but temporary, and with fresh eggs, home made bread, and fresh trout, the veriest epicure could make a hearty meal, especially after a day in the open air. Dinner discussed I threw a fly in the nearer waters of the lake, but with little success, and darkness sent me home to make the acquaintance of the three or four other fishermen staying in the house. Sportsmen easily make friends, and the present occasion was no exception to the rule. With the assistance of a certain amount of creature comforts, which they, as knowing better the locality, had not omitted to bring, we became before midnight even as brothers, and retired to bed to dream of the, truth to say, fishy stories with which we had during the evening imposed upon the credulity of one another.

Five o'clock saw us afoot again as we had but one more day to spare, but breakfast brought us home hungry and empty handed, save for four or

five infinitesimal trout. From which I am fain to believe that he who would kill fish on the lakes may keep his bed until a reasonable hour, for, as far as my own experience went, the early part of the afternoon gives as good sport as any part of the day. The second day's experience on the lake was much like the first, except that I pursued my way alone, my companion having departed elsewhere after breakfast. We tried the opposite of the lake and I killed some three dozen by three o'clock, when we turned homewards. A last meal and a drive back to the station, which reproduced only the incidents of the outward journey, brought a pleasant trip to an end, and I reached Montreal the better for two day's in the open air. One remark and one only I wish to make relative to the journey home. If you ever go on the same route and alight at Three Rivers to recruit the inner man—remember that it enjoys renown as the one place on the civilized globe at which a sandwich, and a pork sandwich at that, costs ten cents. I have been in many lands, and eaten in the course of my life many sandwiches, some better, a few worse than the Three Rivers article, but never have I paid so large a sum for so unpretending a provision. And I had three or four before I found it out. A. J. G.

HEARTH AND HOME.

Do not expect to be treated as you have treated others. If you have been charitably disposed, or have assisted others, do not entertain the vain expectation that you will receive a somewhat proportionate return of thanks and kindness. The reward for such assistance is the pleasure and gratification to yourself of knowing that you have been the means of relieving the wants or alleviating the sufferings of others. This is the only reward that any man can expect, and gives more satisfaction in the long run than any other.

HAVE A PURPOSE.—Carlyle once asked an Edinburgh student what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There was a sudden flash of the old Scotchman's eyes, a sudden pulling down of the shaggy eyebrows, and the stern face grew sterner as he said, "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a wail, a nothing, a no-man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and sell oxen well, but have a purpose, and, having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

FOOT NOTES.

THE age of sentiment is long gone by, and instead of sighing for woes and privations which will prove the disinterestedness of their affection, young lovers now talk of settlements, or worse still, consider contingencies in the most cold-blooded manner. It was not surprising then that a South End bride should remark: "I told all my friends to have my name put on all their presents, so that if I ever should be divorced from George, he couldn't claim any of them."

"AGNOSTIC."—What is "Agnostic?" It is a word of late coinage. The definition given by those who use it most is that it is composed of two Greek words signifying "I don't know," or "I have not sufficient evidence on the subject to enable me to decide." An agnostic is a kind of know-nothing in religion; he neither affirms nor denies. One author defines such a person thus—"An agnostic is a man who doesn't know whether there is a God or not; doesn't know whether he has a soul or not; doesn't know whether there is a future life or not; doesn't believe that any one else knows any more about these matters than he does, and thinks it impossible and a waste of time to try to find out."

ESTEEM.—Many persons who most earnestly crave for approval are for ever disappointed, because they fall into the common mistake of thinking that they ought to have what they intensely desire. Nothing is ever gained in this way. No one ever grew rich or famous, or superior in any art or achievement, by illy longing to become so; so no one ever gained the esteem of his fellow-men by merely wishing for it, even ever so ardently. He must acquire the right to be esteemed before he can reasonably hope to be so. He must cultivate qualities worthy of admiration; he must form a character that shall command respect; he must pursue a line of conduct at once honourable and self-respecting. This alone is the road to the esteem of those whose esteem is worth having. The direct efforts which weak-minded persons make to gain favour by suppressing their real selves and pretending to be what they suppose will be admired by those whom they flatter, are worse than futile; they merely earn the contempt and failure which all deceit and hypocrisy deserve.

AMERICA has already a bad name in European estimation, and perhaps the partisans of some effete monarchy might be pardoned for circulating among emigrants or those about to emigrate, two items from the American papers of this week. In one is told the tragic story of an Englishman who landed in New York, entered a saloon to have a drink, and was drugged, robbed of \$110, and brown into the street, pawned his watch for \$1, spent half of this sum in buying a 25 cent meal, and on going to spend the change was arrested for passing counterfeit money. Such an experience was naturally surprising, not to say stupefying, but the ways of

the sinners of New York will not seem to the European critic more curious than those of the saints of Chicago. Behold a clergyman who organizes a new congregation, and being pressed for money borrows a silver service from the soprano of the choir, and pawns the same, and is straightway arrested as a receiver of stolen goods, the plate being the long and anxiously looked-for spoils of a burglary.

THE climate of America, says Sarah Bernhardt, is rather trying to the French, and dry—*sec & casser les oses*; it sends a current of electricity all through one's frame. But America is a grand country; colossal, extraordinary, fabulous—*un vrai pays de Jules Verne*. What a future is before it! Of all the cities of America I liked Boston the best. The American theatres are arranged in a fashion quite by itself, and are unlike those of either France or England. There are no boxes except the *avant scenes* (stage-boxes) nothing but orchestra, pit, balcony and gallery. But the audiences are brilliant; such rich toilets! The ladies know how to dress. And the public understands very well and is appreciative, quite warm and sympathetic. The women are charming—*tout ce qu'il y a de plus aimable*; but the men are not so nice as the women. The artistes are clever, they have talent, appreciation, and a temperament; but systematic training is wanting, and there is no *ensemble* in the acting. I was quite satisfied with my comrades, all but one, Madame Colombier, who wrote ill of the Americans, what is not true; at least, I do not think it is. She offered me half the proceeds from the sale of the work if I would only sanction it by my name, but I refused. It was that that caused the rupture between us; *et je l'ai chassé de chez moi*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ENGLAND is to conclude a commercial treaty with Spain.

THE army worm has appeared in vast numbers at Long Branch.

THE thermometer at Wimbledon on Monday registered 137 in the sun.

NEARLY all the leading journals in Vienna have been seized by the police.

THE Khedive of Egypt will not recognize the French protectorate in Tunis.

Two hundred persons are now in jail in Ireland, arrested under the Coercion Act.

A FRENCH emissary, bearing compromising papers, has been arrested at Tripoli.

MIDHAT PACHA confesses to having been accessory to the murder of the ex-Sultan.

MR. JOHN APPLETON, of the firm of D. Appleton & Co., died in New York last week.

A DISASTROUS storm occurred on the Lake of Geneva recently, swamping towns on its borders.

DESPATCHES from Oran state that the French troops have had a sharp skirmish with the Arab rebels.

IN the celebration of the Twelfth at Lambeg, near Dublin, recently, the procession was three miles long.

THE meeting between the Emperors of Austria and Germany has been arranged to take place about the middle of next month.

THE appeal of the Socialists against the prohibition to their holding a congress in Zurich has been rejected.

SOME of the Royal Princesses were upset recently while driving, by the horses running away. Happily, none of them were injured.

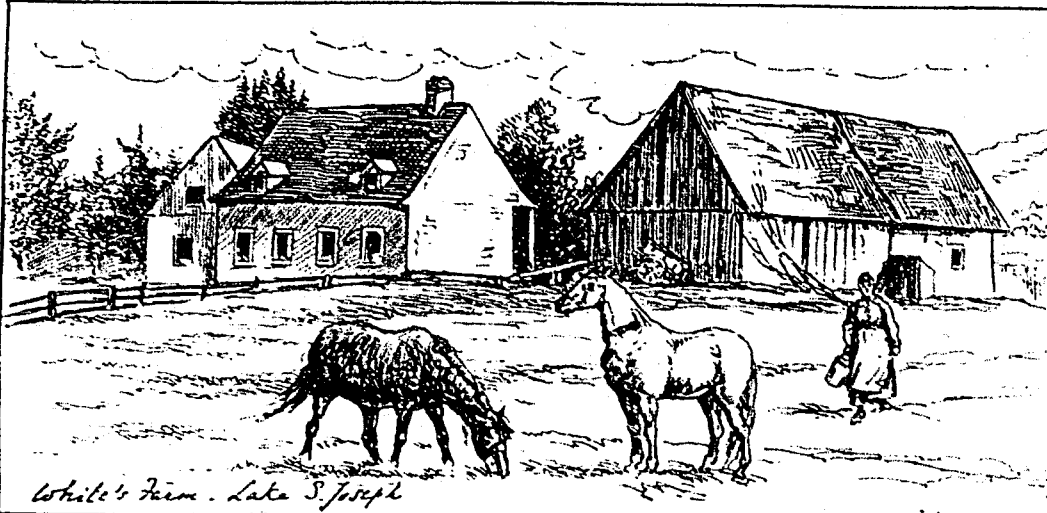
DR. BLISS gives it as his opinion that it will be an easy matter to remove the bullet from the President's body when the proper time comes.

THE present Canadian team at Wimbledon is said to be the best ever turned out of the Dominion. Two of the team are in the sixty for final competition for the Queen's prize.

CABLE rates between New York and the United Kingdom and France will be reduced to 25 cents a word after the 1st prox., *via* Anglo-American, Direct U.S., and the French Cable Companies.

WHAT physician was ever known to possess an infallible cure for headache? Burdock Blood Bitter; more than the doctors. If you are skeptical try it and be convinced. Trial bottle only 10 cents.

THOUSANDS of the beautiful and talented succumb to the dread scourge, consumption, whom a course of the saving pulmonary, Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda might have rescued from the grave. Coughs unwisely treated or neglected shape a sure, undeviating course towards fatal lung disease. How many persons of vigorous physique and plenty of nervous stamina have succumbed to the consequence of a simple cold! The only safe course is a sure remedy, and assuredly none has met with higher commendation in professional quarters, or is better known for the thoroughness of its action than the above. Asthma, coughs, colds, spitting of blood, soreness and weakness of the chest, are remedied by it. Sold in 50 cent and \$1.00 bottles. See you get the genuine.



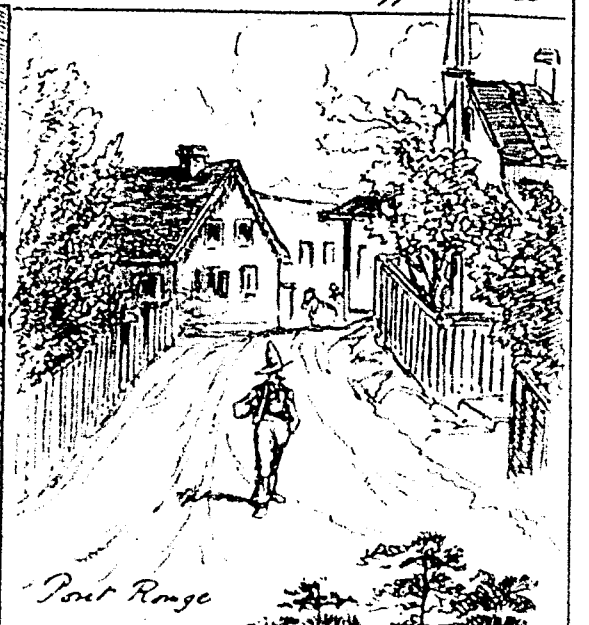
White's Farm - Lake St. Joseph



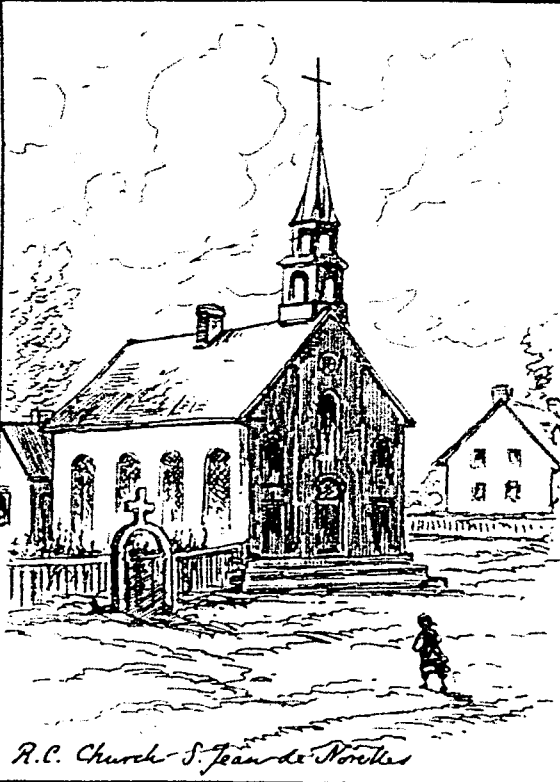
The upper Lake



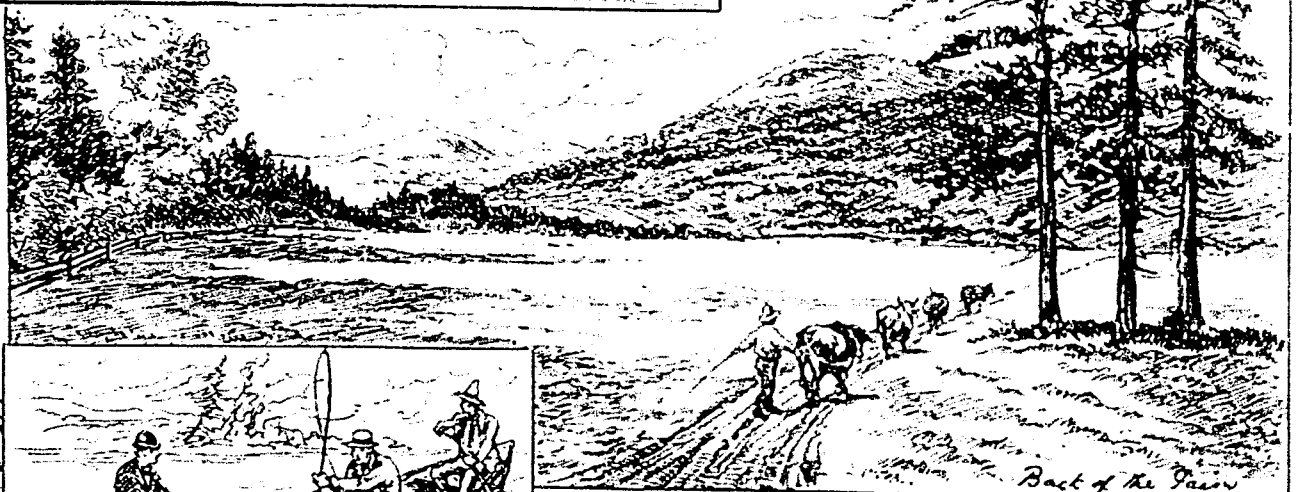
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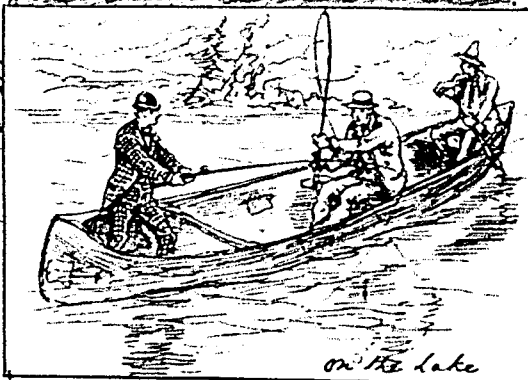
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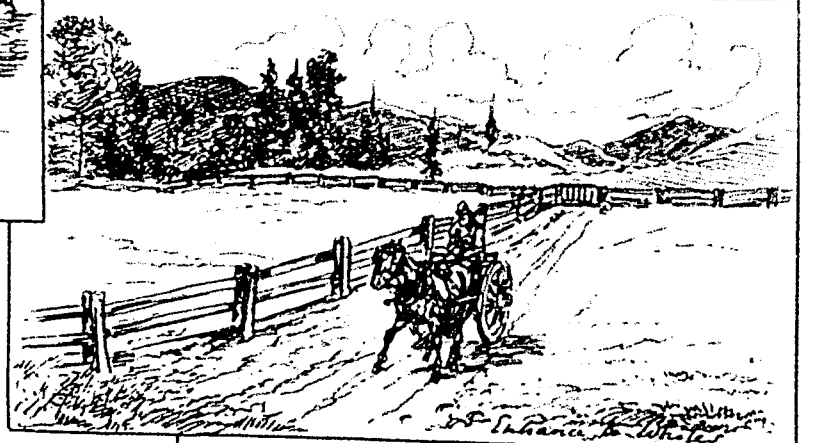
R.C. Church - St. Jean de Portage



