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Illustrated News

Vol. XVI.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1877.

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REV. W. B. AFFLECK,
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

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

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

NOTICE

Our Agent, MR. W. STREET, who collected our accounts west of Toronto last year, is again visiting all the places on the Grand Trunk, Great Western, Canada Southern, Northern and Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railways. Subscribers are requested to settle with him all accounts due.

Subscribers are once more requested to take notice that the dates to which their subscriptions are paid are printed on their wrappers with each number sent from the office, thus: 1.78 would signify that subscriptions have been paid up to January, 1878; 7.77 up to July, 1877. This is worthy of particular attention, as a check upon collectors and a protection to customers who, not seeing their dates altered after settling with the collector, should after a reasonable time communicate with the office.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 3rd, 1877.

THE FIRE AT PORTLAND, ST. JOHN.

The news of another conflagration, this time in the suburb of St. John known as Portland, in now in possession of our readers, and will have promoted various reflections. By the new regulations enforced by special act of the Local Legislature, while the business or southern portion of the city is being built in brick, stone and iron, two other defined sections are left at liberty to be built of wood, with degrees of danger from fire affected by the heights to which the houses in each district are allowed to be carried—the width of the streets, &c.—mitigated by the insistence upon the roofs being of fire-proof material. The outlook is not as cheering certainly as it might be—so far as these two districts are concerned. Financial needs and the ever present supply of timber for building, we may presume, have influenced these measures, and as the districts are now a settled matter, it will be best to turn public attention to making them as safe as possible in construction. In the very fire we are referring to the progress of the flames was in one instance stopped by a building of brick interposed in the line of wooden tenements. Perhaps our St. John friends may be induced to look at the plan of sand party-walls with sides supported by wood, and the sand suffused with water at the time of a fire breaking out—which has appeared in these columns and the value of which we have not seen disputed. Another suggestion is, that wherever possible, horizontal surfaces in floors, &c., should be fireproof externally just as the roofs are arranged to be, vertical surfaces of wood being at all times in less danger than horizontal ones. Then, as to the various additions in connexion with the dwellings such as wood-sheds, stables, covered galleries &c., so fertile in fire communication, we may be allowed to declare that by the pillar and socket plan, such subsidiary buildings might be largely made to take to pieces, so as to be thrown down on a fire breaking out. The separate portions need hardly be injured on this plan. In all approximately fireproof dwellings and offices the doors could readily be made with hinges to lift apart—so that they could be removed at once on the outbreak of a fire. That will be as easy as making them with the common hinges. Flooring tiles in the good build-

ings would do the rest. Those things are neglected often enough, because holders of insurance policies are too willing to look at matters in the lump, but it is for the insurance offices and agencies to exert themselves to cure their constituencies of that pernicious habit of mind.

THE LITERARY CONVENTION.

At the Literary Convention held last week at Ottawa, according to the announcement made in our last issue, the following resolutions were adopted:—That this Literary Convention is of opinion that the following means would contribute most materially to the extension of education and to the development of Canadian literature:

I. The establishment of parochial libraries in the localities where they do not exist now, and the establishment of public libraries under the auspices of the municipalities in the different cities and towns of the country.

II. The establishment of literary institutions and debating clubs in all the localities where they do not exist now, and which are important enough to maintain them.

III. The establishment of a system or a regular course of public lectures in our large cities on the plan inaugurated by the Laval University.

IV. The distribution to our authors of prizes offered to competition by the State by our most important educational establishments at fixed periods.

V. The distribution as prizes in our schools of a much larger number of Canadian books of well known merit which might have received the approbation of the Board of Public Instruction.

VI. The establishment of a Canadian library by a joint stock company with branches in our various cities in order to promote specially the sale of Canadian books.

Moved by Mr. L. P. TURCOTTE and seconded by Mr. JAMES LEMOINE, that a request be made to the Federal Government and to the Local Government of Quebec asking them:

I. To make copies by competent persons of the historical documents deposited in the archives of London, Paris and other cities.

II. To put all the archives of Quebec in one depot which should be at the office of the registrar containing already the largest part of the French archives.

III. To put together in another depot at Ottawa the archives disseminated in the various Federal departments inside and outside; this depot being placed under the control of the Department of Agriculture.

Moved by Mr. ERNEST GAGNON and seconded by Lieut.-Col. STRANGE, that a petition be prepared for presentation to the Dominion Government requesting that the Copyright Law be so changed as to accord with that of Great Britain, allowing it to extend during the life of the author and fifty years later.

MURDER AT AN ELECTION.