Back of the Farm



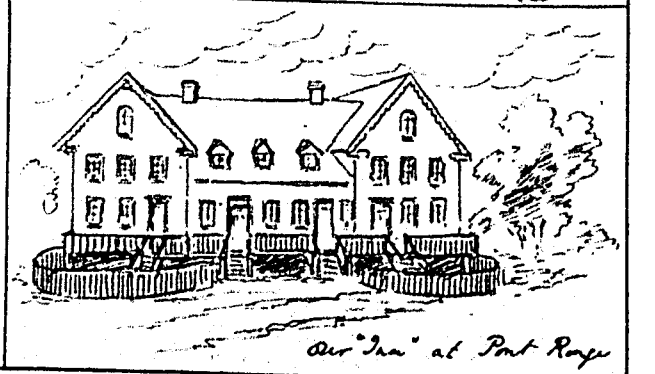
On the Lake



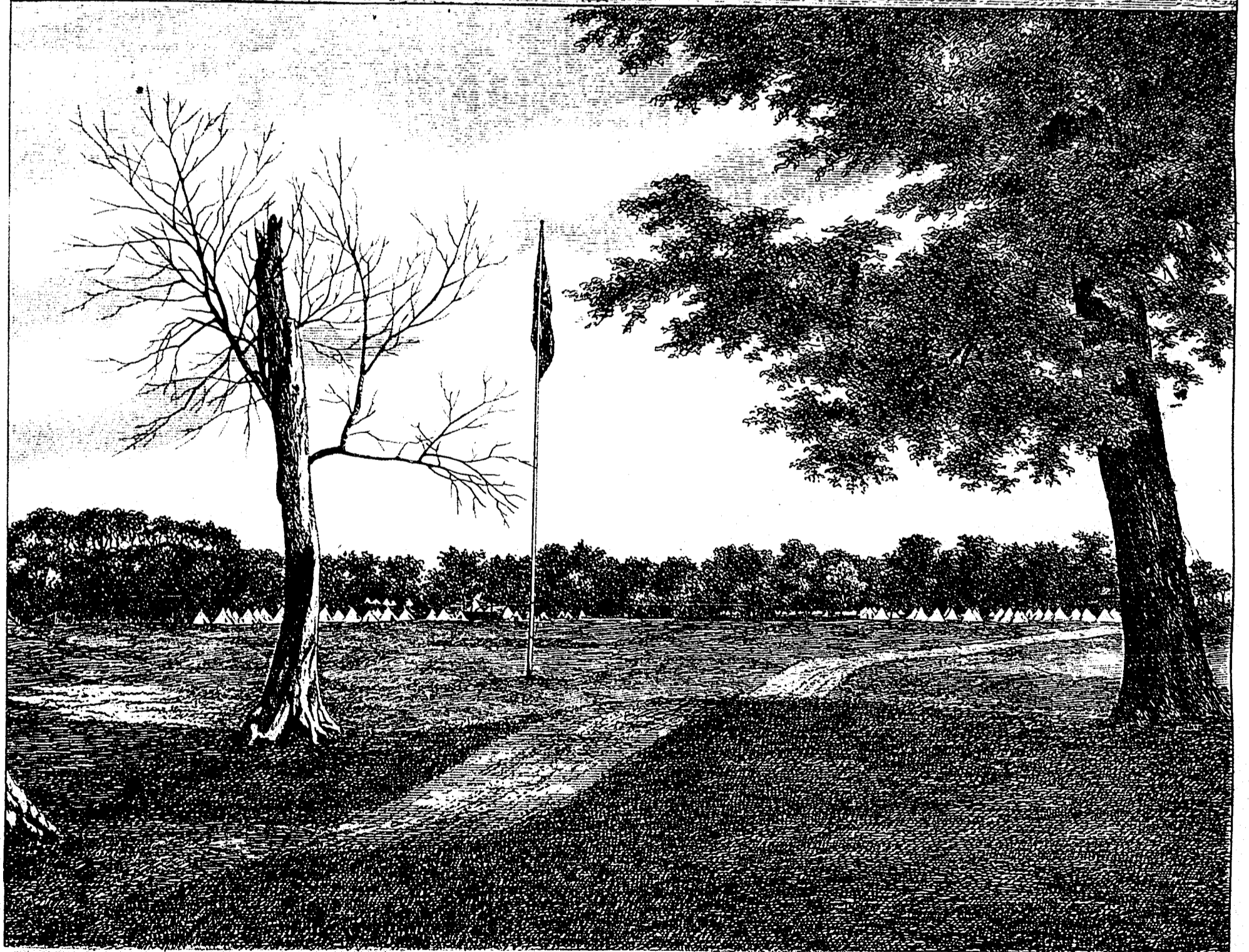
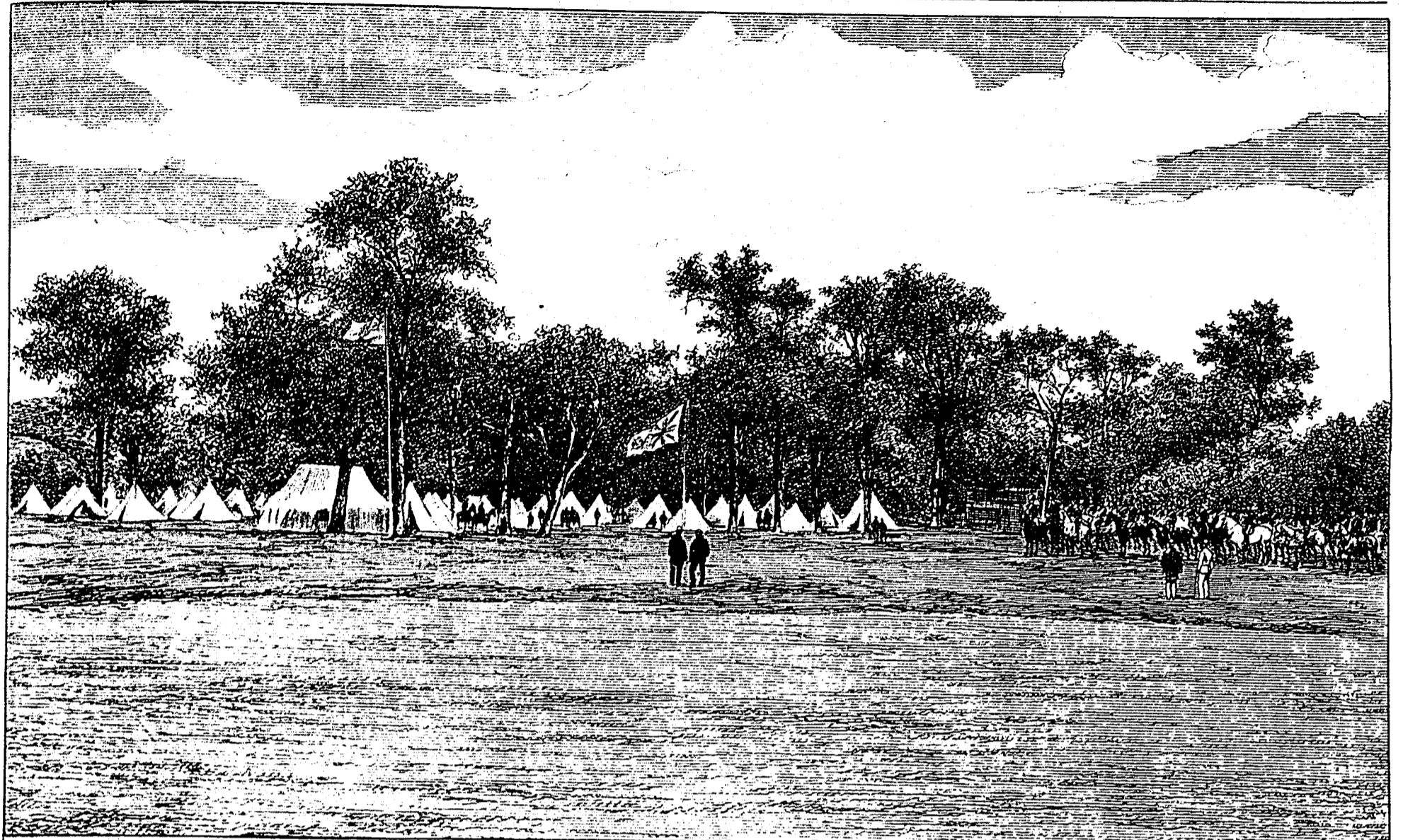
St. Jean de Portage



An artistic conveyance



Our 'Inn' at Post Range



THE MILITARY REVIEW AT ST. JOHNS N.B.—VIEWS TAKEN IN THE CAMP.—FROM PHOTOS BY NOTMAN.

THE BELLS.

A Romantic Story.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST SOUND OF THE BELLS.

"And now for me, Mathias," asked Martha, laughing, "what have you brought for me? Nothing? There, I knew it; just like the rest of men. When he came a-courting, there was something for me in every pocket; but now—" "Not a bit of it, Martha," burst out Mathias merrily; "only I meant to have given you a pleasant surprise. Now, to suit your whims and caprices, I must needs inform you at once that there's a bonnet and a shawl and something else for you in my big chest, in the waggon at Waechem."

"Oh well, if there's a bonnet and a shawl and something else, I must needs be satisfied." So Martha sat down contentedly to her wheel, and Margaret stole over to the glass to have one more peep at the pretty cap and its bow of crimson silk ribbon. Meanwhile the burgomaster sat at table, heartily enjoying his supper.

"Ah," cried he, still eating, "there's nothing like a cold walk for sharpening the appetite. And it is cold, too. I don't envy those, like poor Fritz, who are bound to go out at all hours, fair or foul, rain or shine. By the way, has he been here this evening?"

"Yes, father; but he was forced to go away again, the gendarme came for him. He said he would be back soon."

"Very good, very good."

"He was late, poor fellow," said Martha, "on account of some duty he had to perform on the Hochwald,—some smugglers were expected to attempt to pass through the forest."

"Poor fellow!" cried Mathias, attacking the ham; "I don't envy him his business. Why, at the side of the river there's over five feet of snow," and he raised his glass to drink.

"Yes," struck in Father Trinkvelt; "I was just telling the quartermaster that we had not had such weather as this since the Polish Jew's winter."

Why did Mathias replace his glass on the table without drinking? Why did he gaze fixedly at Trinkvelt, as if seeking to burn his glance into the bottom of the old man's soul? Why sigh and turn away from the supper, that but now he had been enjoying so thoroughly?

"Oh, indeed, you were talking of that, eh?" But the true cheery ring was gone from the burgomaster's voice. There was a harsh, forced, jarring vibration about it. What could it mean?

"Yes; you ought to remember, burgomaster, how deep the snow was that year. Why, the whole valley below the great bridge at Waechem was a mass of it. Don't you remember we only saw the ears of the Jew's horse peeping above the surface, and that under the bridge too. I shall not forget it soon, for I remember old Kelz came to Griesbach and me at our house in the wood, and begged us to help him."

Why did Mathias stare at Trinkvelt again so earnestly? and why did he turn away again and put his hands to his ears as if to shut out some haunting sound? In a low voice, he murmured, "The bells, the bells; what do they mean?" Then, turning to the old foresters, he asked, "Don't you hear the sound of sledge bells on the road?"

"No; do you, Kobel?"

"Not I; nor you, Madame Martha!"

"Not a sound."

"Are you quite sure?" But this last question was asked in a tone of such evident constraint, that Martha hurried to her husband's side.

"Why, what's the matter, Mathias?" she asked in a tone of sympathy, not unmixed with alarm.

"Oh, nothing," was the reply, uttered in a dull monotonous voice.

"Why, your hand is as cold as ice! No matter; some warm wine will soon restore you." And the busy housewife hurried off to the stove, only to be disappointed, for the fire there, after burning all day, had quietly burnt itself out.

"No matter, mother, we can warm father's wine by the kitchen fire."

"So we can, Margaret; come on and help me." And off went mother and daughter to the kitchen.

How often does it happen that one person's departure clears a room? Mankind have not altered much since the days of Rabelais. Let one of Panurge's muttoms jump the hedge, and immediately the rest follow after; so at Madame's disappearance, Trinkvelt rose as well.

"Come, Kobel," he cried, taking up his great coat and his bundle of comforters; "come on, old fellow, it's nearly ten, and the horse is put by this time. Let's be off to Nickel in the stable-yard."

"Very well," says Kobel, slowly rising, "come on;" and he raised his glass to drain the last drops in it. "Still, I cannot help thinking it strange that no trace of the murderers was ever discovered."

How changed Mathias seemed! In a coarse rough voice he burst forth, "The rogues have

escaped; more's the pity! Here's your health, Kobel, your health!"

The glasses clinked and were drained to the dregs, and with a last good-night the foresters departed.

Five minutes afterwards Madame Martha returned with the warm wine, and found her husband lying senseless upon the floor.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

DOCTOR GLAUTER.

The Burgomaster was better. A day and a half had passed since his sudden seizure, and Dr. Glauter had been able to detect no danger of the fit's return. Christmas this year had not been a merry day for the household at the "Three Kings." The master lay a-bed ill, just as he had lain fifteen years ago, the day they found the Polish Jew's horse under the bridge of Waechem, and the cloak and cap a hundred yards further on, all dabbled in the owner's blood. Strange that the burgomaster should be attacked twice at Christmas-time. But then, he had been so fortunate in all his undertakings, that a bit of ill-luck acted rather as a wholesome corrective than otherwise. The cup of earthly happiness should not be filled to overflowing; the most precious drops might escape.

Still, it seemed hard that the burgomaster should be struck down by illness just at the merriest season of the year, and when he was about to celebrate his daughter's wedding with the man of his and her choice. So all the neighbours were glad to hear that the attack had been but transitory, that Mathias was much better, and had risen from his bed, though not yet quite strong enough to venture forth from his bedchamber. It was a fine room was this bedchamber, finer than one would have thought the "Kings of Cologne" likely to contain. Indeed, Mathias had recently rebuilt the wing in which this apartment was situated. It was a great lofty room with three long windows, reaching from the roof nearly to the ground, admitting abundance of light, notwithstanding the infinitesimally small squares into which each was divided. Long blue curtains of some good solid heavy cloth were tastefully draped round the three, giving a feeling of warmth, a certain soft, subdued, genial glow to the whole apartment. This seemed scarcely so much needed now, for the storm that raged so fiercely on Christmas Eve had entirely passed, and scarcely a vestige remained of its fury, save on the cornices of the windows and gables, and on the roofs of the houses, where the snow still lay undisturbed, like ornamental frosting on a Christmas-cake. So Mathias, who had been struck down while the storm raged round his roof-tree, and snow fell as it had not fallen since the Polish Jew's winter, awoke to consciousness that Sunday morning to see the golden sun shining up gaily, his beams lighting up into a perfect flame the gilded weathercock on the old church that stood on the opposite corner of the market-place, and threatening utter annihilation to the great banks of snow that were still piled high on both sides of the roadway. The work-a-day world was forgotten, work-a-day attire, for the nonce, laid aside. Ever and anon a gaily-dressed couple passed in front of the burgomaster's window, on their way to church. Some sang merrily as they went, others were still, and seemed full of subdued devotion, while some went by hand-in-hand noiselessly, discoursing volumes with their eyes alone.

But the burgomaster saw none of all this. His face was turned from the street. In his great arm-chair he sat, leaning back languidly, one hand hanging motionless at his side, the other resting on the table near him. Every now and again this hand grasped uneasily a tumbler of water and carried it to its master's lips, as though he were consumed by some ceaseless fire raging within, which he sought in vain to quench. At the back of her husband's chair stood Madame Martha, and with her, watching the burgomaster's every motion, little Doctor Glauter in his black Sunday coat, his long red waistcoat, high boots, breeches, and his great hat of Alsatian felt placed carefully on his head, so as not to disarrange the neat curls in which his long silver hair had been daintily disposed. He was a strange old fellow, this Doctor Glauter, with curious ideas which in any one else would have been thought laughable, but in him were only held as proofs of his great learning. Why, it was only the other day, Christmas Eve in fact, that, as Fritz, the quartermaster, was making his way, in the midst of the blinding snow, to the top of the Hochwald, that he had met little Dr. Glauter sitting quietly at the roadside, hammer in hand, trying his best to detach a piece from the great boulder that stands just in the angle of the road, and seeming to give no heed to the wind that whistled and howled around him. "Good-day, Dr. Glauter," cried Fritz aloud; "then adding to himself, 'What fools these wise men are!'"

Such was not, however, the generally received opinion in the neighbourhood, where the doctor's talents were held in the highest estimation. Accordingly, the first thing Madame Mathias did, on finding her husband apparently dead on the floor, was to send Fritz off, post-haste, for the doctor, who had been in constant attendance on the burgomaster ever since.

Apparently the danger was well-nigh past, for the little man had put on his hat to go. "And so you feel really better, Burgomaster?" asked he.

"I am very well," was the curt reply, given in an almost ungracious tone. But the doctor was not the man to be easily disconcerted.

"Your headache is gone?" he continued inquiringly.

"Yes."

"And the strange noises in your ears as well?"

Mathias turned peevishly in his chair. "When I tell you that I'm well," he cried, "that I never was better, that is surely quite enough."

"For a long time, Doctor," interposed Martha, "he has had bad dreams. He talks in his sleep, and his thirst in the night is feverish."

"Now is there anything remarkable in feeling thirsty during the night?"

"No, certainly not," answered the Doctor, soothingly, for he saw plainly that Mathias was annoyed by the continued questioning. "Certainly not—but—you must take care of yourself. You drink too much white wine, Burgomaster. White wine is apt to bring on gout, and even seizures in the nape of the neck,—two very noble maladies, no doubt, but very dangerous as well. If you consult the records you will find that nearly all our former lords, the Landgrafen, Markgrafen, and Rheingrafen, and the Seigneurs of the Sundgau and of the Breisgau, of Upper and Lower Alsace, I say nearly all of them died either of gout or of apoplexy. Nowadays these noble maladies attack our burgomasters, notaries, and generally our richest citizens. They are honourable, I admit, very honourable; but very, very dangerous. Now your accident on Christmas Eve came from the same cause. You had drunk too much Rikewir at your cousin Block's, and the blood having flown to the head, the severe cold—"

"Yes, I was cold," interrupted Mathias, "but that was not the reason of my attack. That stupid gossip about the Polish Jew was the cause of it all."

"How so?" asked the Doctor.

Again the strange look returned to the burgomaster's eyes. He gazed searchingly at the doctor, and then continued, in a forced tone, "You see, when the poor devil was murdered, they brought me the cloak and the cap he had worn. I remember being very much upset about it; in fact, you know I was quite ill at the time, and forced, as now, to keep my bed for awhile. I felt particularly grieved at the poor fellow's death, as I was probably the last person who saw him alive,—except the murderer;" and he repeated in a lower tone, "except the murderer." Then he continued with an effort, "You see, he had left my house in the midst of just such a snow-storm as we had night before last, and gone forth to meet his death. Well, since that time, I had not heard a word about the affair, and had forgotten it almost, when suddenly it was brought up vividly before me again by the conversation of the other night. I don't know how it was, but when Kobel and Father Trinkvelt left me, I began to feel drowsy. I suppose I was tired with my long journey. At all events, I fell asleep, and dreamt—of the Jew. I dreamt I saw him come in again at the door. I dreamt I heard him pronounce the same words—'The snow is deep, the road difficult. Put my horse in the stable. In an hour I will start again on my journey.' Then he unbuckled a girdle and flung it on the table, and the ringing noise of the gold it contained woke me from my slumbers. I raised my head, looked towards the door, and saw the Jew standing before me. Smile if you will, but he re-he stood. Slowly he turned upon his heel, and pointed to the wall, which seemed to open, and there I saw—but enough!" and the burgomaster testily interrupted himself. What am I chattering about? It was all a dream. One knows well enough there are no such things as ghosts, but then one's head is not always clear—and—so let's say no more about it." Then turning to Martha, he asked in a kindly voice, "Have you sent for the notary?"

"Yes, dear, yes; but you must remain quiet."

"I am quiet," rejoined Mathias, angrily. "But Margaret's marriage must take place as soon as possible. When a man in robust health and strength is liable to such an attack as I have had, he has no right to put anything off to the morrow. What occurred to me the night before last might again occur to-night. I might not survive the second blow—and then," and his voice lost its petulance and became soft and tender, while tears filled his eyes, "and then I should not have seen my dear children happy." Then with an air of decision he added, "And now, no more explanations! Whether it was the white wine or the cold or the talk about the Jew, it comes to the same thing. It's past and over, and my mind is now perfectly at rest."

"But, perhaps, burgomaster," suggested the Doctor quietly; "perhaps it would be better after all, if you were to delay signing the marriage contract for a few days at least. It is an important affair, you know, and the excitement might—"

"Oh," burst forth Mathias angrily, "why

can't people mind their own affairs! I was ill and you bled me! Good!—I am now well again. So much the better. Send for the notary at once, and let Father Trinkvelt and Kobel be summoned, and finish off the affair without delay."

From the short, sharp, almost fierce way, in which these last words were uttered, Martha and the doctor saw it would be useless to attempt to argue the burgomaster into taking their view of the matter.

"Perhaps, after all," whispered the doctor to the mistress of the house, "perhaps, after all, you had better let him have his own way. His nerves are still excited, we should only tease him by any more talking, and so do more harm than good. Very well, burgomaster," he added aloud, "we'll say no more about it. Do as you please—only be careful of the white wine." And with a low bow the little doctor took a stately leave.

CHAPTER VII.

COUNTING THE DOWRY.

Martha followed the doctor to the door, where, with many a grave and solemn obeisance, the little man bade her farewell, renewing his caution concerning the white wine. In the burgomaster's present frame of mind, however, Madame Mathias evidently thought it best for the moment to follow the advice Dr. Glauter had given just before; namely, to let the matter rest where it was and say no more about it. Besides, the bell had just begun ringing for church, and Martha was impatient to be off to mass. But this morning everything seemed destined to go wrong. Margaret was not ready, and a good ten minutes elapsed before the bells of the village descended from her chamber, and entered her father's.

"How pretty you look, Margaret!" was Mathias' involuntary exclamation. And she was pretty; not gaudily dressed, not bejewelled nor befurred from head to foot. Her costume, though perhaps rather more costly, was as modest and unpretending as it was on the Christmas Eve when first we met her. But then, should the roses in the cheeks count for nothing? Were the pearly teeth, the coral lips, the tender deep blue eyes to be utterly disregarded? Ask Fritz! Or don't you think you can tell yourself what his answer would be?

"I have put on the cap, dear father."

"You have done well, Margaret, you have done well."

"Are you never coming?" interrupted Martha, vexed at the thought of being late for mass; "why, I don't take two hours to dress myself."

"That's hardly the same thing, dear," expostulated Mathias, smiling. "Besides, you know she expected Fritz; but I suppose he has been detained on some matter of duty. There go," he added, turning to Margaret, "go, dear, don't keep your mother waiting."

Margaret, like an obedient little girl as she was, made her way towards the door. Why did Mathias call her back? What was the sudden impulse that made him summon her to his side again? It must have been affection, or else why should he fold her so tenderly in his arms? Quite natural, too, that his love for his child should be more plainly shown now than usual. Had he not just risen from the bed on which he had been prostrated by an attack serious and sudden that might have resulted in death? And could he carry his daughter, the darling of his life, with him beyond the grave? Who appreciates at their full value the goods he possesses, until he sees the danger of losing them?

"Have you nothing to say to me, Margaret?" whispered the burgomaster in his daughter's ear.

"Dear father," she replied, in the same confidential tone, "you know how much I love you!"

One kiss and she was gone, bearing with her the harmless secret. Another moment and mother and daughter passed Mathias' window, kissing their hands to him as they went. One moment more, and they turned the corner and were lost to his sight.

The burgomaster was alone. He sat still in his chair. Not a feature moved. The church bell tolled for a moment longer, then was silent. It was as if all life were suspended for the while, or at least hidden from view by the solemn stillness of the Sabbath rest. Outside in the road, not a sound, save when now and then a snow robin perched on the window-ledge and chirped and twittered, begging for the crumbs that Madame Martha was wont to distribute with no sparing hand. The little voice, calling without, served but to make silence audible.

The burgomaster was alone. His eyes seemed stonily gazing on vacancy. Not a muscle of his countenance stirred, as he slowly moved first to the door, then to the window, as if suspecting a spy might be lurking behind them. However there was nothing. With the same measured tread Mathias, turning from the window, walked back to his chair, gulped down a great draught of water, and taking a pinch of snuff, exclaimed in a low, husky voice, "All goes well, luckily all's over, but—what a lesson, Mathias, what a lesson! A little more, and what might not have been the result? I must have been mad, mad, mad. Would one believe that the mere talk about—him—could bring on such a fit? Fortunately," and here a furtive smile stole over the burgomaster's features and seemed to solve their rigidity, "the people around here are such fools—they'll never sus-

pect anything. Yes," he added, settling himself quietly in his chair, "yes, they are great fools. But—after all, that Parisian, whom I saw at Ribauville, —he was the real cause of the whole affair. The fellow had actually made me nervous. When he wanted to send me asleep as well as to rest, the thought instantly came into my mind, 'Stop, stop, Mathias; this sending you to sleep may be an invention of the devil, you might relate certain incidents of your past life. You must be cleverer than that, Mathias; you mustn't run your neck into a halter, you must be cleverer than that; ah, you must be cleverer than that. You'll die an old man yet, Mathias, and the most highly respectable in all the country round. You'll see your children happy in each other's love, and round your knees grandchildren will cluster. Then, after a while, they'll put a fine large stone over your grave and carve on it, letters of gold from top to bottom, describing your virtues, and say at last how calmly you sank to sleep in the peace of the Lord.' Only this—and the mocking curl of the lip was gone, the mouth was close shut as if to show the immutability of his resolution. "Only this, Mathias,—as you dream and are apt to talk in your dreams, and poor dear Martha cannot help chattering like a magpie when the doctor's about—the future, you'll sleep alone, in the room above, the door locked and the key safe under your pillow. They say walls have ears,—well, let them hear as much as they will!"

And taking another long pinch of snuff, the burgomaster rose from his chair, and began pacing the apartment. He was thinking. At length he stood still, and drew forth a bunch of keys from his pocket. "And now," he continued in a low voice, scarcely above a whisper, "and now to count the dowry of sweet Margaret—to be paid to our dear son-in-law," and the words came slowly as if with difficulty, "that our dear son-in-law may love us!"

Oh, what a sigh was there! Go on, burgomaster! Go to your desk, unlock it, and take from it your bag of gold. Empty the contents on the table, and pass your fingers gloatingly through the shining pieces! You say there are three thousand crowns! 'Tis a great deal of money. How brightly those beautiful new louis glisten! Had I that bag full of gold, I could set up as a master saddler myself, instead of working in old Ferrus's shop, and that cross-grained old curmudgeon, Bertha Schwantaler's father would not look so sour at me from behind his great chopper of beer which he sits drinking in the shady arbor of a Sunday afternoon, whilst Bertha and I are waltzing on the green just beyond. There would be no chance for young Ferrus then, whom I know to be an utter fool, not fit to be a cobbler, much less master saddler, and pretty Bertha's husband. But I suppose he will be both, for I have not the gold, and he has. Will you sell your bagful, burgomaster! Shall I take home with me the golden load? Yes, I may have it and welcome, if I will take the load from your conscience as well. No, burgomaster, no; keep your money. Not for ten times as much would I be laden with the cross that you must bear for ever and ever.

"Three thousand crowns," muttered the burgomaster, counting the pieces together, and doing them up into long rouleaux. "It's a fine dowry for Margaret—a fine dowry for the husband of Margaret. Those young folks are very lucky. No one gave me three thousand crowns to start in life with. I had to earn it all—to earn it all—to earn it all," and the gloomy tone of his voice suited well with the sombre expression of his features, as he forced the words out. "Well," he continued, "he's a clever fellow, is Fritz. Yes, not a kelz, half deaf and half blind. No, no! he's a clever fellow is Fritz, and quite capable of getting on a right track. The first time I saw him I said to myself, 'You shall be my son-in-law, and then if anything should come to light, you'll hush it up for your own sake.'"

The dowry was almost counted. From time to time the burgomaster had stopped to examine some one piece particularly, weighing it well on the end of his finger, as if determined that his daughter and her husband should have good measure. This occupation lasted for some time, and now it was almost finished. Only about a score of louis lay scattered about on the table. One of these attracted Mathias' eye. He took it up and examined it more attentively.

"A piece of old gold," said he. Suddenly he cast it from him with a cry, and in a scarcely audible whisper, murmured, "That came from the girl." The piece fell on the table, and Mathias's head sank on his breast. What thoughts were passing in that aching brain! Had the sight of that old dull louis taken him back to the time when he was poor and in debt! when his house was to be seized for rent! when his wife and their little baby were denied the comforts they sorely needed, because, forsooth, the innkeeper was poor and could not pay for them!—back to the time when the Jew had sought shelter from the storm in the *Gaststube* at the other end of the house, and brought with him the heavy girde full of gold! to the time when Mathias had no weight on his conscience, when no bad dreams haunted his sleep at night, and no bells jangled in his ears by day! Yes, Mathias was young again. His hair was brown, his eye open and clear. There was no aching in his brain such as now throbbed and throbbled there. He was in debt, but he was not an—but Mathias raises his head. The past is gone,—let us no longer dwell upon it. There is enough to think of in the present.

Mathias raised his head, but kept his eyes

from the piece of gold, though he stretched out his hand towards it. Instinctively he seemed to distinguish it from the rest. He raised it and conveyed it mechanically towards the bag, gazing furtively round the room the while, as if fearful of spies and watchers. He had opened the sack, and was just about to drop the gold in, when a thought struck him. Seizing the bag in one hand, the money in the other, he held them at arm's length apart. "No, no!" he cried, "not for them." How inexpressibly soft and tender the words were, "Not for them, for me!"

He uttered no groan as he placed the blood-stained gold in his own pocket, and moved towards the desk to get another piece to replace it. Willingly would the weary heart have poured forth sighs and moans to ease it of its choking burden. It was not to be. He had begun,—he must go on.

Mathias stood by the table, half leaning, half sitting on the great high-backed chair. He was thinking.

"That girde," murmured he, "did us a good turn. Without it, without it, we were ruined! Yes, in another week the bailiff Ott would have driven up in his sledge. In another week we should have been houseless, homeless, penniless, turned out into the snow to starve. But," and he smiled a ghastly, bitter, sickly smile, "we were prepared. We had the money. Martha's uncle Martin died and left us a great legacy. If Martha only knew the legacy he left us! Poor Martha!" And the weary head sank again. Suddenly it rose. Mathias stood erect. He listened. "Bells! bells!" he muttered, and held his hands to his ears. "Bells! bells! Oh! they must come from the mill." He rushed to the door and flung it open, shouting in a harsh, coarse voice, for Jeanne. The little kitchen-maid entered, decked out in her Sunday finery, the innocent girlish face wearing a look of wonder at the gruff summons.

"Is there any one at the mill?" asked Mathias, roughly.

"No, Burgomaster."
"Why, don't you hear the sound of bells?"
"No, Burgomaster, I hear nothing."
"Strange," he murmured to himself; "it's gone now." Then he added aloud: "What are you doing?"

"I was reading, Burgomaster."
"Ghost stories, eh?"

"Oh no, Burgomaster, I was reading such a strange story; about a band of robbers being discovered after twenty-three had passed. They lived in a little village in Switzerland, and the whole history of their murders was brought to light through the blade of an old knife having been found in a blacksmith's shop, hidden away under a pile of rusty iron. They captured all of them at once: the mother, two sons, and the grandfather. They were tried, and then hanged side by side. Look, Burgomaster, there's the picture," and Jeanne held the book up for her master to admire. He dashed it angrily to the ground.

"Have you nothing better to do?" he asked, then, without waiting for an answer, he added, "Go, go!"

The girl picked up her book and retired, sorely puzzled at her master's strange conduct. "What's got into his head," thought she, as she entered her kitchen. At that moment, however, Kobel passed her window, and the little maid's thoughts ran on something else.

"Not like that," ejaculated Mathias, fiercely, "not like that, am I to be caught." Then hearing a tap at the casement, he added, "It's Fritz. Come in, Fritz, come in," and sweeping the remainder of the gold into the bag, he locked it up in his desk, and turned to shake hands with the quartermaster.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHY THE QUARTERMASTER CAME LATE.

"Well, burgomaster," cried Fritz, as he entered, "I hope you are better!"

"Oh, I am well, Fritz!" returned Mathias, in a boisterously merry tone; "I'm well. What do you think I've been doing while Martha and Margaret were at church? Can't you guess, eh?"

"Not I," rejoined the young man.
"Well, I've been counting Margaret's dowry—in good sounding louis d'ors. There's always a great pleasure in looking at the gold you have earned, even if one has to pay it away again. It recalls memories of one's youth, of hard work, of good conduct—ay, and of good luck, sometimes. I saw all my early days passing in review before me, and I thought to myself, 'All this money is of no use to me, it's true; but it will make my children happy. It has been gained by hard work. Not a piece has a stain upon it. It will bring them no curse, but a blessing!' And the thought softened my heart, Fritz, until I could have shed tears—and I'm not fond of that." And the burgomaster pressed his future son-in-law's hand, who returned his grasp firmly and heartily.

"I quite agree with you, burgomaster," said the young man. "Money gained by honest labour is the only profitable wealth after all. It is the good seed which in time is sure to bring a rich harvest."

"Yes, yes," added the burgomaster, with a preoccupied air. "I counted the money this morning, so that all might be ready on Martha's return from the mass, when I wish to have the contract signed."

"To-day!" asked Fritz, in eager astonishment.

"Yes, to-day!" reiterated Mathias. "The

sooner it is done the better. I hate putting off things to the morrow. Once decided upon, why adjourn the settlement of the business from day to day! It shows a great want of character; and men ought to have character."

"Well, burgomaster, nothing could be more agreeable to me; but Margaret—"

"Margaret loves you."
"Ah, she does!"

"And my wife considers you already as her son. So why should not the affair be settled at once? The dowry is ready. I hope my boy," Mathias added, laying his hand on Fritz's shoulder; "I hope, my boy, you will be satisfied."

"Well, burgomaster," responded the young man, looking up ingenuously into his elder's face, "you know I do not bring much."

"You bring courage, my boy," responded Mathias warmly and feelingly; "courage and good conduct. I will take care of the rest. And now," he added, seating himself before the stove, "let us talk of other matters. You are late to-day. I suppose you were busy. Margaret waited for you as long as she could, but her mother became impatient, so, at last, she was obliged to go without you."

"Ah," responded Fritz, as he unbuckled his sword and seated himself opposite Mathias; "it was a very curious thing that detained me. Would you believe it, burgomaster, I was reading old depositions from five o'clock till ten. The hours flew by, but the more I read, the more I wished to read."

"And what was the subject of these depositions, then?"

"The murder of that Polish Jew."
Mathias trembled, but checked himself instantly. Fritz had noticed nothing. He talked on unconsciously.

"Father Trinkveit told me the story on Christmas Eve, whilst we were waiting for you, burgomaster. It seems to me very remarkable that nothing was ever discovered."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mathias abstractedly.

And the young man, full of his theme, talked on, heedless of his companion. "Ah, the murderer must have been a clever fellow. When one thinks that the deed was committed in the open air, and that he had every one against him, judges, gendarmes, police, and all—and yet that nothing was discovered, it seems to me positively astounding."

"Yes," interposed Mathias, "he was not a fool."

"A fool!" re-echoed Fritz; "not he. He would have made one of the cleverest gendarmes in the department."

"Do you really think so?" asked the burgomaster, with an air of interest.

"I am sure of it. For there are so many ways of detecting criminals, and so few escape, that to commit a crime like this, and yet go unpunished, showed that he must have possessed extraordinary address."

"I quite agree with you, Fritz; and what you say shows your good sense. I have always thought that it required a thousand times more address for a rogue to escape the gendarmes than for the gendarmes to detect a rogue. And for a very good reason. He has all the world against him."

"Clearly."

"And besides, when a man has committed a crime, and by it gained money, and for awhile escapes detection, he gets emboldened by impunity. He becomes like a gambler, and tries his second and his third throw. He finds it very agreeable to have money without working for it, so he goes on and on until he is caught. I should think it needs a great deal of courage to resist the first success in crime."

"You are quite right, burgomaster; and no doubt the author of that dreadful tragedy possessed the courage you speak of. He evidently stopped after his first success. But what is most astonishing to me is, that no trace was ever found of the corpse of the murdered man. Now do you know what my idea is?"

"No, no—but—what was your idea?" And Mathias, taking the young man's arm, began pacing the room with him.

"Well, you must know at that time there were a great many limekilns in the neighbourhood of Waechem. Now it is my notion that the murderer, to destroy all traces of his crime, threw the body of the Jew into one of these kilns, and only by accident neglected to destroy the cloak and the cap. Old Kelz, my predecessor, evidently never thought of that."

"Very likely,—very likely," drawled out the burgomaster, stopping in the middle of the room. "Do you know that idea certainly never occurred to me. You're the first who ever suggested it."

"And this idea leads to many others. Now suppose—suppose inquiry were to be made amongst those persons who were burning lime at that time!"

What excited the burgomaster so terribly? Fierce he broke forth, with a wild hysteric laugh, "Take care, Fritz, take care. Why, I myself—I myself had a limekiln burning at the time the crime was committed."

"What you, burgomaster, you?"

And the two burst out into a loud laugh together. The idea of suspecting the honourable burgomaster of such a deed! No, no, the notion was too ridiculous!

(To be continued.)

A NEW sixpenny journal is about to appear in London called the *Anchor*.

A SOUTHERN CASE OF WITCHCRAFT.

"If the town of Salem, in Massachusetts," said Bob Billingsby, "thinks she has had the onliest witches in this country, all I got to say about it is that she is simply mistaken. Now, there was old Brother McGraw and old Sister Hutton—"

Bob's story in short, was thus: Old Brother McGraw and old Sister Hutton were members of Philip's Bridge Church. Brother McGraw was a consistent member, but old Sister Hutton, to say the truth, was regarded somewhat as a heathen, and even addicted to witchcraft. A calf of Brother McGraw's, of uncommon promise, dwindled in spite of uncommon pains, and finally died, and the good man, persuaded in his mind that his neighbour, although a spiritual sister, had bewitched it, set out in his wrath for her house, and taking her by the head, gave her a violent wrench. Sister Hutton reported the case to the church; and at the Conference one Saturday, Brother McGraw, being mildly remonstrated with, went so far as to say that he would have to think about it. The Moderator blandly suggested to him to withdraw for a few moments, retire into the woods, reflect, and pray over the matter. He did so. On returning, the Moderator and the brethren were gratified to observe the calm regret that was visible upon his countenance. This Moderator was a man of power, both as to intellect and character. It was Silas Mercer. Then this dialogue ensued:

Mr. Mercer: "Well, Brother McGraw, I see you've returned, and I think you've come to a just conclusion in the matter about which you have been reflecting." He looked inquiringly at the aged brother, and the aged brother answered his inquiring look with meek silence. "I think you feel sorry, Brother McGraw," suggested Mr. M., in a kindly, leading tone.

"Yes, Brer Moderator," answered the aged brother, "wery sorry; I'm wery sorry."

Yet there was some gruffness in his tone, which led the Moderator to doubt the nature of his regret. "Brother McGraw," said he, "will you let the church know what sort of sorrow it is you feel? Is it a golly sorrow, Brother McGraw?"

Then the aged brother lifted high his head, looked the Moderator full in the face, and answered, "Brer Moderator, I'm sorry—I'm wery sorry—that I didn't break her neck."—*Harper's Magazine*.

JOHN DENNIS AND GENERAL FLOYD.

Early in the late civil war, John Dennis, a full negro, believing himself fired with patriotic zeal, and able to serve his country, besought his master, a Georgian, and obtained permission to accompany a regiment from that State, which was soon placed under the command of General Floyd. The history of that campaign is well known. On the retreat John became homesick, and was allowed to depart. He had become well known to General Floyd and all his command. On his departure he went to take leave of the general, when the following dialogue was had:

General Floyd: "Well, John, you are going to leave us, eh?"