In this civilized Canada of ours a subject of the Queen has been set upon by hired bullies at an election, and has soon after died of his injuries. It may be said that this is only part of an established custom or system, and is nothing so very new. Perhaps not, but not the less is it exceedingly cruel, degrading and horrible, and a matter which while it concerns the State primarily, becomes a special charge against the authorities of the county who failed to keep the peace and to restrain the savages. From a merely electoral point of view, violence is as bad as the bribery against which so many precautions are now taken. In view of its physical consequences, it is far worse. In our belief, it would not be too harsh a step where violence at a nomination or during the polling had resulted in the loss of life, to make the election null, and, in addition, to disfranchise the constituency during the remainder of the term

of the Parliament. In this way, while it would not be worth the while of candidates or their friends to encourage violence, but on the contrary would be made their interest to repress it, the local authorities would be brought to give their consideration to the proper means of keeping the peace, and then, and for all the future, we should hear a great deal less of such barbarous proceedings.

We hear of Mr. DELANE's retirement from the editorship of the *Times*, and are impressed by the announcement as affecting the history of the country far more deeply than will be everywhere acknowledged. The editor's work is a quiet one, but in these days will yield to none in importance—and while the man labours thus unobtrusively, that part of the public who think know that the commonwealth is benefitting in all its departments. In France and to some degree in England his labours are appreciated, but in no country calling itself civilized are they less thought of than in this pushing Canada of ours. The unquestioned pre-eminence of the *Times* as the leading journal of civilization may be said to have been the work of Mr. DELANE, for although it had become already a great paper when he first took the oversight of its editorial department, it could hardly, we suppose, be said to be so entirely at the head of the daily press as to have distanced competition as leader of public opinion. Eliminate the element of rough political contact, and we shall not be far wrong in regarding DELANE as Britain's greatest statesman—for while not engaged in the personal control of parties, he has for years guided the thoughts of all the parties in the State. Resting at length from his unremitting and unassuming labours, he is now enjoying in the decline of life the repose he has so well worked for, and a grateful country will certainly carry the event in its remembrance.

THE shipments of grain from India to Great Britain are five million bushels more this year than last. This will sound strange enough to those who realize the presence of the enormous famine in Southern India, and the utter inability there has been of competing with its ravages in any adequate sense. Such broad facts are all we have to go by in this latitude, for we know scarcely anything with certainty except that there has been an appalling loss of life, great private generosity—of course inadequate to the occasion—with governmental mismanagement somewhere, and now with the expectation on the part of the press that the principles of action for meeting such an emergency will be better settled in the next of these periodical visitations than they have been in the present one.

AMERICAN journals are discussing the silver question, and it is said that it will be difficult to secure the permanence of the return to specie payments unless silver as well as gold be re-monetized, and we feel disposed to agree with that opinion.

WE take notice that in Manitoba a Judge has taken part in an active political movement. The sooner that sort of thing is brought to a satisfactory close the better it will be for the general administration of justice in the Dominion.

REV. W. B. AFFLECK.

This well-known and highly popular apostle of temperance was born April 16th, 1830, at Grassington, Yorkshire, England. Having been deprived in infancy of a mother's care, at nine years of age he began to work in the coal mines of the County of Durham. Drinking, fighting and gambling were the marked characteristics of the miners at that time and the youth became an adept in all three. Directly through his drinking and other vicious propensities and practices he was in early life crippled, having had one limb broken five times, the scars of which will ever remain. In 1847, though young, ignorant and debauched, he attended a

temperance meeting and signed the pledge, which from that time he has kept inviolate. The dawning of a sober life led him to desire better companionship, and shortly afterwards he gave his heart to Christ and his hand to the Church. He enlisted as lay preacher and, by his earnest devotedness, soon became a popular favourite on the same ground as that of his former sinful experiences. Wherever he spoke or sung, multitudes of the colliers flocked and followed. In 1852, he married an intelligent and Christian young woman to whom he attributes all the fitness for usefulness that has ever since attended his public life. She became the mother of two sons and five daughters. Wider spheres of labour soon opened before him and he was engaged specially to serve the temperance cause as a Ladies Temperance Missionary at Bishop Auckland, in the County of Durham, England. After five years' service in that capacity he was invited to labour in London, England, for the "United Kingdom Band of Hope Union." His lecturing services there were marvellously successful, and the London press spoke highly of his easy, natural, and popular abilities as a vocalist and lecturer. Undoubtedly this was where the fame was made which has ever since increased in all parts of England as well as in Canada and the United States. It was while serving the "United Kingdom Band of Hope Union," that Mr. Affleck was called into the ministry by one of the branches of Methodism. Though both popular and successful as a Gospel Minister, he felt it incumbent on him to resign his duties and to devote his whole time to the great temperance enterprise. He engaged as superintending agent for the "United Kingdom Alliance" for the suppression of the liquor traffic. While in their employ, heavy domestic affliction and bereavement wore down his health and he was induced to make a visit to America, where, after an eleven months tour and lecturing in all the principal places in Canada and many in the States, he has determined to prolong his stay on this side of the Atlantic, until he has visited all the Western cities, even so far as Salt Lake, Sacramento and San Francisco. Rev. Mr. Affleck is not only a lecturer gifted with rare powers of persuasion, but he is possessed of all the qualities which make eloquence the most effective worker in the propagation of good—wit, humour, cordiality, lively fancy and vast versatility. He is also a popular musician of rare merit. Among his published works we may mention "Home Thoughts," "Heart Melodies," and "Matchless Gems."