John: "Yes, Mars Floyd; it 'pears like I could do more good at home now dan bein' here; so I thought I'd go home and 'courage up our people to hold on."

General F.: "That's right, John. But are you going to tell 'em that you left us when running from the Yankees?"

John: "No, sir; no, Mars Floyd, dat I ain't. You may 'pend upon my not tellin' nothin' to 'moralize dem people."

General F.: "But how will you get around telling them, John?"

John: "Easy enough, Mars Floyd. It won't do to 'moralize dem people. I'm goin' to tell 'em dis—dat when I left da army it was in first-rate sperrits, and dat, owing to da situation of da country and da way da land lay, we was a-salvacin' back'ards, and de Yankees was a-re-treatin' on to us."—*Harper's Magazine*.

HUMOROUS.

CORSETS, like men, are tight when on a bust.

A YOUNG lady in New York has appropriately named her dog Penny, because it was one sent to her.

WHEN a thief steals five cents he don't think half the time that some day perhaps old nickel get him.

"HONESTY is the best policy." But you have to pay the premiums in this world, and realize on your insurance in the next.

A MAN being tormented with corns kicked his foot through a window, and the pain was gone instantly.

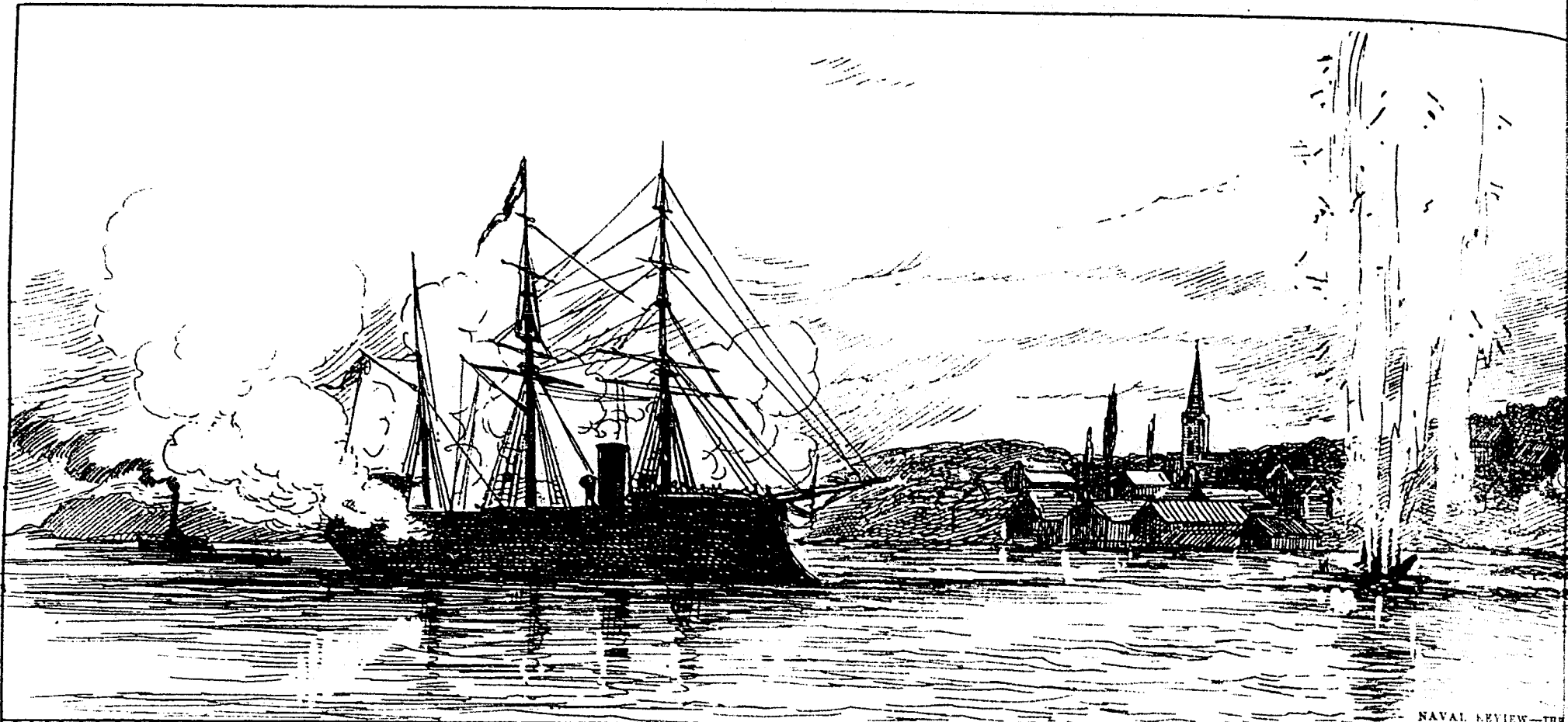
MARK TWAIN says nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be taken for a huckleberry, and if it can be baked in a cake and palmed off on the unwary as a crouton it dies happy.

IN a recent article on a fair in the locality, the editor of a Western paper says a brother editor took a valuable premium, but an unkind policeman made him put it right back where he took it from.

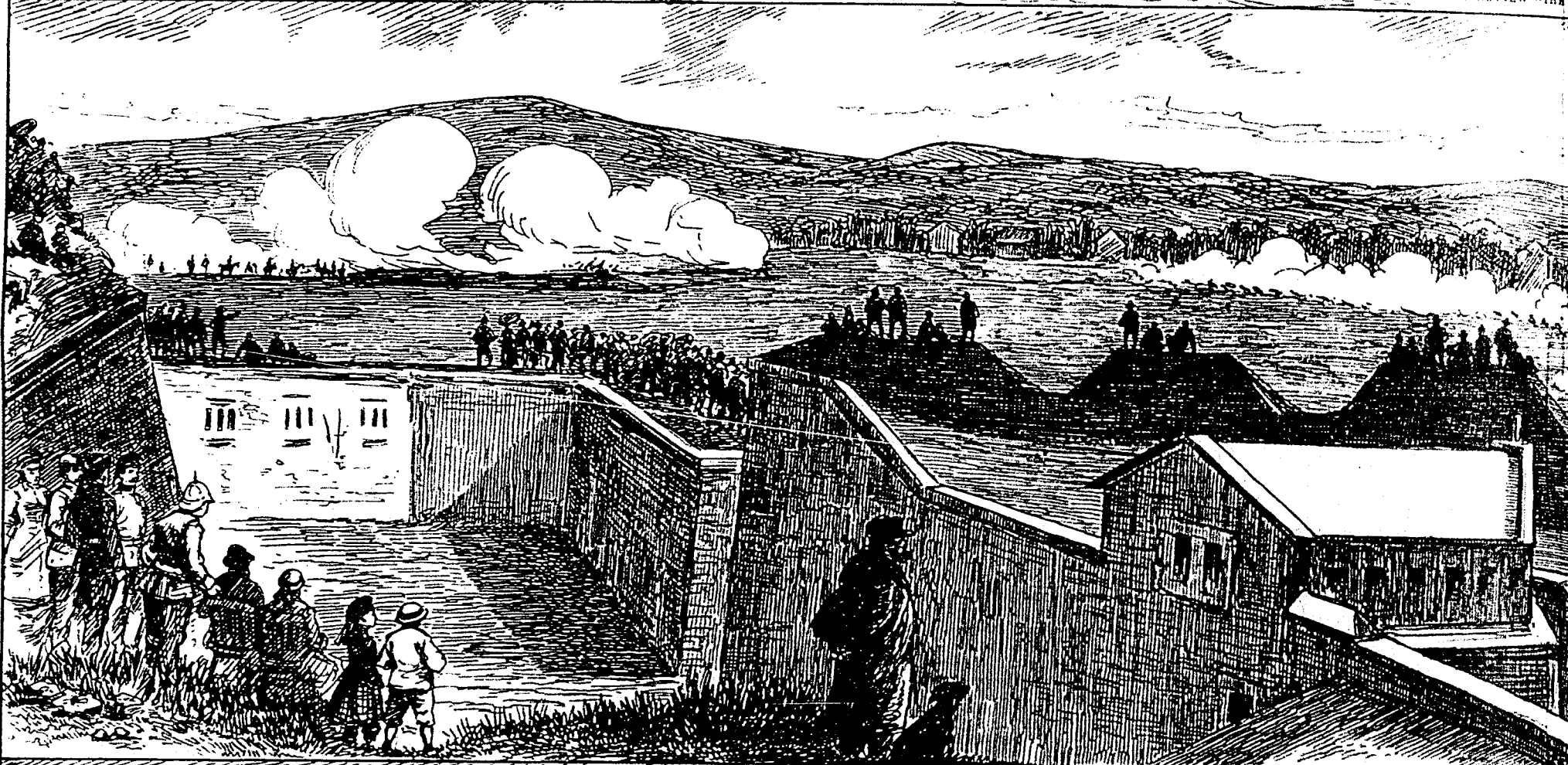
"I NEVER argyagin a success," said the lato Artemus Ward; "when I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left, and say to myself 'That hole belongs to that snake.'"

ORGAN FOR SALE.

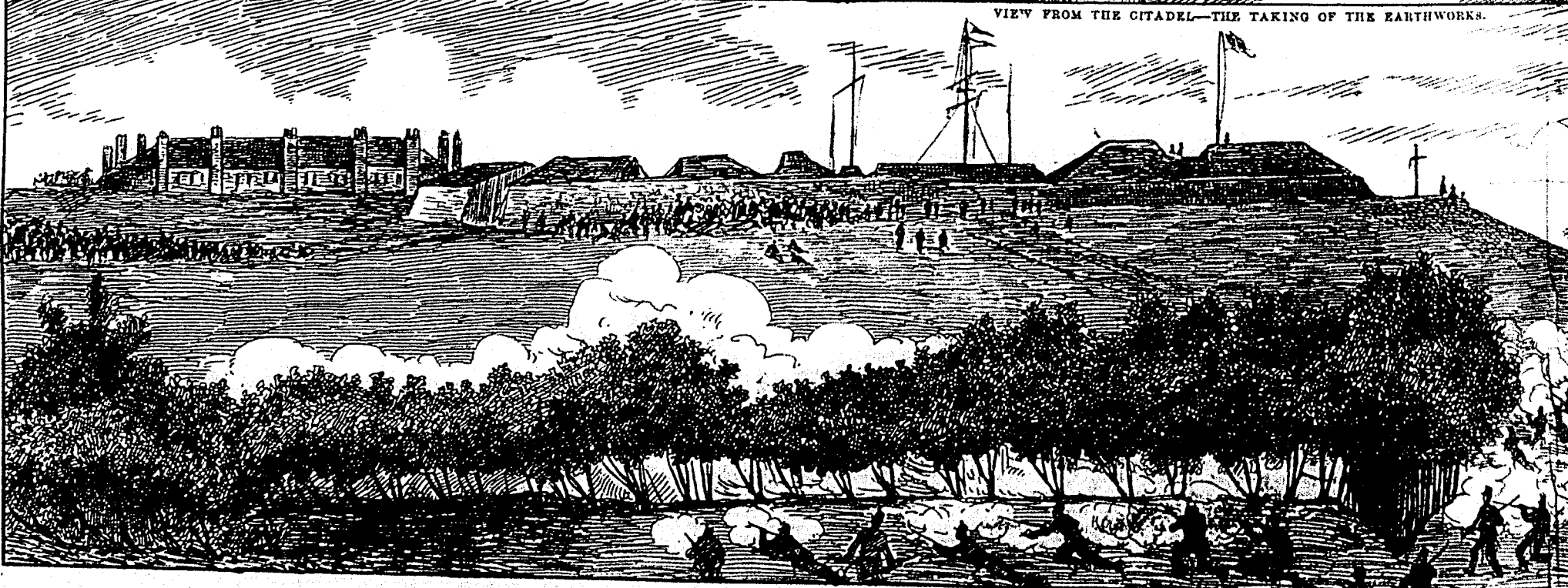
From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.



NAVAL REVIEW—THE



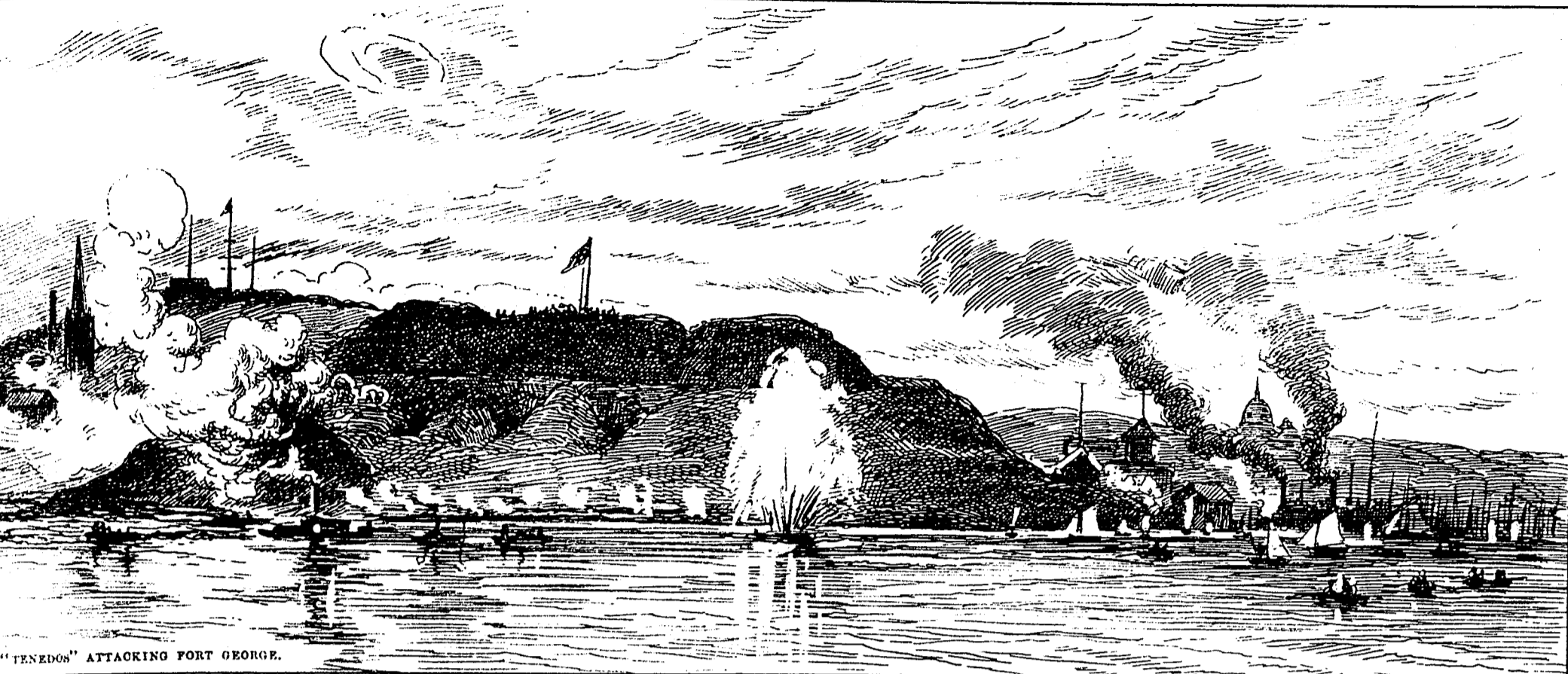
VIEW FROM THE CITADEL—THE TAKING OF THE EARTHWORKS.



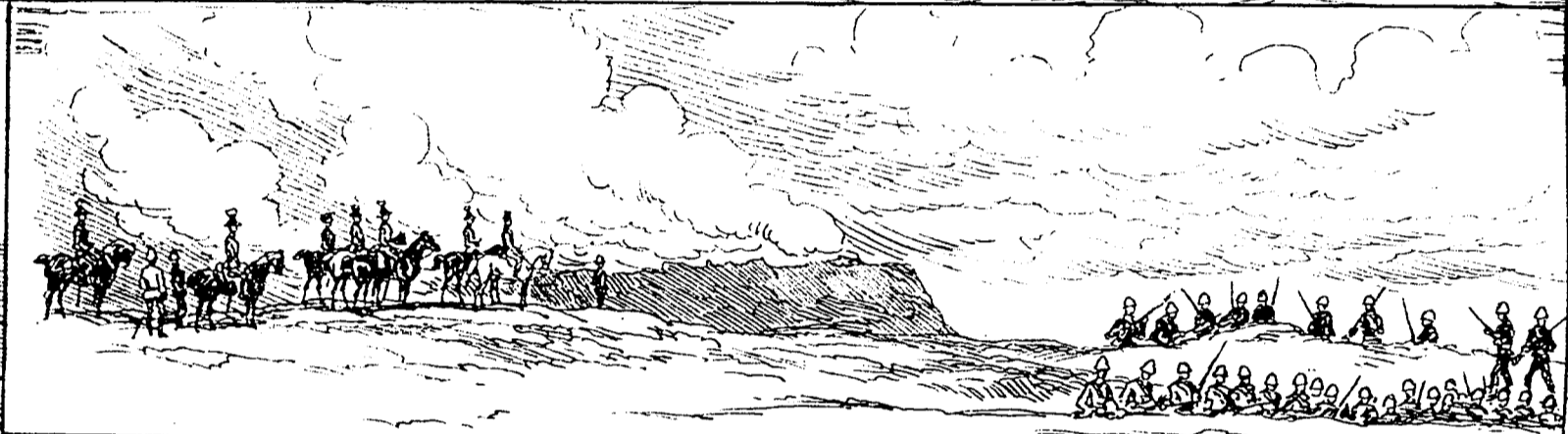
VIEW FROM THE EARTHWORKS LOOKING TOWARDS CITADEL.