THE GRANGE.

The Grange movement must now be regarded as having attained a firm foothold in the rural districts throughout Ontario. The Township, as well as the County Lodge, or Grange, can be heard of in almost every direction. The membership comprises wealthy and intelligent agriculturists, as well as their wives and daughters. The Grange appears to have filled up a long-felt want of a place of rendezvous for purposes of social, as well as mutual improvement. Notwithstanding all that has been said about it in the newspapers, but little is actually known by the denizens of cities, as to the internal working of the institution. From the little he knows of it, the retail merchant is apt to regard it as a dangerous rival, and rabid, partizan organs of political parties view it askance; but the intelligent and patriotic citizen, everywhere, must give it his moral support for he beholds in it a means of elevating and enriching the agricultural pursuit. At the little old historical village of Stoney Creek—where, in the war of 1812, the sturdy Canadian settlers, under Sir John Harvey, vanquished an invading army under Generals Chandler and Winder—is a flourishing Grange which bears the appropriate name of "Acacia." This Grange recently gave an entertainment which may be regarded as a kind of "Harvest Festival," and a peep at a report of the proceedings (which appeared in the Hamilton papers), gives an insight into the character of the organization. It was a beautiful autumn evening and the attendance was large, many visitors being present from neighboring Granges. The following is a clipping from the report:—P. S. Van Wagner, W. M., arrived about 8 o'clock, and taking the chair, relieved Mr. Olmstead. He addressed the audience in his animated style, and welcomed all, remarking that the words of a celebrated Indian Chief expressed his sentiments towards them—they were: "May the Great Spirit so brighten the chain of friendship between us, that a child can find it, when the sun has gone to sleep behind the western waters." After a few preparatory remarks, he spoke of the early settlers of this country, their attachment to British institutions, their sufferings, their perseverance and courage in attacking the dense forests which covered the face of our country. He traced the gradual opening up of the resources of the country—the division of the inhabitants into classes—the struggle for supremacy on the part of each class—and the necessity felt for an agricultural organization, such as is now found in the Grange, whose progress for a time was slow from not being properly understood, but it had outlived opposition and ridicule, and had become one of the permanent institutions of the land. He said it was true, religion and politics could not be discussed in the Grange, but that the leading features of the Christian religion had from the beginning been admitted, to which no one objected, and he knew no good reason why the general politics of the country may not be discussed without descending to party politics; in fact anything

and everything which affects the farmers' interests. He thanked those present for their patience, and the interest they had apparently taken in his remarks. J. V. Spohn, lecturer, Wentworth Division Grange, being called, said he was always pleased to meet Acacia Grange, and spoke of the number of ladies he observed among its members, to which circumstance he considered its prosperity was due. He was pleased to see so many members from Grimsby and the Granges of the Niagara Division. In some Granges which it was his duty to attend, the young men did not pay sufficient attention to the ladies; while he felt this to be an advantage to himself it was not conducive to the prosperity of the Order. After a few remarks on various subjects, Mr. Spohn turned his attention to the all-absorbing and important question of justice to farmers, as he termed it, or, in other words, agricultural protection. Whatever the views of the patrons were on this subject, the speaker was listened to with attention, and frequently applauded. Supper was announced and all did ample justice to the sumptuous repast. Mr. M. C. S. Kitchen, Secretary of Wentworth Division Grange, being called upon, came forward, and after lauding the skill of those who got up the decorations and the feast, launched forth in his pleasant manner into the merits of the Grange in which he displayed a thorough acquaintance with his subject. He hoped Grangers would see the many advantages afforded them by insuring in their own company, assuring them that it was an additional bond of union, that if union was strength, then the want of it was weakness. He closed with a few well chosen remarks in favor of protection to the Canadian farmer. The proceedings were interspersed with music and singing, by various ladies and gentlemen, and Mrs. G. Nellis, of Grimsby, read an interesting original essay on "Home, its Beauties and Pleasures." Altogether the entertainment was highly enjoyable, and such gatherings cannot fail to be exceedingly beneficial.

Hamilton, Ont. QUP HAWTHORNE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIRE IN PORTLAND, N. B.—The town of Portland, which joins the city of St. John, N. B., was, on the morning of the 20th October, the scene of another conflagration. Much valuable property has been destroyed, the estimated loss being \$200,000, of which only \$80,000 is covered by insurance. The district destroyed was densely peopled by those who lost their homes in the late fire in St. John, and by workmen engaged in the rebuilding of that city. It is said 120 houses have been destroyed, and 600 families rendered homeless. Occurring just at the approach of winter, it comes as a heavy calamity on the poor people, many of whom have lost their household goods. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary, but certainly if the buildings had been all of brick, the fire could not have spread so rapidly nor done so much damage. Portland has been the scene of fires innumerable, and will likely continue so as long as timber houses are built. Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. R. Brown, of Fairville, and represents that portion consumed by the fire on Main St. The view is taken from the hill-sides below Fort Howe, looking toward St. John.