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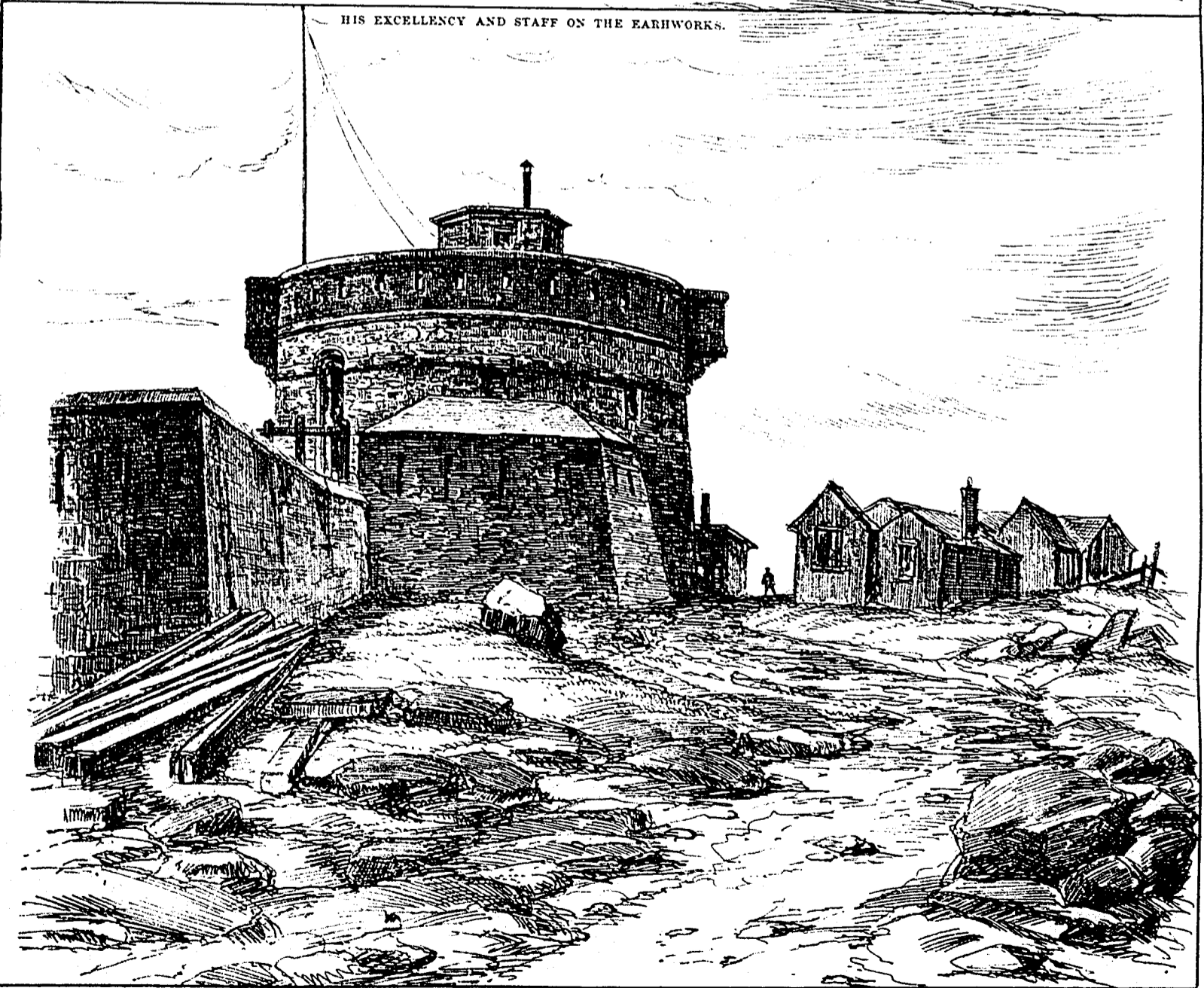
FROM SKETCHES BY



"TENEDOS" ATTACKING FORT GEORGE.



HIS EXCELLENCY AND STAFF ON THE EARTHWORKS.



YORK REDOUBT.

REVIEW AT HALIFAX, N.S.

JAS. WESTON, A.R.C.A.

TO A YOUNG MAN.

(From the Swedish of Esaias Tegner.)

BY NED P. MAH.

Gather the flower, O youth, lest on thy grave
To-morrow it be strewn.
A maid is life, who smiles upon the brave
With loosened zone.

The day thou livest first, thy genius is;
Salute him. Doth he frown?
Looks he on thee with threatening? By this
Be not cast down.

Roll the stone from the future's sepulchre;
An angel there discern:
Faint not. Behold fair Hope. Take aid of her.
Give thanks, and learn.

Arise! Fight for thy fellow-mortal's weal
And give thy sword no rest:
Be scorned, despised, be hated. Clasp them still
To wounded breast.

And hope for rescue and for victory, though
The storm o'erwhelming break:
For thou may'st also sail, as we do now
Upon Time's wreck.

And ever as thou climb'st, give ear, my son,
To voices from the dale:
Well for thee, dost thou hear, at set of sun,
A nightingale.

For Trouble soon shall wield his flaming sword
And with relentless hand
Drive thee from sunshine and song birds toward
The starless strand.

Where Cerberus howls with many headed din
In that unmeasured gloom,
Where Furies lash the coward from within
Elysium.

MILLY DOVE.

I.

It was the quaintest of imaginable rooms. It was deep and dark in the corners, where the very spirit of mystery itself seemed to hide away, while there lay from end to end of the crazy old floor a long bar of golden light, that had poured in through the single window, seeming like a luminous pathway which, if followed, would take one straight out through the diamonded casement, and so on to heaven. The walls were were dim, and deeply panelled with some dark, melancholy wood, and in the chinks of every panel active spiders lived a toilsome life, passing their days in the construction of suspension bridges from their houses to the ceiling,—which works were apparently undertaken on a purely scientific motive, as they were never seen to traverse them after they were finished. Three chairs lurked in the corners of this half-lit chamber. One of them—old-fashioned, with a high back and crooked arms—seemed to repose in the twilight of the place, like some high-shouldered old beau of the last century, silently reflecting, as it were, on the habits of the present generation. This old fellow was not, however, always in retreat. He was many a time during the day dragged forth into the centre of the stream of golden light that poured through the deep window, where he seemed to blink and shrink from the unwonted glare, while a small, bright figure nestled into his comfortable angles, and pierced his bent and padded old arms with cruel pins, to which divers endless cotton threads were fastened. And then, as the sunlight poured splendidly through the diamond panes, powdering the air with golden dust and playing on the carvings of the ceiling, there was not a prettier picture in the world—not even in your grand foreign galleries beyond the sea—than Milly Dove, sitting in her sumptuous old chair.

She was very, very pretty, this little Milly Dove. Her eyes were so dark and blue, and the light that shone in them seemed to be so far off behind, that one saw it shining, shining miles and miles away, like the lights of a distant city across the sea! Then her hair was of such a rich brown,—golden-hued where the light struck it,—and her rosy, cloven mouth was so fresh and dewy, that, if I were a painter, I would not have tried to paint Milly Dove for the world,—I would only have dreamed of her.

Milly sat the greater part of the day in that high-backed chair, right in the sunny stream, working at her embroidery or knitting. I said before—prettily enough, too, I think—that the light, as it poured in, seemed like a path to heaven. If it were so who that saw this little maiden seated in its radiance would not say that she was an angel made to tread it?

She did not tread it, however, or even dream of any such proceeding as marching out through the window on a pavement of sunbeams, and wandering off into problematical regions. Not that Milly Dove did not wish to go to heaven; but she had so many things to do down below here that she never would have thought of such a journey, unless it pleased God to take her.

She had much to do, that little thing, though you would not think it to look at her. Milly Dove kept a shop. Yes! absolutely kept a shop. Directly opposite to that old-fashioned window which lit the little room, a small glass door stood half way open, through which one could catch a glimpse of a small counter and small shelves, and a varied assortment of the smallest merchandise it was possible to keep. Tiny drums for infants of a military turn of mind; scanty bundles of cotton and muslin stuffs, large enough, perhaps, to furnish dolls' dresses; infinitesimal brooches; ridiculously reduced thimbles; stunted whips; dwarf rakes and spades, and baby wheelbarrows, together with a hundred such like articles, useful or or-

naamental, lay on the shelves, were hidden away in secret places under the counter, or depended in bunches from the low ceiling.

It seemed exceedingly odd to be obliged to regard Milly Dove as the owner of all this magnificent and varied property. Her childish figure had nothing of the rigidity of a proprietor; she did not look as if she had any pockets to keep her money in; nor did she possess in the faintest degree the air of being arithmetical. No one would believe, to look into those clear, unworldly eyes, that she could buy or sell anything to the slightest advantage,—unless, indeed, it were eggs, that commodity having been, as every one knows who has read story-books, intrusted from time immemorial to pretty little girls to convey to market. Now, in spite of all this, Milly Dove was a famous hand at a bargain. It was excellent to see her standing behind her small counter, insisting pertinaciously on the price of some article which she was selling; explaining with much gravity, to the cunning clown who wished to purchase, its various merits and positive value; declaring that, if she gave it a cent cheaper, it would be a dead loss to her,—and how were folks to live if they did not make some profit on their goods? Then all this with such a sweet and gentle kindness, such a mixture of innocence and shrewdness, that it must be a hard customer indeed who could find the heart to beat her down.

The house,—a small, old-fashioned New England tenement, smelling of the Mayflower,—together with the shop and its stock of goods, was all that Milly Dove possessed in this wide world. Her parents were dead, and this old roof, with a scanty supply of merchandise, was all they had to bequeath to their only child. And she managed their inheritance wonderfully well, let me tell you! By the aid of her little shop, she made nearly two hundred and fifty dollars in the year; and she had a tenant for the upper part of the house, in the person of a Mr. Josiah Compton, who paid her probably as much more; so that this little proprietor of sixteen, although somewhat forlorn, was not very poor, and was able to lay something by every year in a savings bank at Boston.

Mr. Josiah Compton was Milly's only friend. He was a quarrelsome bachelor of fifty-six; odd, kind-hearted, passionately attached to flowers and music, and loving dearly everything old and quaint, and which did not smell, as he said, of the modern varnish. He had lived in this house a very long time. Indeed, he had been living there for many a year before Milly was born, and loved the place for the air of quiet antiquity with which it was haunted. There was a curious old garden at the back of the house, which Mr. Josiah Compton had with his own hands brought to a high state of floral culture. He had laboured at it for years, and had written the history of his toil in flowers. The ground glowed with tulips and ranunculuses; fiery lychnises and rich-blossomed roses flaunted in the deep borders; trumpet honeysuckles thrust the golden lips of their horns through a tented drapery of glossy leaves, as if about to sound a challenge to the blue convolvulus; dahlias, drunk with dew, nodded their heavy heads; and campanulas, with their bells of intense blue, grew in close ranks around the edges of the beds, like a tiny army guarding the borders of this kingdom of flowers. Colour and perfume floated like a spell through the entire place. The brilliant plants, trained into no formality, sprang up to heaven with a splendid freedom. The walks were paved with the blossoms that they shed, and the heaven was fragrant with the odours that they breathed.

On this garden Mr. Compton's window opened; and he would sit in the summer time at his piano, with the casement flung wide, the rich perfume of the flowers floating in upon the languid air, and the rich music he awakened surging over and under and through all, and mingling itself inextricably with the warm breath of the blossoming roses.

Mr. Compton's playing—and he played beautifully—was a source of intense pleasure to Milly, and she sat in her old-fashioned parlour underneath, and watched the shop through the half-open door. Poor child! of music as an art she was profoundly ignorant. Dominants, subdominants, fifths and sevenths, intervals, contrapunto, and such like, were mysteries unknown to her by name. She had never heard any other than Mr. Compton; but those wild voluntaries that he played pleased her mightily,—those sad, harmonious wailings, that poured all day long through the open window, until toward the close of day, when the sun was setting, they would burst into some triumphant melody that would sweep her soul up along the path of golden light striking heavenward, until it reached a goal so dazzlingly beautiful that she grew blinded with its glories.

She was very happy sitting there in the sunshine, knitting and listening to the music. Occasionally some villager, in need of a ball of twine or a pair of scissors, would enter the shop, and then Milly, jumping nimbly from her perch, would glide behind the small counter, looking intensely business-like. Or mayhap it would be some great boy who had just come into possession of wealth unlimited in the shape of a quarter-dollar, and who tremblingly entered Milly's little shop, determined, yet scarce knowing how, to spend it. And to all such Milly was beautifully kind and patient; showing them, with perfect good-humour, all the expensive toys to which they pointed, although perfectly aware all the time of the extent of their means, which were generally displayed in their hands with the most confiding simplicity.

Her little sales over, she would again retreat to her parlour, to knit, or, it may be, to take a good long peep at her panorama.

Milly Dove had a panorama. Not a panorama ever so many miles long, professing to exhibit the entire world in the most satisfactory manner possible in an hour and twenty-five minutes. No; Milly's panorama was, I must confess, limited in extent, but it possessed endless variety for her, and I do believe that she was never tired of looking at it.

The panorama was by no means complicated. Its exhibition was not encumbered with huge pulleys, and impossibly heavy weights and windlasses and cog-wheels to keep it moving. But, in spite of this insignificance when compared with a "seven-mile mirror," Milly's panorama was for her a splendid pastime. It was an endless round of enjoyment, a garden of perpetual delights.

The work of art consisted of a large wooden box supported on four long, diverging, attenuated legs. It contained a few coloured prints hung on hinges from the top, one hiding the other, each capable of being lifted into a horizontal position, so as to disclose the next picture in succession, by a series of little pulleys of a primitive character fixed on the exterior of the box. These pictures, when viewed through the double convex lens which was fixed in the front of the box at a proper focal distance, were magnified and glorified in so wonderful and splendid a manner, that to Milly they presented the aspect of illimitable paintings, unsurpassable in beauty of design or brilliancy of colour. How this treasure of art had come into her family the little maiden was altogether ignorant. Her mother was possessed of it long before Milly made her appearance in the world, and when dying left no tradition of its history. The probability was, that some wandering exhibitor may have left it with Mrs. Dove in pledge for unpaid board, and had never redeemed it, poor fellow!

But there it was, and when Milly was left alone in the world it became hers, and proud enough of it she was, I can assure you. It afforded the dear child wondrous delight to look through the peep-hole, and draw up the paintings one after the other. She knew nothing of history,—I don't like her a bit less for that,—and the subjects of these splendid illustrations would have remained mysteries to her forever, had it not been for the kindness of Mr. Compton, who would pull the strings as she peeped, and, assuming the air and manner of a veritable showman, explain each cartoon as it appeared. That gentleman, however, was not always quite certain himself as to what scenes were really depicted in this splendid gallery; but then he never hesitated on account of any want of knowledge, but assigned to each picture the most probable explanation and title he could think of. I have seen many grand battle-pieces in great galleries across the sea that might just as well have been called the battle of Pavia as the battle of Agincourt, and have looked at many a heathen goddess painted by some great old artist, who might quite as well have been put down as Moll Flanders in the catalogue, and no one would have questioned the propriety of the title. So I do not blame Mr. Compton in the least for his imprudent style of nomenclature. It satisfied Milly perfectly, and he had no other object.

These explanations did not, however, tax Mr. Compton's inventive facilities very largely. There were the Pyramids of Ghizeh, which he could not very well mistake, and which afforded him an opportunity of delivering a very learned discourse on the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, all carefully extracted from an encyclopaedia; and there was the battle of Waterloo, which the Duke of Wellington's nose and Napoleon's coat identified sufficiently; but, again, there arose a fiery painting with flames, and soldiers, and much killing, and falling horses, with agonized mothers of large families in the fourth stories, which, having no better name for it, Mr. Compton christened the Battle of Prague; and when he afterward performed the piece of music of that name on the piano, and came to the part called by the composer in an explanatory note "the cry of the wounded," there remained no shadow of doubt on Milly's mind that the picture was indeed a faithful representation of that terrible combat, and that Mr. Compton was the best-informed historian in the world.

Of late, somehow, Milly, poor child, was not quite so interested in her panorama, or so attentive to her shop as was her wont. She had not peeped through that magical hole for many days; her knitting was, I regret to say, of an unusually spasmodic character; when she sat in the sunshine it seemed almost too gay for her; and her pretty little face seemed to have a cloud of sadness covering it. But she welcomed the music with more pleasure than ever; and the more melancholy it was, the better she liked it; for it seemed then to speak to her in a language which she understood, yet could not interpret,—harmoniously talking of strange things which she thought she felt, and still was unable to comprehend. So she sat all day and listened to Mr. Compton's wild improvisations, as they floated over the flowers, till perfume and harmony seemed to be mingling, and she grew so abstracted in her habits that she had to be called thrice by Mrs. Barberry, who wanted to buy a flour-dredge, before she thought of answering.

It was singular, but no less true, that just at this time I had the privilege of peeping into that pure little maiden's mind, and observing,

in secret, all its innocent little operations. It was a rare privilege, I know, but I hope I love honour, beauty, and virtue too much not to look upon the prerogative as holy. You will hear, therefore, from me only such things as are necessary to the conduct of the story I am endeavouring to relate.

I saw, at my very first peep, what it was that induced Milly to forget her panorama, and pay such little heed to old Mrs. Barberry. The cause of all this distraction was a certain person, of whom you shall know more before I have done with you.

About a week previous to the time I am speaking of a stranger had made his appearance in the little town of Blossomdale, in which Milly lived; and just about the same time Milly, who had heard of the stranger's arrival—as one hears everything in a village—but had not seen him, observed a man of singular aspect passing her shop frequently. Coupling the two facts together she came to the conclusion that this person and the strange arrival were one; which at least proves that Milly Dove was capable of inductive reasoning.

He was a remarkable man, this stranger. Not very tall, but rather powerfully built; he always walked rapidly, with his frame stooping forward from the hips, as if his mind were in advance of his body. His face was somewhat narrow, and delicately featured. A thin moustache curled around a small mouth, and his hair was profuse, though not long. But it was in his eyes that his individuality chiefly resided,—eyes that seemed to gaze at nothing, and yet see everything. They did not look, they absorbed, those great dark eyes, and shied out from their own darkness a shadow over the whole face. They were eyes truly delightful to look at,—as it is delightful to look down into a calm sea,—and hard to be forgotten.

Milly did not easily forget them, I promise you. They haunted her as she sat alone in the little half-lit parlour, and seemed to glow with a strange light in the dim corners where the spiders dwelt. She looked at them, and they looked at her all the livelong day, and this was why she forgot her panorama.

Now Milly Dove told Mr. Compton every thing. He was her only friend. He stood to her in the place of a parent, and loved her as a daughter. Confidence existed between them as a matter of course, and she talked to him as the stream flows. So she soon told him about this stranger; how she had seen him; how his face haunted her continually; how she kept thinking about all day long; how she watched for him at the hour when it was usual for him to pass her door, and felt a sort of dim, indistinct pleasure when he passed. All this she told her friend simply, truly, naturally, without even the remotest idea of the nature or origin of her feelings; for Milly was at that happy age when people are not haunted in the mysteries of themselves, and do not possess the mournful knowledge which enables them to anatomize their own heart. Mr. Compton at first looked rather sad at hearing this *avowal* confession; but after a moment he laughed and kissed her fair forehead, saying that she would soon forget this wonderful stranger. Then he sat down at his piano and played so wild and wonderful a strain, fraught with such depths of pure and unconscious passion, that Milly lay statue-like near him, and dreamed so perfectly that she dreamed no more.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

An attempt is being made to induce Irving and Booth to "star" together in America next season.

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY has declined offers from Messrs. Mapleson and Strakosch to sing in opera. She intends to accept concert engagements only.

ALBANI has engaged to sing at the Berlin Opera next season. She has never yet appeared in her many and her performance as *Klidi* in "Lohengrin" is anticipated there with great interest.

It is said that Signor Salvini will contribute to an early number of Scribner's *Magazine* an essay on "Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth."

On the 17th Mr. Gye and Mr. Carl Rosa have arranged that the latter gentleman should have Covent Garden Theatre for opera in English during the autumn, Madame Albani to be prima donna assoluta.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Era* communicates the following item of personal intelligence: "A rumour has gone the rounds here since my last that Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt was thinking of marrying M. Angelo, who formed one of her company in the United States, but it has no foundation."