HEATH POINT LIGHT-HOUSE, East Point Anticosti, taken from the offing bearing N. N. E. distance about 1 1/2 miles; lat. 49° 50' 20" north; long. 61° 42' 30" west. Fixed white light—catoptric; tower white circular, clapboarded; height from the centre of the lantern above high water, 110 feet; height from base to vane, 90 feet. Light always kept open to southward of Cormorant Point. Visible between bearings S. W. by W. to E. May be seen in clear weather at a distance of 15 miles.

GROSSE ISLE LIGHT-HOUSE, KAMOURASKA, lat. 47° 38' 20" north; long. 69° 51' 40" west. A white revolving flash light; flashes every minute. Apparatus catoptric. Tower quadrangular, built of wood. White. Height of the centre of the lantern above high water, 166 feet. Height of tower from its base to the vane, 39 ft. In clear weather light may be seen 18 miles off.

CHATEAU BAY.—View of Chateau Islands, that gave to the Bay its name.

LIGHT-HOUSE, CAPE ROSIER, bearing about N. N. W., 5 miles; lat. 48° 51' 57" north; long. 64° 12' 00" west. A white light, fixed, dioptric, 1st. class; tower circular; white; height from high water mark to centre of the lantern, 136 ft.; from the base of the tower to the vane, 112 feet. A cannon is fired every hour during fogs and snow storms. Light seen in clear weather at a distance of 16 miles.

RED ISLAND LIGHT-HOUSE, RIVER ST. LAWRENCE, bearing N. N. W. 1/2 of a mile; lat. 48° 4' 20" north; long. 69° 32' 56" W. Light fixed; colour red; apparatus, catoptric; tower circular; grey stone; height from high water mark to centre of the lantern, 75 feet; and from the base of tower to the vane, 51 feet; light seen in clear weather a distance of 12 miles.

CAPE GASPÉ, near which is the singular rock known as "The Old Man." The sketch also shows the curious outline of a cliff as seen before you get quite abreast of "The Old Man." The profile and crowned forehead are distinct.

CAPE BARIL.

GASPÉ BAY LIGHT, bearing E. S. E. 1 1/2 miles, only partially seen.

GREEN ISLAND LIGHT-HOUSE, north point of the Island. Lat. 48° 3' 17" north; long. 69°

25' 10" west. A fixed white light, catoptric; tower octagonal, clapboarded, white; height of the centre of the lantern above high water, 60 feet; height of tower from base to vane, 40 ft. A cannon is fired every half hour during fogs or snow storms. The light is seen in clear weather 13 miles off.

CAPE MADELEINE LIGHT-HOUSE, south shore Gulf St. Lawrence, bearing W. N. W. 1 mile; lat. 49° 15' 40" north; long. 65° 19' 3" W. One light, alternately red and white; changes every two minutes; apparatus catoptric; tower hexagonal; white; height of the centre of the lantern above high water, 147 feet; height from base to vane, 54 feet. In clear weather the red light may be seen 15 miles off; the white light 20 miles.

BIRD ISLAND LIGHT-HOUSE, one of the Magdalen Islands group, Gulf; bearing N. about 1/2 a mile. Taken from the deck of the SS. *Napoleon III*; lat. 47° 50' 40" north; long. 61° 8' 20" west. Height of centre of the lantern from high water mark, 140 feet; of the tower itself from its base to vane, 50 feet. Fixed light; white; apparatus dioptric, second class. The tower is hexagonal; colour white; and so is the keeper's habitation. A cannon is fired every hour during fogs and snow storms.

The birds (of which there are many varieties), are seen in thousands at both extremities of the Island. They gather at the east and west ends, both of which are rounded off as shown; and the birds, in taking their incubating berths, seem to do so with marvellous order, following the curved forms of the rock, and presenting from a distance concentric semi-circular rows that rise amphitheatrically up the gradual slope nearly to the green spot of shaggy grass that enlivens the few square yards of tolerably level surface of which the Island can boast.

BIQUETTE LIGHT-HOUSE, near centre of the Island. Lat. 48° 25' 18" north; long. 68° 53' 20" west. White revolving light—catoptric—revolves every 2 minutes. Tower circular; white. Height from high water to centre of the light, 112 feet; height of tower from base to vane, 63 feet; light seen 17 miles off in clear weather.

(Extract from *Bouchette's Topographical Dictionary of Lower Canada.*)

ROC PERCÉ, BAY OF CHALEURS, COUNTY OF GASPÉ.—"The appearance of the land behind Percé and its immediate neighbourhood, approached from the sea by the N. E. or S. W., is that of the enormous ruins of some ancient fortress of more than human construction. The *Table Routante*, a rock of frightful height placed on the summit and leaning over its side, seems to totter, and threaten in its fall the village that lies beneath near the promontory of Mout Joli and Percé Rock. This singular fragment is pierced (whence is derived the name of Percé) by two arches, which resemble the portals of fortifications in ruins, and appear like the remains of some enormous wall which has survived the disaster which destroyed the adjacent works.