A CONFESSION to the demands of a public frightened by late accidents at the theatre is about to be made at the Theatre Francaise, which building will be closed for ten days during the present summer for the purpose of erecting an iron screen, to let down, in case of fire, behind the scenes between the stage and the audience.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From "Centennial Anniversary Poem" read before Massachusetts Medical Society, June 8.

How blest is he who knows no meaner strife Than art's long battle with the foes of life! No doubt assails him, doing still his best, And trusting kindly nature for the rest; No moaning conscience tears the thin disguise That wraps his breast, and tells him that he lies. He comes: the languid sufferer lifts his head And smiles a welcome from his weary bed; He speaks: what music like the tones that tell "Past is the hour of danger—all is well!" How can he feel the petty stings of grief? Whose cheering presence always brings relief? What ugly dreams can trouble his repose? Who yields himself to soothe another's woes?

tem which fills the ranks with striplings, and undermines all esprit de corps. We cannot expect to win victories, even against the undisciplined Boer, with weak battalions of boys. Seasoned full-grown soldiers can alone meet the many and varied demands made upon the army of this widely-scattered Empire. It is a common and favourite argument with those who are of the opposite side to point to German successes, made with large preponderance of young troops. But where conscription is in force, the average intelligence of the rank and file must be far higher than in an army raised by voluntary enlistment, and discipline and training can be more easily inculcated and acquired. Fertile brains and quick fingers will serve the educated recruit better than years of wearisomely reiterated drill, just as his intelligence will bring him to understand readily the meaning of orders, and to place full reliance upon the soldierly judgment of his superiors.

Heavily handicapped as are our soldiers by the errors of administrators, they suffer yet more, through the careless indifference of their rulers, from want of skill than from want of stamina. The sum of an infantry soldier's lesson in these days may be condensed into one short sentence: "To hide, and shoot straight." In neither of these vitally important operations are our men properly trained. The present system of musketry was framed on excellent lines by enthusiasts whose heart was in their work; but the practical science of General Hay, and the fiery eloquence of Colonel Wilford, have gone, and only the dry bones remain. The well-meant fiction that the recruit learns to hit the bull's-eye before he fires a shot is still in force to relieve the war estimates from any wasteful expenditure in ball-cartridges, and our soldiers manfully miss their targets, animate or inanimate. It is now established by the experience of our Volunteers—perhaps, save the Boers, the finest marksmen in the world—that real ball-practice alone makes deadly shots. The same fact is proved by the excellent shooting of regiments stationed in India, where cartridges are sold at cost price, to pass the long day at the ranges. But it is not only that the system is still at fault; that vital points are overlooked, such as firing at moving objects, of saving fire and working only by word of command, but it is notorious that numbers have been despatched on foreign, even upon imminent active service, who had never felt the kick of a rifle. In the great parade of force made by Lord Beaconsfield's Government three years ago, when the Mediterranean garrisons were strengthened by some half dozen battalions, there were hundreds of men embarked who were absolutely innocent of musketry instruction. How would our troops have fared if brought into conflict, as just then seemed more than probable, with Russian veterans skilled in, and inured to, war? Large drafts, again, went out to Africa during the Zulu war under the same conditions. It was the same, or worse, when reinforcements were despatched to the ill-fated Colley to continue operations against the practised marksmen of the Transvaal. But there is another weapon of war which is still more neglected and ignored by our military authorities. They do not apparently deny the uses of the spade; but they all strangely hesitate to introduce it as part of the equipment of the soldier. A readiness to go to ground is really the modern fighting-man's greatest safeguard and best means of offence. To protect his position by hastily-formed intrenchments, or dig pits or holes to cover his advance, are operations which form part of the training of every continental recruit. Here we are still lost in long-winded discussions as to the size and shape of the implement, and how it should be carried. A concession has indeed been made to the needs of the hour by attaching a number of carts or pack-animals, laden with intrenching tools, to all bodies of troops. But the implements do not invariably accompany the fighting-line, and are likely to be far away—as at Mainba Hill—at the moment when most urgently required. The case will never be properly dealt with till the spade forms as much part of a soldier's harness as his rifle, his bayonet, or his boots.—The World.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Duke of Sutherland denies the report that he had an interview with the new Tichborne claimant at San Francisco.

IT is said that Mr. Harris, of Drury Lane, is likely to engage the Oberammergau performers of the Passion Play for a season in London.

Mrs. MACKAY, wife of the "Bonanza King," has given £3,600 for a dinner service of 109 pieces, with a peagreen ground and birds designed by Buffon. The naturalist is said to have called it the Sevres edition of his book on birds.

THE Marquis of Ripon, after a gallant struggle, has practically abandoned the attempt to live in India. Those who best know the state of his health say he should never have gone. However this be, it is quite certain that he has now recognised the impossibility of making a lengthened stay. This is not officially acknowledged, and may perhaps be officially contradicted, but it is nevertheless the fact.

THE Standard is about to make a raid for news in a new direction. Considering the vast

interest involved in affairs in America the London newspapers give very meagre telegrams. The Standard, looking out for fresh fields for enterprise, has determined to make a splash in America, and there is being organized in its behalf in New York a special bureau, whence will be daily telegraphed the leading items of the day's news, and upon occasion we shall have whole columns by cable.

THE bazaar mania is at length being overdone. There have been something like a score held in London during the last few weeks, in which ladies of distinction have taken a leading part. One or two of them have proved enormous successes, but people are now getting tired of them, and one which was opened at the Cannon-street Hotel last week by so distinguished a personage as the Marchioness of Salisbury has proved so terrible a failure that no less than £300 worth of goods was left on the hands of the stallholders, and at no time during the holding of the bazaar were more than fifty persons present.

EMILE DE GIRARDIN once wrote a drama called Les Deux Sœurs, a title which might be applied to the family drama which has recently disunited two sisters, celebrated each in her way, one as herself, the other as her sister. The one is the incomparable Sarah Bernhardt; the other is her sister Jeanne Bernhardt. In America they were united; in France they were united. It is England that has caused their disunion. Amongst other conditions which Sarah imposed upon her London manager was the right which she reserved to herself of having engaged one person chosen by herself. It was perfectly understood that this person should be her sister Jeanne, who, accordingly, had ordered her dresses, rehearsed, and got ready to start. Well, at the last moment, Jeanne was surprised to learn that she had not been engaged at all, and that the person chosen by the divine Sarah was M. Angelo. Naturally, Jeanne was furious. There was a terrible scene between the two women, and Angelo got splashed a little. The London papers are all very severe on Sarah's protégé, who as far as dramatic art is concerned is not the man for the place.

THE dinner given by the Lord Mayor to men of literature was excellent from a culinary point of view, but the speeches were the thing, and these were alike—by reason of the fame of the speakers and the oddity and the ability of the speeches—worthy of the occasion. With one or two exceptions no notice was given to the gentlemen called upon to reply to the various toasts. The advantage of this was proved both affirmatively and negatively. Lord Lytton, who had been advised of the task assigned to him, prepared a speech excellent both in matter and style, but at least three times too long. Lord Rosslyn, standing with his hands under his coat tails, his chest well out, and his head well back—"a good British fireplace attitude," some one said—delivered some jovial common-places on the House of Lords. Lord Houghton, who had also received a note of preparation, made one of the best speeches he has delivered for some years. Perhaps Mr. Walter also had notice of what was expected of him, and was prosy accordingly. The rest of the speeches were impromptu; and it was odd to note how nearly everyone, having cheerfully dined, thought the opportunity favourable for having a go at someone. Fred Burnaby began it with flashing eyes, and countenance sternly set, he took the opportunity in replying to the toast of the army, to denounce the Transvaal peace, and "run a muck" at Mr. Childers' army organization scheme. Lord Sherbrooke elaborately sneered at the profession which Robert Lowe once followed, and Mr. Yates, with a clever stroke, smote the Viscount for his lack of loyalty. But the Mohawk of the evening was Mr. Forbes, who, with all his medals displayed, fiercely butted at Lord Lytton, with whom he had a difficulty when in India. It was pretty to see the ex-Viceroy, when Mr. Forbes rose and attempted to fix him with his glittering eye—turn his back upon him, and look out of his dreamy eyes as if there were no such place as the Mansion House, and as if the stillness were unbroken by sound of human voice. It was a pleasant, cheerful gathering.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

TWO Foreign patentees are expected in Paris shortly: King Kalakana, Sovereign of the Hawaii Islands, who comes to taste the sweets of our civilization; and Prince Milan of Servia, on a trip throughout Europe.

THE French dramatic authors are writing indignantly against the English adapters of their pieces for not giving them some of the profits. The British public ought to be the most indignant at the importation of so much filth and immorality.

M. DETAILLE, the celebrated painter of battle subjects, who went to Tunis to reproduce the military operations of the campaign, has just returned to the French capital with an album full of sketches which promise well for future water-colour exhibitions and next year's Salon.

THE rage for titles, crests, monograms, armorial bearings, decorations, and other rem-

nants of the civilization of the past is one of the most curious features of the third French Republic. In order to meet the wants of the public a Journal Heraldique has been published lately, one of the objects of which is not only "to establish the antiquity of the great names of France, but to furnish also to numerous commoners the proof that their ancestors formerly received titles of nobility or armorial bearings!"

VARIETIES.

THIS HAPPENED IN KELSO.—There are some disadvantages, says the Kelso Courier, in living on the second floor. A Kelso housewife thus situated left a bar of soap on the stairs while she exchanged a few words with the first floor tenant, and a plumber who was up stairs mending the pipes came down a moment later with several tongs and wrenches in one hand, and a sheet iron furnace in the other, and when he reached the immediate locality of the soap, his legs suddenly spread apart, a look of astonishment stole into his face, and in an instant his head was hal way through the front door, and his coat-tail on fire, and those tongs and wrenches were up in the air struggling for dear life with that sheet-iron furnace. He says now that his father forced him to learn the trade of plumbing, and that it was not his own choice.

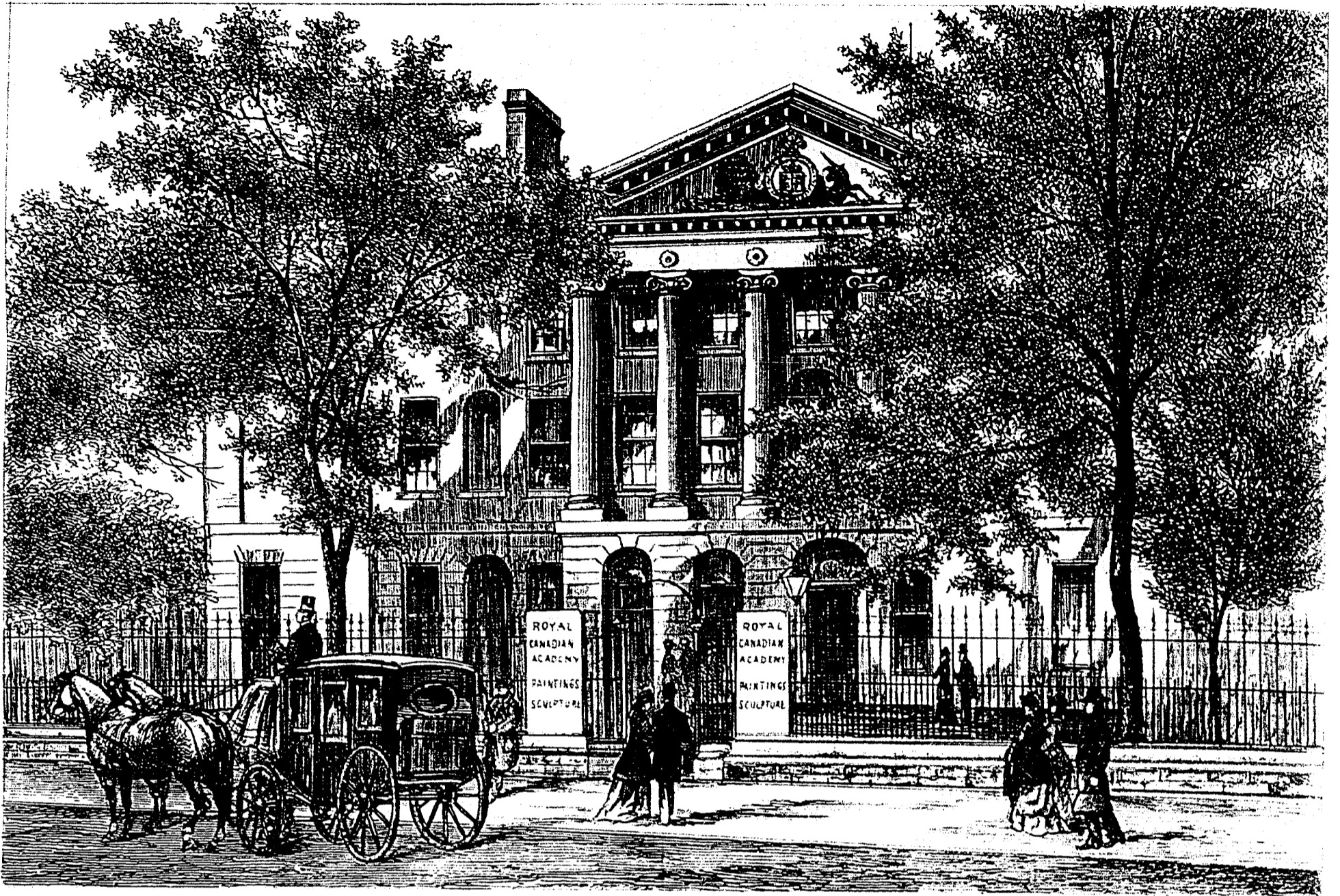
SWEATING IN THE PULPIT.—Many years ago a well-known English author, in course of a pedestrian excursion through the south of Scotland, rested on the Saturday until the Monday at a village on his route, and in course of the Sunday attended service in the Parish Church. The officiating clergyman happened to be one of those preachers who indulged in a good deal of gesticulation, such as twisting his shoulders and wiping his forehead frequently. The tourist, who had never been within the walls of a Scotch Church before, and accustomed to the quiet dignity of the English pulpit, regarded the preacher's motions with some surprise, and at the conclusion of the service turned to a shepherd in the pew behind, and asked him what caused the man up in the box to twist and sweat so much. The pawky herd, leaning forward and laying his chin upon the shoulder of the other, quietly whispered, "Od, sir, I'm thinkin' it's likely ye wad twist and sweat tae, gin ye ken'd as little as him what was to come next!"

DICKEN'S "COPY."—Charles Dickens always wrote with blue-ink on blue paper. His was a singularly neat and regular hand, really artistic in its conception, legible, yet not very legible to those unfamiliar with it. Here, as in everything else, was to be noted the perfect finish, as it might be styled, of his letter-writing—the disposition of the paragraphs, even the stopping, the use of capitals, all showing artistic knowledge, and conveying excellent and valuable lessons. His "copy" for the printers, written as it is in very small hand, much crowded, is trying enough to the eyes, but the printers never found any difficulties. It was much and carefully corrected; and wherever there was an erasure, it was done in thorough fashion, so that what was effaced could not be read. Nearly all the hand followed his example in writing in blue ink, and on blue paper, and this for many years—but not without inconvenience. For, like the boy and his button described by Sir Walter Scott, the absence of paper or ink of the necessary colour affected the ideas, and one worked under serious disabilities, strangeness, &c. Another idiosyncrasy of his was writing the day of the month in full, as "January, twenty-sixth."

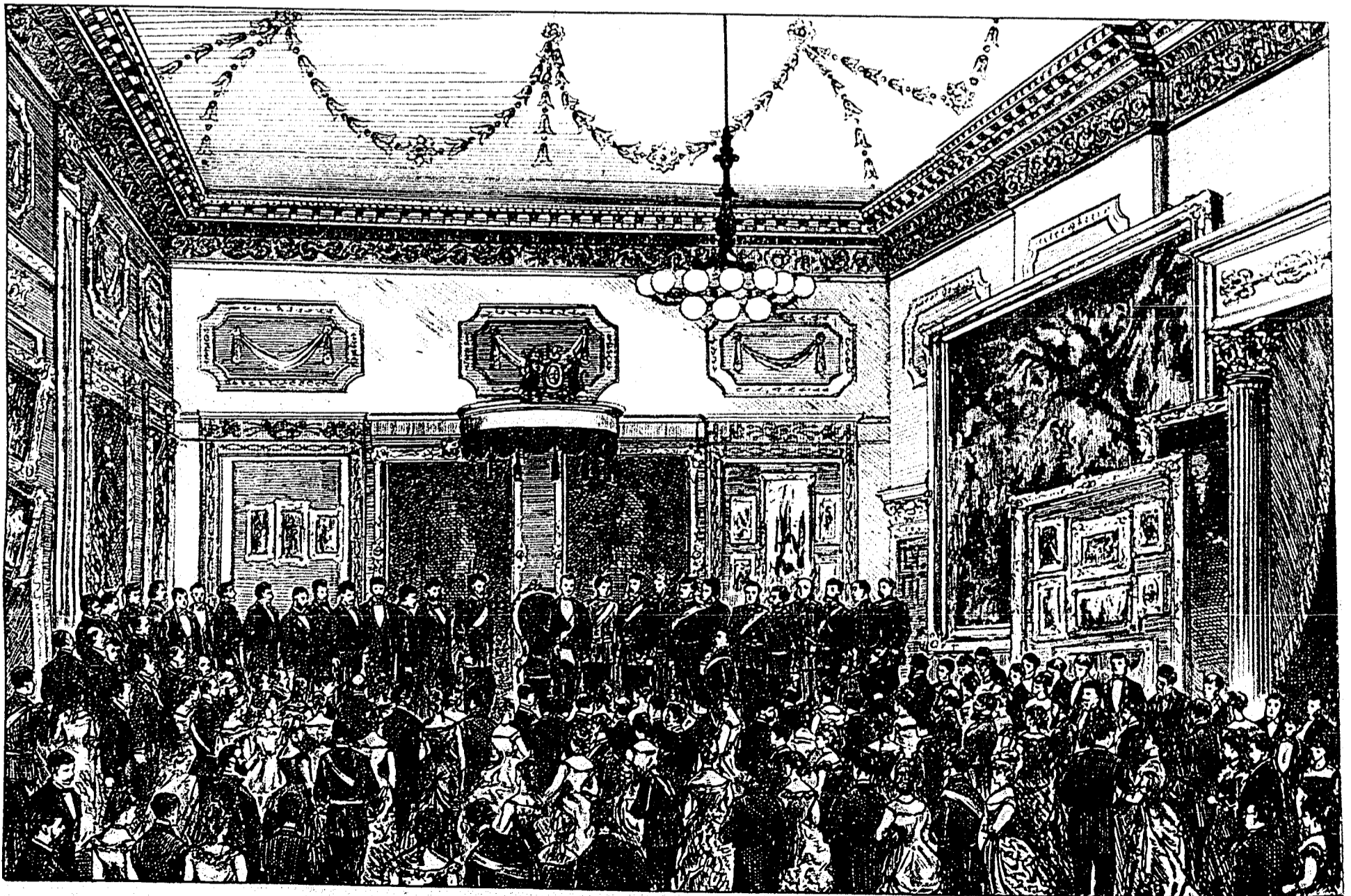
THE NOVEL OF TO-DAY.—The novel has become, like the daily newspaper, a record of the most recent facts in human history. Whatever may be the latest mode in theology, philosophy, or art, one will be very sure to find it reproduced in fiction. The novel, indeed, like the newspaper, almost anticipates facts, and eagerly gives us solutions of social and spiritual problems before the new philosophy or new religion has entirely satisfied itself with formula or creed. So susceptible is the novelist to the very breath of the time. What is whispered in the salon is proclaimed on the house-top, and human society is artistically re-arranged, often with singular power and beauty, before men and women have quite readjusted themselves to the new conditions of life. Would you know the latest results of modern philosophy as applied to the conduct of life, look for them not in lecture, essay, sermon, or treatise, but in the novel. The novelist makes haste to set down what people are talking about, before the people who talk have reached the end of their conversation.—Atlantic Monthly.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

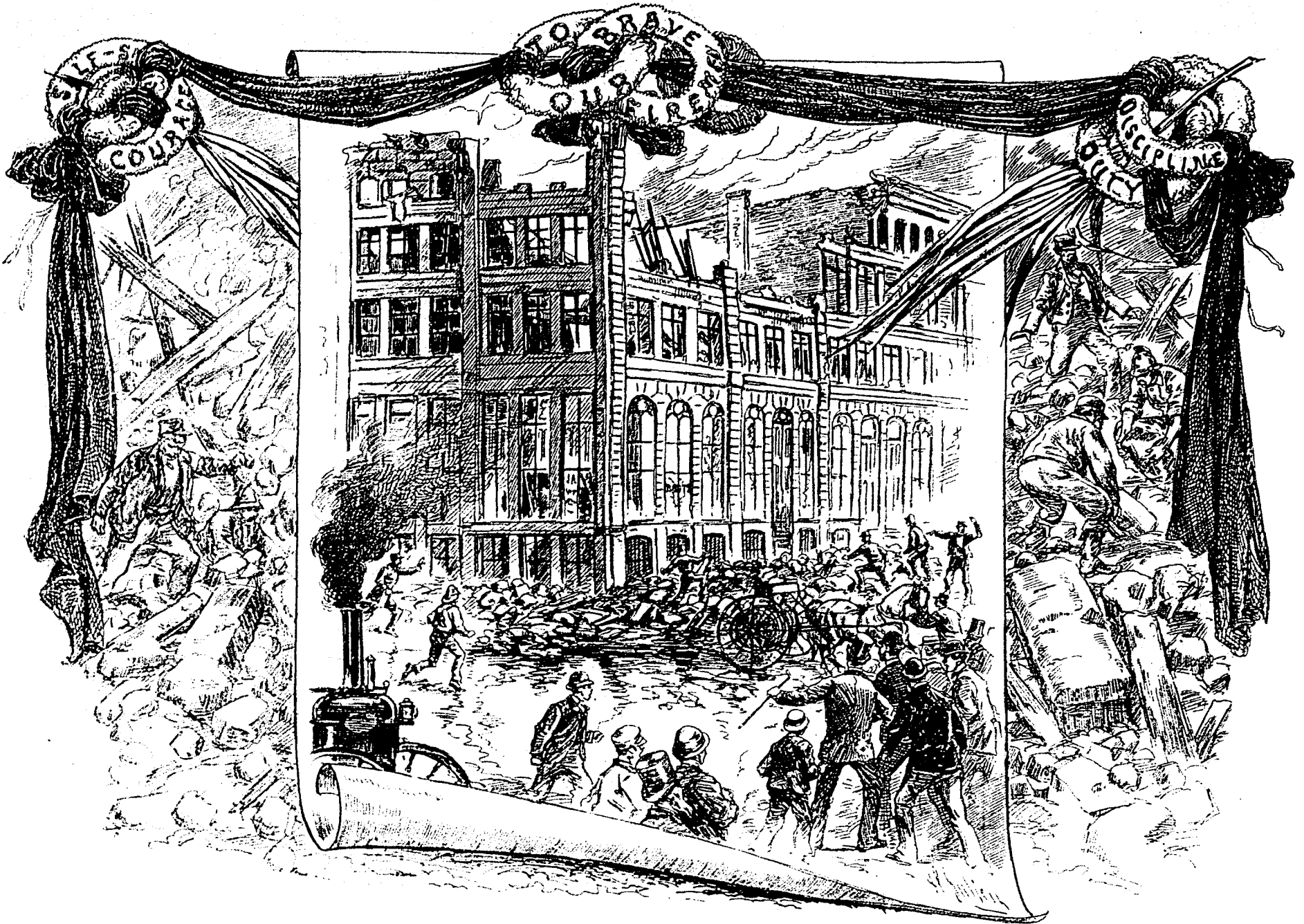
This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator. The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season. The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons. Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.



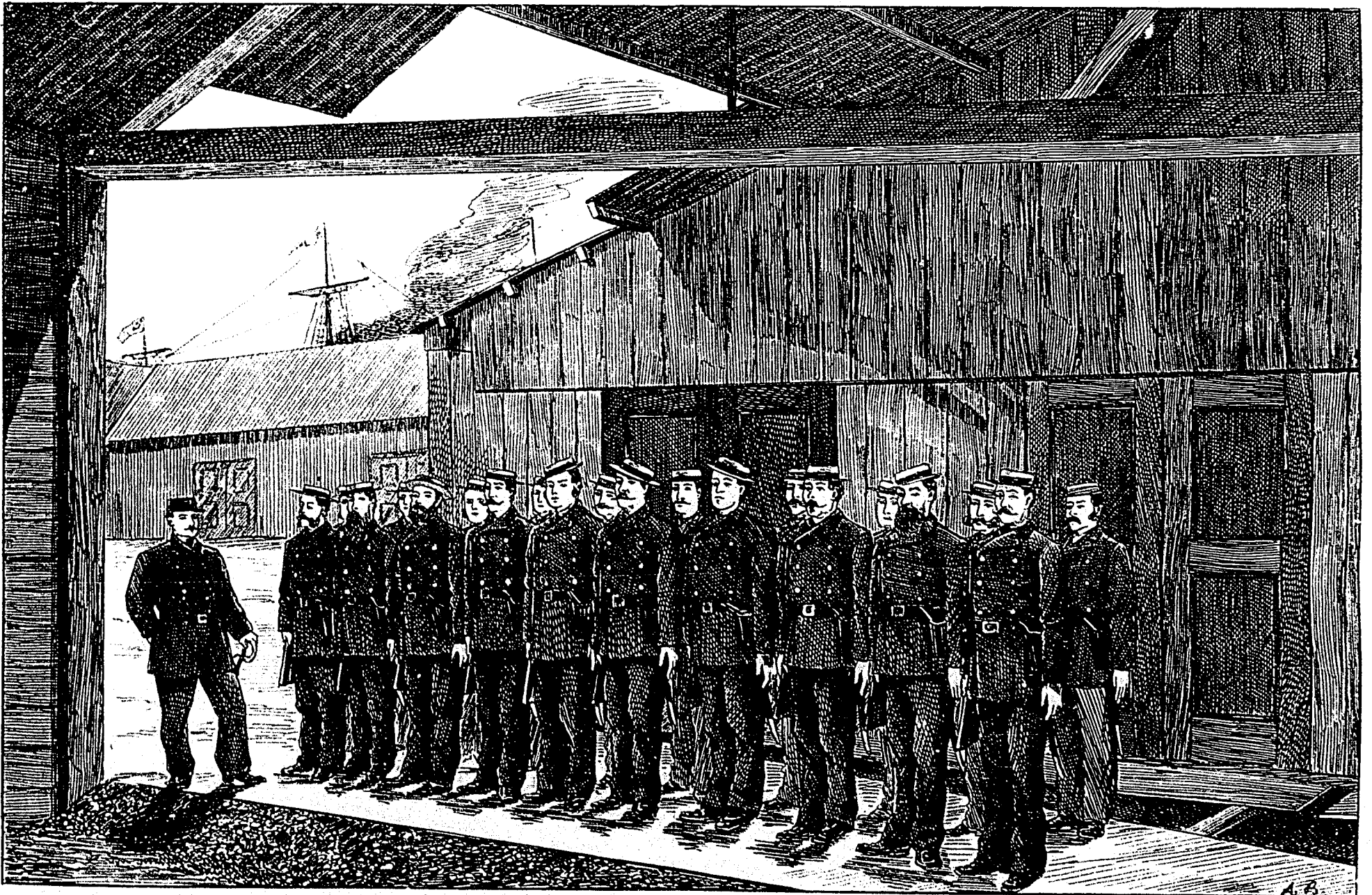
THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY.—OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.



THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY.—EXHIBITION IN THE PROVINCE BUILDING, HALIFAX.



MONTREAL.—THE FIRE IN WITHAM'S BUILDING, YOUVILLE STREET, AT WHICH THE FIREMAN TOWERS MET HIS DEATH



MONTREAL.—THE SHIP LABOURER'S STRIKE.—QUEBEC POLICEMEN ON DUTY AT THE WHARVES.

YOUNG LOVE.

The youth was stately and tall and eager, she
Was little and dainty and charming to see—
With fervour he pleaded, but turning aside
She answered with quick indignation and pride,
" 'Tis because I am little; you never would dare
To behave in this way with my tall cousin Claire."

" 'Tis because you are little, I love you, sweet,
And I lay my heart at your dainty feet.
So sweet and so little, bewitching and gay,
And uttering pearls, as the fairy-books say,
Then be not so cruel, O dearest, to me!
Each hope of my life is for thee, only thee."

"Why is it your eyes are so blue, my sweet,
If never a true lover's glance to meet?
Why is it your lips are so red, my love,
If not earth's tenderest joys to prove?
Beautiful youth should be gentle and kind,
And list to love's pleading with generous mind."

"Ah sweet!"—and a sudden eclipse of eyes
And lips, which surrender in mute surprise!
And then the red rose, those blushes to see,
Would surely despairing and envious be.
Ah bold young love, that is quick to guess
When a pretty girl's "no, sir" means a "yes."
C. H. THAYER.

CANADIAN ANNALS

It is with sincere pleasure, we open our columns to Mr. Alex. A. Russell, of Ottawa, who thus addresses the President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, writing on Canadian History:

OTTAWA, 25th June, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—Every patriotic Scotchman, who reads your "Scots in New France," must feel under a debt of gratitude to you, for so handsomely making good the claim of his countrymen to stand second, though at a modest distance we must admit,—to the heroic adventures of discovery, and the gallant sons of France, that followed them—in the historical record of this Canada, of ours.

It is of Old Canada I speak,—the Province of Quebec. Its picturesque scenery—and its early history that links it so closely to mediæval times, and their manners, institutions and history, make it in a manner the classic ground of the northern part of the new world. Of course that is to those who have a taste for such things. Such it naturally seems to a Scotchman, from "Albyn of the hills" (as it would be said in the days of St. Columbus)—one who imbibed his first love of nature and classic story by the banks of the "Dried Clyde," and spent school boy holidays by the termination of the Wall of Agricola, to which the Roman galleys ascended—the wall from which Oasian tells us—"Caracol (Caracal) the King of the World fled," who had rambled over the field where "Hardi-Caute" the King of the invading Danes was defeated,—and who tried his boyish pencil in sketching ruined castles, battered and grim—and gazed with the intrications of delight on the setting of the summer sun in purple and gold, behind the green wooded hills of Rosneath, and the mountains of Argyll.

Such a one looks on Canada,—a mountain land like his own,—with kindred emotion, and his heart warms to its historical association, which link it so closely to the grand old part—the mediæval history of France—the foremost of the, then, civilized nations of Europe. As he travels through its old settlements he finds everywhere seignories and other localities, whose names are those of ancient noble families of France; and should business or pleasure lead him to the romantic regions of the lower St. Lawrence and Baie de Chaleurs he will find, blended with old French names—places bearing names in the language of the ancient nation that held the country when Jacques Cartier visited it, but who were exterminated by the Algie nations that succeeded them,—points described as the scenes of interesting incidents in the journals of the early discoverers, who were men of generations long gone by—men who had taken an active part in the events of the close of the mediæval period—or to whom they were but as of yesterday; men whose garb, and arms and coat of mail—like their habits of thought and unlimited belief in everything marvellous, were still quite mediæval; and whose characters were stamped with the daring of the days of chivalry.

The shores of the St. Lawrence are haunted with reminiscences of such men and their times; and here also, up the Ottawa, rendered famous by Champlain's adventures of discovery, so ably and graphically recorded in his journal, and by those of pious missionaries, mediæval names are to be met that carry us far into the past. In the distance, we see before us, from this city, the blue hills of the valley of the Gatineau; a tributary of nearly four hundred miles in length, shorter than the Rhone, but rather greater than it in mean quantity of water discharged. In the lowest hundred miles of its course it picturesquely traverses the Laurentian highlands, with continuous thriving settlements along its banks. I doubt if any of the residents knew the origin of the name by which it is called. It first appears in history as that of a royal appanage—a fief of the Empire of Charlemagne, whose grandson, Lothaire, in dividing his dominions of Arles and Lothairin Kingdom (Lorraine), between his two younger sons, gave, along with other domains, the fief Gatineau to the youngest. To ordinary readers it appears again in the name of the Sieur de Gatineau, who is mentioned, though not conspicuously, by Froissart, among those who were engaged in one of the wars of France, which he chronicles. When we come to Canada, we find it here as the name of Seignior, above Three Rivers, granted, in 1672, to Sieur Boucher Jurr, and the augmentation of it granted in

1735, by the Marquis de la Tonquière, Governor, and F. Bigot, Intendant to Demoiselle Marie Josephine Gatineau Duplessis. We must look to students of Canadian family history, like you, for information as to the record of this family; and what member of it,—what descendant it was of the great defender of Europe, Charles Martel, (if descendant of his he was) that imposed his name on this noble tributary of the Ottawa.

But, if you will pardon the digression, there is a geological fact that throws a tint of weird mystery over these blue hills of the Gatineau. The reminiscences they recall are these of a foreign land and race—Of their own local history they are utterly dumb, excepting as to one solemn part that overwhelms all human conceptions of historical antiquity,—that is, that before the Alleghany mountains were formed, when the surface of nearly all Europe was being deposited as slime under the ocean these old hills stood, in the sunshine of ages beyond conception, as they do now, in place and formation; they tell nothing of their world's history, and bear no trace or vestige to record the existence of men of the remote past, nor indication whatever of how long the existing savage races, or their predecessors, have held them as their hunting grounds.

But it is along the shores of the Baie des Chaleurs and the St. Lawrence, and in the environs of Montreal, Three Rivers and, especially, Quebec, that we reap the richest reminiscences of early Canadian history. To compare our small thoughts with those of the great—when we visit scenes stamped with such associations—their romantic influence enhanced, mayhap, by natural features of picturesque beauty or grandeur, we feel, like that prince of what may be called paleo-mediæval history—Thierry—who tells us that, while prosecuting his researches in the times of the early Pauls, he felt "the tread of those mighty ancients sounding continually" in his ears. So with us, as we pass up the St. Lawrence, where narrowed by the high wooded cliffs at Cape Rouge, and look up at the lofty heights, and along the strand, where the swift flowing tide is hurrying past,—the spectres of De Roberval and Jean Alphonse arise in our imagination before us, as they stood on the beach, contemplating this, then, romantic solitude, and projecting further works for his settlement of "France-Roi," here, where Jacques Cartier had made a commencement the preceding year—the first, though unsuccessful European settlement in Canada—a lifetime before the foundation of Quebec, by Champlain, in 1608.

A notable spectre he—this Francois de la Roche, Sieur de Roberval, and Lord of Nerebetque, Viceroy and Lieutenant General in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Labrador—whose image will loom largely in Canadian history forever, when men of succeeding generations, with but few exceptions, will have sunk into comparative oblivion.

Such names, and the lives and times of men like De Roberval and his companions are the links that tie the early history of Canada with a singular closeness to the mediæval history of Europe—that merits particular consideration, alike for its interesting character and its manifest influence on Canadian life.

De Roberval stands second in succession to Jacques Cartier, the great discoverer who first lifted the veil of Canadian history—presenting to us the scene, when he and his band, representing the advanced civilization of Europe, first met the "pre-historic men" (for such till then they were,) of Canada; and especially of Hochelaga: a corn-growing people, whose dominion and language extended to Gaspé; of whose condition and habits, and even their existence there, we should have had no certain knowledge but for Jacques Cartier's visit: of which he gives so able and vivid a record,—valuable alike to the historian and the ethnologist.

Alas for the men of Hochelaga—they and their empire were gone and their metropolis, Hochelaga, had disappeared before the arrival of Champlain—their destruction was even then impending:—they were already assailed by enemies, probably Souriquois, on the south-east, and threatened by hostile "Agojudas" (Algonquins), from the upper Ottawa.

De Roberval's role in Canada as a colonizer, though notable, as being the first, was very far inferior in importance to that of Champlain, who founded the cities of old Canada, and planted and fostered her infant settlements, with untiring energy and wisdom, it may be said, to the day of his death. But as a typical man, a prominent feudal chief and chivalrous representative of the men and the spirit of that feudal age, that stamped its distinctive character so permanently on the social and civil relations, and the institutions of Canada;—that character which stands so distinctly in contrast with that of the early colonization of New England,—De Roberval, as typical representative of Feudal French Colonization, decidedly surpasses both Champlain and Jacques Cartier.

The more closely we study the early settlement of New England, and the Colonization of Canada, the more clearly we see; that, though proceeding from neighbouring countries, in the same age, having much in common in their material civilization and habits,—the colonizations of New France and New England were, radically and materially, sons of widely different stocks; as much so as if they had been ages apart.

Such study shows us the early planting in Canada, of the seeds of Feudal Civilization gathered in the fair fields of France, late in the autumn of the mediæval period, where it had

ripened in the sunshine of the renaissance, in the brilliant reign of Francis the First. De Roberval and his brother, were "pre-idealists" at the court of that monarch; and may have been present at the gorgeous tournaments of the "Field of Cloth of Gold" and the courtly pastimes and comports of Champlain had ridden, in the press of spears, under the influence of "Le Roi Vaillant"—King Henry of Navarre, or borne their lances under the banner of De Puisse. Such were the early leaders; and numerous were the feudal nobles that succeeded them. On the other hand the rank and file, of De Roberval's unsuccessful colony, were largely from the prisons and the galleys; and the common mass, of the later colonists, were, of that peasant class on which feudal inferiority was most deeply stamped even in the days of Czar, as he tells us; and, as history informs us, had been so ever since in their temporal condition; and who, as a rule were as reverently subject, mentally, to their clergy, as their ancestors were to the Druids. But, fortunately for them and for their descendants, to the present time—though holding over them the despotic sway of the great mediæval form of Christianity, with its consolidated "quasi" feudal organization,—their clergy were eminent for their zeal and faithfulness, and self-sacrificing devotion as missionaries. But the burdens of feudalism were light in Canada, and the teaching of her Church was paternal and pure; and so the feudal system in this mild form lived on, in peace and prosperity, while in its mother country, it perished in terrific convulsion.