The spectator may approach it at low water from Mount Joli without wetting his feet. The distance between the Mount and the Rock is about 50 feet. When the Rock is approached for the first time the spectator trembles lest it should fall on him; its height is at least 300 feet, and its breadth about 30 yards in its widest part; but its breadth above the arches is not more than 20 feet. Besides the two great arches, there is a lateral arch on the N. E. side scarcely perceptible from the water. However high this rock may be, it is low in comparison with the adjacent capes N. W. of the village of Percé, which rise one above the other, as if mountains piled on mountains had been cut through the middle, and one part had fallen into the sea, while the other part remained a naked and frightful chain of precipices of unequal height."

Vide Top. Dic. cited above, verbo "Percé."

NOTE.—Col. Bouchette describes the Rock as it was in 1831, date of the publication of the work quoted. Since then Percé Rock has undergone some changes, as the sketch partially shows.

PILGRIM'S LIGHT-HOUSE.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A BILL to render illegal the practice of auricular confession in the Church of England is now being drafted.

BROTHER BEDE has established an Anglican Monastery in London. It is to be styled the *Fraternity of Jesus*, and founded on the ancient Benedictine rules.

The London Cremation Society exhibited at the British Sanitary Institute's conference at Leamington models and diagrams in advocacy of the adoption of cremation. Papers were read contending for the superiority of this over the ordinary mode of burial. The cost of a "cremation apparatus" was stated to be under £1,000.

A FEW days since an affecting scene took place at Printing-house Square. Mr. Delane formally and touchingly took leave of his *co-frères* of the *Times*, and handed over the reins of government to Mr. Chenery, who has been connected with the paper for many years. In 1841 Mr. Delane was editor, when only twenty-three years of age. He retires on an allowance of £2,000 a year for life.

MR. GLADSTONE has received his congé at last from the *Times*, an old and faithful servant of Mr. G. That paper concludes a stately leader

thus:—"Mr. Gladstone's mental energy has not abated, but it must be patent to all who have been able to watch his recent conduct with dispassionate judgment that he has so far closed his active political career as to have deliberately renounced all pretension to initiate or control further domestic legislation."

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is to test—through acting as prosecutors—whether the custom of "upping" the swans on the river Thames is cruelty or not. The herds of swans on the river are chiefly owned by the city guilds, and these birds, according to ownership, are annually marked by a series of cuts on their bills. This process looks to one fraught with intense cruelty, and so the case, having been considered by the above useful Society, will be tried.

PULLMAN cars for the masses, saloon carriages for the million! Mr. Allport is determined to be the revolutionist of the railway system; and to sober, quiet boards who do not like to be driven along at express speed he must be something like a nuisance. He will not let them be at rest; he is always on the alert. It is not enough to run third-class carriages with every train and abolish second altogether; third-class passengers are to have Pullman cars now, and first-class to have rolling drawing-rooms.

BETWEEN the Ascot station of the Staines and Reading branch of the London and South-Western Railway and Aldershot, steady progress is being made with the works of this new and important line. Upon the completion of the bank at Bagshot, and the stations and works at other places, the lines will be opened for traffic, an event which may be expected to take place either at the close of this, or in the spring of next year, when the public will be in possession of a new route; opening up some of the most charming scenery in Berkshire, Surrey, and Hants, and forming an important means of military communication between the Aldershot, London and Windsor garrisons.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has not only provided liberally for the education of the poor on the Royal estate at Sandringham, but has just given another proof of his desire to support education in the county. The Norfolk County School and the King's-Lynn Grammar Schools have each been for some years the recipients of his liberality as a donor of Prizes, and last week, at the annual examination of the boys of the Snettisham Grammar School (which is situated only about three miles from Sandringham), the head master announced that the Prince had graciously consented to offer an annual prize to the school.

A ludicrous incident, but one not altogether unattended with danger to the principal actor in it, occurred at the Brighton Aquarium the other day. A man who professed to be able to charm the octopus, and make it rise to the top of the tank when he chose, was allowed to experiment upon the creature. By the aid of a musical instrument of some kind he did induce the animal to do this, but, in his eagerness to see the success of his efforts, the unlucky individual leaned over the side of the tank, and, losing his balance by some means or other, was precipitated head foremost into the water. The octopus immediately rushed upon this intruder into its domain, and, throwing its numerous feelers round the man's head and neck, would no doubt have speedily strangled him, had not the attendants come to the rescue. By dint of hacking and cutting at the feelers with a sharp knife or two, they succeeded in extricating him from his clutches.

The special apartments which have for some time past been in course of construction on board the *Britannia*, at Dartmouth, and which are intended solely for the use of the two young princes, Albert Victor and George, are now, with the exception of one or two very minor details, completed. There have of late been wild rumours as to the expense of these apartments, the extravagant sum of £2,000 having even been mentioned as the probable figure. Such stories are a great exaggeration. The original estimate for the whole work was £700, and it will be done for less. No extravagance has been indulged in in any direction, and everything is perfectly plain, but at the same time thoroughly good. Nothing seems to have been overlooked which can in any way tend to the health or convenience of the Royal brothers, who, with the exception of having separate apartments, will be treated in every way like the other cadets. The young Princes are expected to arrive on board about the 18th inst., when it is believed they will be introduced by the Prince of Wales. They are in No. 1 class (the lowest) and belong to the starboard watch.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A WEEKLY "Toad Market" is held regularly in Paris.