How striking is the contrast, when we compare this picture with that of the colonization of New England by the "Pilgrim Fathers"—a minority of the English people, but an energetic one,—drawn largely from the more intelligent and more or less educated classes of a comparatively free and independent commonality,—who abandoned the faith of their fathers, overthrew their aristocracy—and beheaded their king.

The colonization of Canada was an offshoot of the social, civil and religious systems of the great old, past, with whose features it was strongly stamped:—That of New England sprang from an outburst, in sectarian garb, of the antagonistic principle,—the spirit of independent thought and civil liberty; that seems destined to rule the future, though, perhaps, through many errors and excesses.

But it would be unphilosophic and unfair to undervalue the importance of the feudal system, in past ages, as one of the great developing forces of European civilization. A powerful self-created force that organized the anarchy of barbaric invasions, established order, of its kind, and gave security to life and industry, that aided in the maintenance of national independence, and at times, that of civil liberty:—It was a feudal aristocracy that wrested the boasted "Magna Charta" of England from King John. We may well therefore feel interested in the records of feudal times, and cherish their nobler memories, associated with the history of our country.

Scotchmen, whose ancestors—like the old Baron of Bradwardine in Scott's Waverley—had rendered how durable service in the armies of Old France, from the days of the Douglas to the Spanish campaign of the "Duc de Berwick," may feel proud to share an interest in the records of the ancient renown of the "Glorious Land of France," and her inner history, which is that of civilization:—Especially in the romantic history of the establishment of this, her prosperous colony; in which, as you have so handsomely shown, their countrymen were so closely associated, and are now, in all that concerns the social and material welfare of this, our common country,—in the direction and administration of the commercial and public affairs of which the Scot and the French Canadian, in social and political brotherhood, have played, and do still, indisputably, play so distinguished and pre-dominant a part.

In connection with the subject of this letter the erection of the statue in honour of the late Colonel de Salaberry, which has just taken place, seems appropriately to present itself.

De Roberval is the first who appears in the two-fold character of an actor on the stage of Canadian history,—and an eminent typical representative of the chivalrous feudal nobility of mediæval France.

So also after two hundred and seventy years, when all that remained of the feudal system, in Canada, was verging towards extinction, we have, again, the like typical man in DeSalaberry.

Noble in race and name—"Nature had cast him in a hero's mould"—befitting the part he was destined to play, signally and successfully, on the day of his renown, that of the Military Commander, and—for the last time, in Canada,—the "role" of great Feudal Chief, leading his countrymen, if not his vassals, to victory over enormous odds, in defence of his country. Thus while the multitude will cherish the name of DeSalaberry simply for what he did, those who study the aspect of the civilization of the past, will contemplate in him what he was, and what he represented.

Some may think that this is making too much of, what they would call, only leading adventures, or prominent men, of what was then, in the first case a mere infant colony, and in the last, but a recently acquired weak province. But we read history armiss if we do not see that it is the future importance, and grandeur, of countries that give the chief men, of their small beginning and early career, a lasting fame in history. Who would hear of Romulus and Ro-

mus, and of her early kings, as we do now, if Rome had not risen to empire? We may rest well assured that the names of eminent men, in the past of Canada, will increase, in historical fame, in proportion to the future importance and power of which her vast territory and resources give unfailing promise—provided she does not sell her national birthright for a mess of potatoe.

I have been very proli in this dreamy letter, but one cannot well compare ideas, on a subject of common interest, with another who is master of it, without going over much ground that is common to both; and old men you know, since the days of Herodotus, at least, have been by prescription, garrulous.

Yours Very Truly,

A. J. RUSSELL.

J. M. LEMOINE, ESQRE.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

LOVELL'S GAZETTEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. Edited by P. A. Crosby. Montreal: John Lovell & Son.

This work, of which the contents and character are fully indicated in the title, is a revised edition of "Lovell's Gazetteer of British North America," issued by the same firm in 1871. The work is divided into three parts. The first consists of the table of routes, which will be found exceedingly useful to intending travellers and all other enquirers; the second and third constitute the Gazetteer proper, being devoted, the second, to the cities, town, villages, &c., and the third to the lakes and rivers. A map of the Dominion makes the volume still more valuable. It is only by actual use that the great utility of such a book of reference is realized, and we can recommend it to our readers in the confidence that they will not be disappointed.

The August number of the *North American Review* devotes a liberal share of its space to a polemical duel between Col. Ingersoll, the great exponent of the unbelief of the day, and Judge Jeremiah S. Black, the eminent jurist. Col. Ingersoll is master of some of the most effective arts of the rhetorician and the popular orator. As an assaillant of revealed religion he has more chance of success in confirming the skeptical and carrying away the wavering than perhaps any other infidel of modern times. He is engaged in constant aggressive attack, and the audacious which applaud him afford evidence that he is producing effect. Judge Black is distinguished alike for his steadfast faith in orthodox Christianity and for the power and skill with which he is able to sustain any cause in which his convictions are enlisted. Col. Ingersoll has met his attack in the *Review* and sustained it with all his force as an aggressive assaillant. Judge Black has taken up the challenge as the champion of Christianity. Of the merits of the battle it is for an interested public to judge.

Other articles in the August number of the *Review* are: "Obstacles to Annexation," by Frederic G. Mather, "Crime and Punishment in New York," by Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, "A Militia for the Sea," by John Bowler, "Astronomical Observations," by Prof. Simon Newcomb; and "The Public Lands of the United States," by Thomas Donaldson.

The July number of the *Canadian Monthly* contains the usual number of good things, and is perhaps specially remarkable for an exceedingly well digested article by the Editor on the proposed Canadian Academy of Letters, which will be found discussed in another column.

Amongst recent issues of the Franklin Square Library, are: "At the Seaside" by Mary Cecil Hay, a charming collection of short stories, the correspondence of Louis XIV and Tallrand, and "A Costly Heritage" by Alice O'Hanlon.

A titled volume of Will Carleton's *Farm Series* comes to us under the title of "Farm Festivals." Mr. Carleton possesses a marvellous power of quaint pathos in his descriptions of country life, and to one or two numbers, more particularly the "Second Settlers Story" (already published in Harper's Magazine) the present collection is fully up to anything he has written. He is less strong, however, as it seems to us when he attempts a purely humorous view, as for example in the songs, which as a whole are the weak part of the book. It would not be fair however to say this without adding that one of these "Sleep Old Pioneer" may justly be reckoned among the gems of the collection. (Harper & Bros.)

That successful little high art satire, "Ye Barn Beautiful" by Mrs. Florence J. Duncan, to which we have before alluded in terms of praise, seems to have taken a new lease of life, and comes to us in the "richest" of "too" bindings, and the "intensest" of paper and typography. It is really a model of artistic get up. And now the publishers (Duncan and Hall, Phila.) have decided to illustrate the work, and finding no one artist equal to the occasion, have considerably left blank pages at suitable intervals, that each may picture upon them his or her own "consummate" ideas.

DIPHTHERIA, that terrible scourge of the present day, attacks chiefly those whose vitality is low and blood impure. The timely use of Burdock Blood Bitters forestalls the evils of impure blood, and saves doctors' bills. Sample bottles 10 cents.

THE ORIGINAL WELLAND CANAL.

From inception to completion the Erie Canal was watched by the Upper-Canadians. They became intensely interested in the discussion whether the route should be northward from the Rome level, through Oneida Lake to Lake Ontario (access to Lake Erie to be had by an American canal around Niagara Falls), or whether—as it finally proved—the waterway should cross the entire length of the State. The most interested of the Canadians was William Hamilton Merritt, a youth but little past his majority, whose ancestors were New-Yorkers of note in the French and Indian wars. With other British sympathizers, they removed to the Niagara Peninsula, and located upon "Twelve-mile Creek"—the present city of St. Catharines—in 1796. In the course of his trading along the banks of the Niagara it had occurred to young Merritt that a canal was practicable, and in 1818 he surveyed from Allanburgh to Chippewa with a water-level. In response to his statement, the Canadian Legislature voted £2000 for surveys, and a route was laid out from Chippewa to Burlington Bay (Hamilton), via Grand River. The impracticability of this route, and the certainty of the Erie Canal, made the construction of a Canadian canal a necessity. The avoidance of Niagara Falls by the Americans was the Canadians' opportunity. In 1821, their Legislature appointed a board of commissioners to report upon the most feasible route. A year later (1823), the commission recommended a canal large enough to accommodate any vessel then navigating the lakes—advice that led to the incorporation of the "Welland Canal Company" during the following year. Merritt and his associates subscribed £40,000, and the first sod was turned on the 30th of November.

The original project was to connect the two great lakes, Erie and Ontario, by a mere boat-canal for vessels of 100 tons. The route was up the valley of the Twelve-mile Creek to the foot of the Niagara escarpment; thence by a railway to the Beaver Dam Creek, from which point access to the Chippewa was had by a second boat-canal tunnelled through the "divide" on the site of the present Deep Cut. The importance of a larger canal becoming more evident, the capital stock was increased five-fold, and the stockholders were guaranteed a paid-up annual dividend of twelve and a half per cent. in case the crown should ever assume the canal. The board of directors reported every prospect for encouragement. Bishop Strachan left off his opposition to Lord Selkirk's Red River settlements, and remarked with enthusiasm that "the Welland Canal will in time yield only in importance to the canal which may hereafter unite the Pacific with the Atlantic." That wonderful colonizer of Upper Canada, John Galt, pledged the influence of his Canadian Company in behalf of the new canal, while the Legislatures of both Upper and Lower Canada ceased the work with temporary loans.

It was finally resolved to build a ship-canal, sixteen miles in length, to connect the mouth of Twelve-mile creek with the Welland River, a tow-path along the banks of which would give a continuous passage from Lake Ontario to the Niagara River. Thirty-five locks were built to overcome the total rise of 323 feet; and a branch canal to the mouth of the Grand River was proposed in order to avoid the ice blockades at the mouth of the Niagara. But so frequent were the landslides in the Deep Cut (Port Robinson) that the Welland River could no longer be used as the summit. By the advice of James Geddes, one of New York's most experienced engineers, the waters of the Grand River were brought from Barfoot Rapids (Caledonia) to the Deep Cut, which henceforth remained the summit, while the water of this upper level crossed the Welland by means of an expensive aqueduct. On the 30th of November, 1829—exactly five years after the enterprise was commenced—the schooners *Ann and Jane*, of Toronto, and *R. H. Douglas*, of Youngstown, New York, passed from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie.

Disappointed in their plan of using the Grand River to avoid the Niagara, with its swift currents in the summer and its ice blockades in the spring, the Canadians cast about for still further improvements. A direct cut of seven miles to Lake Erie was made, and the canal was completed on its present line on the 20th of May, 1823, the summit still being fed by the Grand River. There were forty wooden locks, 110 feet long by 22 wide, except the three lower ones, which were 130 by 32, and the one at Port Colborne, which was 125 by 24. The width in the Deep Cut was twenty-four feet, the general width being twenty-six feet. The depth was eight feet—sufficient for the passage of 100-ton boats. The length of the main ship-canal was twenty-eight miles; but if the old towing-paths along the Welland and Niagara, and the boat-canal, which served as the Grand River-feeder, were considered, there were nearly eighty miles more of navigation. Three harbors were also erected—Port Maitland, at the mouth of the Grand River; Port Colborne, at the Lake Erie entrance, twenty miles above the head of the Niagara; and Port Dalhousie, at the Lake Ontario entrance, eleven miles to the west of the Niagara's mouth.

The honor of overcoming obstacles interposed by nature is greater than that of a victory over our fellow-men. Louis XIV is remembered far more enduringly through his Languedoc canal than he is by his conquests. The Duke of Bridgewater's fame would not have survived the edax of a century had he not broken the hide-bound prejudice of his day, and built the first

canal in Great Britain, although the idea was not a new one on the Continent. Lord Dalhousie's administration of Indian affairs gained him renown not more for his magnificent highways than for his Barce Doab and other canals throughout the Punjab. The State of New York will ever hold De Witt Clinton prince among her Governors for his resolute zeal in the matter of the Erie Canal; while the Hon. W. H. Merritt belongs the credit of making a pathway to the ocean in spite of the Falls of Niagara.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Canadians were now able to float the tonnage of the upper lakes upon Lake Ontario, they were still 245 15-100 feet above their objective point—the seaport of Montreal. The Lachine Canal was first built around the rapids of that name just above the city. The new channel of trade was opened in 1825, the depth being four and a half feet, and the breadth twenty-eight on the bottom. The Welland, as enlarged in 1833, led to the contemplation of a uniform system of canals large enough for the steamers of the upper lakes. While the subject was under discussion, four short canals were built to overcome the Cascades and Cedar and Coteau rapids in the channel of the St. Lawrence, between Lakes St. Louis and St. Francis. In 1845, the Beauharnois Canal replaced the four, the Cornwall Canal having recently been constructed upon the enlarged scale, to surmount the rapids of the Longue Sault. The Farran's Point, Rapid Plat, and Galops—known collectively as the Williamsburg Canals—were opened in 1847, thus completing the chain of navigation from Lake Erie to Montreal.—FREDERICK G. MATHER, in *Harper's*.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 325.

We have had a hasty glance at the Book of the Fifth American Chess Congress, which has recently been published, and had it full of matter very interesting to the chess-player. The work seems carefully got up, and the frontispiece is a well-executed engraving containing the portraits of the principal contestants in the Grand Tourney, among whom we perceive our visitor of two years ago, Captain Mackenzie. The book appears to be a history of chess in the United States during the last few years, and in this way relates the circumstances which gave rise to each of the five great Chess Congresses, their congressional proceedings, committees, contestants, programmes, &c.

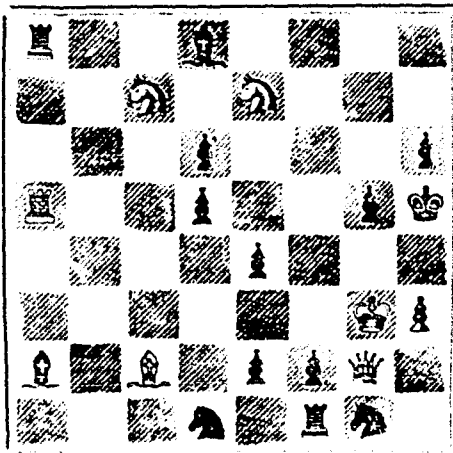
The biographical sketches connected with the first Congress are particularly worthy of notice, from the fact that some players as Paul Morphy, Louis Paulsen, and Stanley are well known and appreciated wherever there are votaries of the royal game.

The Fifth Congress, we are told, was brought about by the interest excited by the four preceding gatherings, and from it the idea took its rise which led to the publishing of the present volume.

The account of the last Congress gives us all the games in the Grand Tourney, selections from the games in the Minor Tourney, the proceedings of the preliminary meetings, articles of the constitution of the American Chess Congress, code of chess laws and other important matter. The scores of the games in the Grand Tourney, 92 in number, are well annotated, and there are 126 well-printed problems of the Problem Tourney. The whole work contains 330 pages. It is calculated to be an excellent addition to a chess-player's library.

The British Chess Problem Association has been inactive of late. The cause of this appears to be the many problem-tourneys that have been going on everywhere. We understand, however, that there is a probability of the Association starting an autumnal competition. A proposition has been broached that there should be separate prizes for two-movers, three-movers, and four-movers, but no set prizes. This idea, it is needless for us to say, meets with our fullest approval.—*Land and Water*.

PROBLEM No. 338. By J. P. L. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 465TH.

The two following blindfold and simultaneous games were played in England a short time ago: Played at Manchester between Messrs. Blackburne and Mitchell.

White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) Black.—(Mr. Mitchell.) (Evans' Gambit.)

- 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to Q B 4 4. P to Q Kt 4 5. P to Q B 3 6. P to Q 4 7. Castles 8. P takes P 9. P to Q 5 10. Kt to R 4 is very much superior. 11. Kt takes Kt 12. B to R 3 13. B to Q 2 14. Q takes B 15. P to K B 4 16. Kt to K 4 1. P to R 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. B to Q B 4 4. B takes P 5. B to R 4 6. P takes P 7. B to Kt 3 8. P to Q 3 9. Kt to R 4 10. P takes Kt 11. B to Q 5 12. B takes R 13. P to K B 3 14. P takes P 15. P to Q B 3 16. P takes Q P

- 17. Kt to Q 6 ch 18. B to Kt 5 ch 19. P takes P 20. R to K sq ch 21. Q takes P 22. K to R sq 17. K to Q 2 18. K to K 3 19. Kt takes P 20. Kt to K 5 21. Q to Kt 5 ch 22. Q to R 4 And White announced mate in six moves.

GAME 466TH.

Played at Chesham between Messrs. Blackburne and Cotton.

(Danish Gambit.)

- White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) Black.—(Mr. Cotton.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. P to Q B 3 4. K B to Q B 4 5. Q B takes P 6. Kt to Q B 3 7. Kt to K B 3 8. Castles 9. Q Kt to K 2 10. Kt to K B 4 11. R to K sq 12. Kt to Q 4 13. Q to K R 5 14. R to K 3 15. R to K R 3 16. Kt to K B 5 17. Kt to Kt 6 ch 18. Kt from B 5 takes B 19. Q to B 5 20. Kt takes R d ch 21. Q to R 7 mate 1. P to K 4 2. P takes P 3. P takes P 4. P takes P 5. K B to Q Kt 5 ch 6. P to Q B 3 7. Kt to K R 3 8. K B to K 2 9. P to K B 3 10. Kt to K B 2 11. Castles 12. K to R sq 13. Kt to K 4 14. Kt takes B 15. P to K R 3 16. Q to K sq 17. K to R 2 18. Kt takes B 19. P to Q 4 20. K to R sq

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 336.

- 1. Et to Q 7 2. Q to Q R 2 3. Kt mates. 1. Kt takes P 2. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 334.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. P to K Kt 3 1. Any. 2. Mate acc.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 335.

- White. Black. K at Q 2 K at Q 3 B at Q 8 Pawns at K B 3 and Q B 3 Kt at K B 4 K B 3 and Q B 3 Kt at Q 3 Pawns at K 4, K B 5, Q Kt 3 and 4 White to play and mate in three moves.

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JAMES F. D. BLACK, City Treasurer.

City Treasurer's Office, Montreal, July 11th, 1881.

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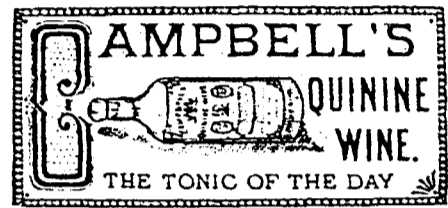
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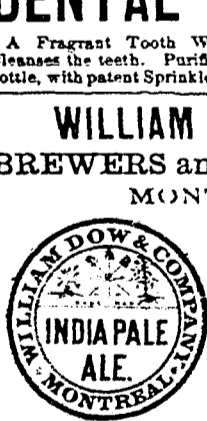
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