NOT a single copy of Victor Hugo's *History of a Crime* is now to be had, but new editions are fast printing. The price is 7fr. 50c., but to meet the issue a cheap edition at two francs is preparing.

THE future Queen of Spain's wedding dress is already in preparation. It is to be of cream-coloured satin, covered with *Adençon-lace*, into

the pattern of which the arms of the twelve kingdoms of old Spain are to be worked.

THE shop girls of Paris founded a provident institution, or fund, about fourteen years ago; the original subscribers were 20, they are now 900; and the annual receipts 20,000fr. The society provides employment for its members.

M. HALANZIER is said to be in negotiation with Gounod for the representation of *Polyeucte*. Should he, however, be unable to come to terms, he will endeavour to procure the right of representing Vaucorbeil's *Mahomet*, which is highly spoken of.

THE city of Paris is about to make some slight compensation for the numerous encroachments on the Bois de Boulogne by enclosing and adding that charming *pleasance* the piece of waste ground between the Porte Maillot and the fortifications, that howling wilderness which has so long been an eyesore in the outskirts of Paris.

THE public, always curious to know what goes on behind the scenes in a theatre, will have an opportunity of studying from models which will be shown at the Exhibition, fitted with all the mechanical appliances without which it would be impossible to produce the elaborate scenic effects of to-day. The idea is due to M. Nutter, Librarian of the Academy of Music.

THE Exhibition Palace grows apace. It is nearly roofed in, and begins to show its fair proportions, which are worthy of all admiration. Germans and Americans may *boulder* and *bisquer*, and Turks and Russians may slaughter each other, but they will not mar the success of this great enterprise; for though the taste for such spectacles may be dying out, there will always be plenty of people about the world who will be glad of any excuse for a visit to Paris. The building is being constructed on a scale of grandeur totally unprecedented. Wretches may hang, but the jurymen of the Exhibition will dine regardless of elections or political changes.

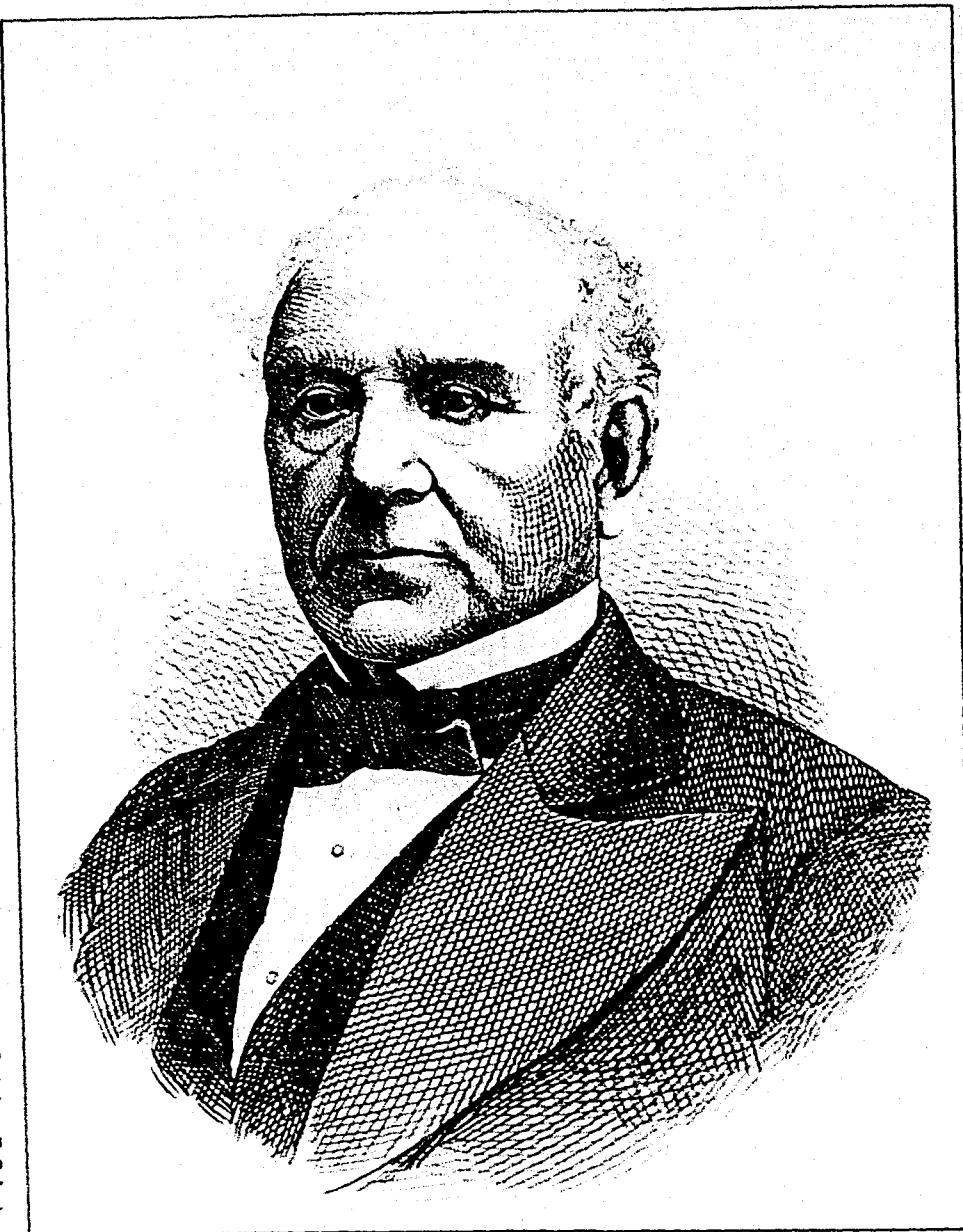
THE Venus of Milo is once again the subject of debate. M. C. Doussault, a French architect who knew M. Brest, the Consul at Milo at the time of the discovery of the statue, has just seen fit to publish, after thirty years of silence, a detailed account of a conversation which took place between himself and M. Brest in 1847. According to this report M. Brest affirmed to M. Doussault that at the time of the first raising of the Venus he had seen the two arms lying on the ground, and that he took them up and tried to fit them to the broken parts of the statue; that one held an apple painted green, and the other held some drapery; also that before the statue was raised he had seen that it stood on a narrow base, which would, if correct, exclude the hypothesis of its having formed part of a group. All these statements require to be received with the utmost caution. M. Doussault's paper has been offered to the Académie des Inscriptions, as no doubt M. Ravaisson will have something to say upon it.

M. ANDREO tells a story which he heard from a friend at the sitting of the Académie Française. He was speaking of Gounod. There is something, said his friend, more remarkable than Gounod's merits; it is the mystic love with which he has inspired a dozen of the highest ladies in the world. Gounod, when on a visit to a countess, let a button fall on the carpet—a prosaic trouser button. The countess picked up the button, and had it encased, like a relic in its reliquary, in the most beautiful locket that could be made by the most skillful jeweller of the Rue de la Paix, and she now constantly carries it round her neck. The other day this lady in her turn was paying a visit, her medallion round her neck as usual, to the wife of the composer, who went into ecstasies over the medallion. "Yes," answered the countess, "it is pretty, but it ought to be prettier to be worthy of what it encloses. Look!" She opened the locket, and saw to her astonishment a trouser button! "It belonged to M. Gounod, my dear," said the infatuated countess.

THE Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway Company are making some experiments upon the line which communicate with Italy by way of Mont Cenis to ascertain the value of a new signal specially designed to prevent two trains meeting upon a single line of rails. This system, known as "the bell signal," has not yet been tried in France, but is in general use upon the Austrian and North Italian lines, where it has been found to answer very well. The system is, that when a train leaves or passes through a station all the bells which are placed above the signal boxes along the line up to the next station are sounded by electricity. The number of strokes is different for the up and down trains, so that if after having received intimation that a train is coming in one direction the bells sound again, the men stationed in the signal-boxes know that a train has been wrongly started in the other direction, and have time to stop a collision. The system has a further use, for the bells can be used to stop all trains on the line when an accident has occurred, or to send for an engine when a train has broken down. There would be no difficulty in making this system work, not only from station to station, but from one signal-box to another; and it is worthy of note that even if the bells gave a false alarm the only result would be to delay the trains without causing any danger.

CASHIER OF THE ST. STEPHEN'S BANK,
NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Cashier of the St. Stephen's Bank is the youngest son of Robert Watson, who came from Scotland to St. Stephen about 1730, and we find by Mr. Knowlton's history of St. Stephen that his father was a great friend of the Rev. D. McColl, who was the pioneer Methodist minister of St. Stephen at that early day of Methodism. Mr. Watson died in 1817, and in 1818 his son went to St. John and served his time in the counting-house of the late Thomas Millidge, Esq. In 1826 he returned to St. Stephen, and was shortly afterwards appointed Deputy Treasurer and afterwards Collector of St. Stephen, and continued in the Customs until 1858, when, in consequence of the death of the late lamented D. Upton, Esq., he was appointed Cashier of the St. Stephen's Bank. This institution which Mr. Watson was largely instrumental in establishing in 1836 has gone on through all the vicissitudes of trade and panics without at any time passing a semi-annual dividend of over 4 per cent including bonus of —. Mr. Watson has been identified with all the public works in St. Stephen. Simultaneously with the opening of the St. Stephen Railway, in 1865, he opened the Watson House, which he built and furnished at an outlay of \$25,000, and which was unfortunately destroyed by the great fire of 14th May, 1877. Mr. Watson has since, with most praiseworthy energy, erected on the same site a block of nearly fire-proof stores, 50x50, now ready for occupancy. He will leave the place of his birth all the better for his exertions. From principle for about 30 years he has been a teetotaler, and also an abstainer from the use of tobacco—urging on all fitting occasions upon the young in particular to follow his example. Although vigorous, physically and intellectually, Mr. Watson may be considered among the oldest men in the Banking Department of New Brunswick, or perhaps the Dominion. It would appear that Mr. Watson has always set a good example to his neighbors to erect substantial buildings. His hotel was brick covered with slate, and his residence is also brick covered with mastick—and a very elegant building—and he has just completed his block of brick stores with gravel roof, making it nearly fire-proof. Mr. Watson has been twice married—first, in 1836, to the daughter of the late Rev. D. G. Thomson, by whom he had two children—both now dead—and in September, 1851, to a Miss McCulloch, of St. Andrews, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom is married to Mr. Thos. Smith.

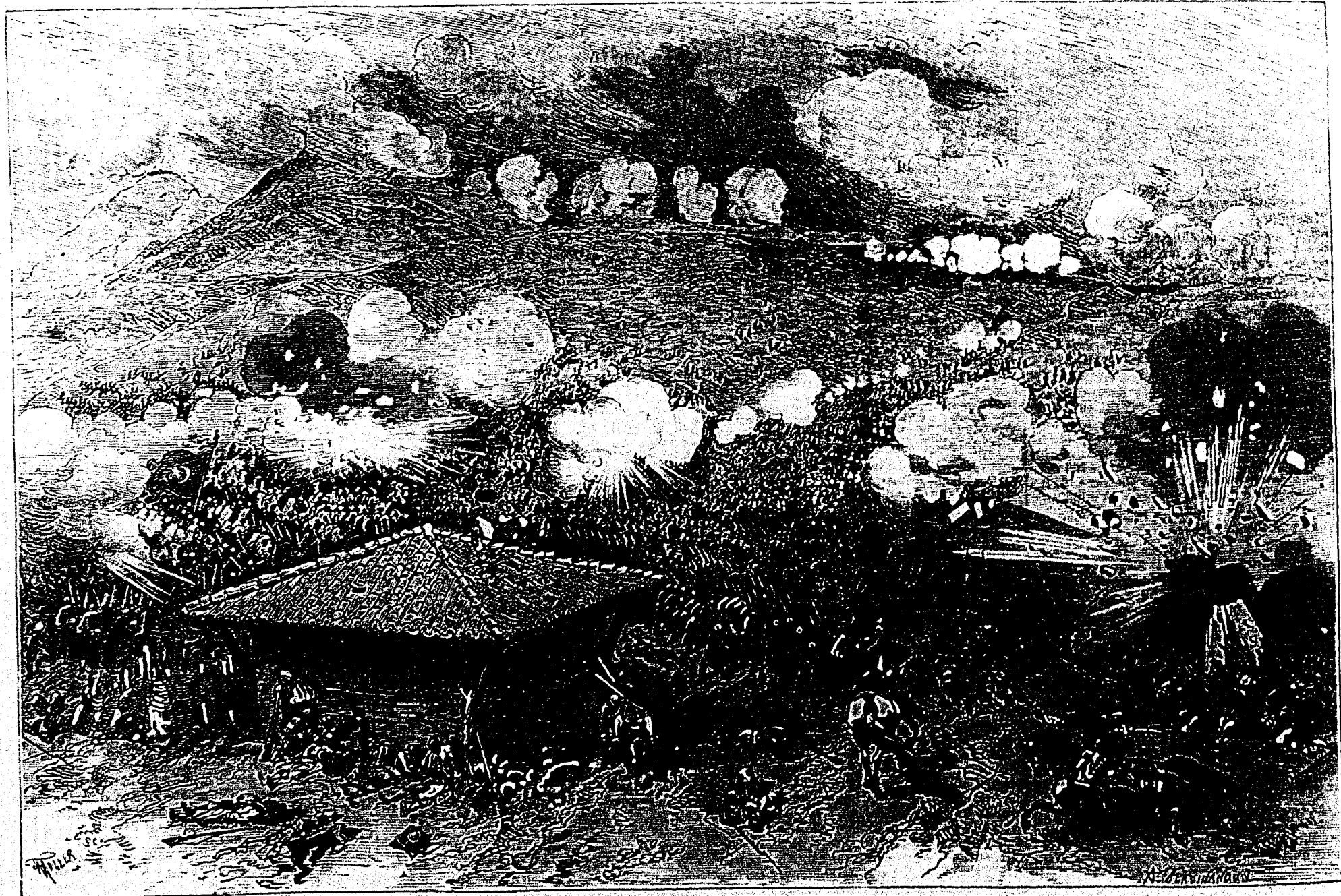


ROBERT WATSON ESQ., CASHIER OF THE ST. STEPHEN'S BANK, N. B.

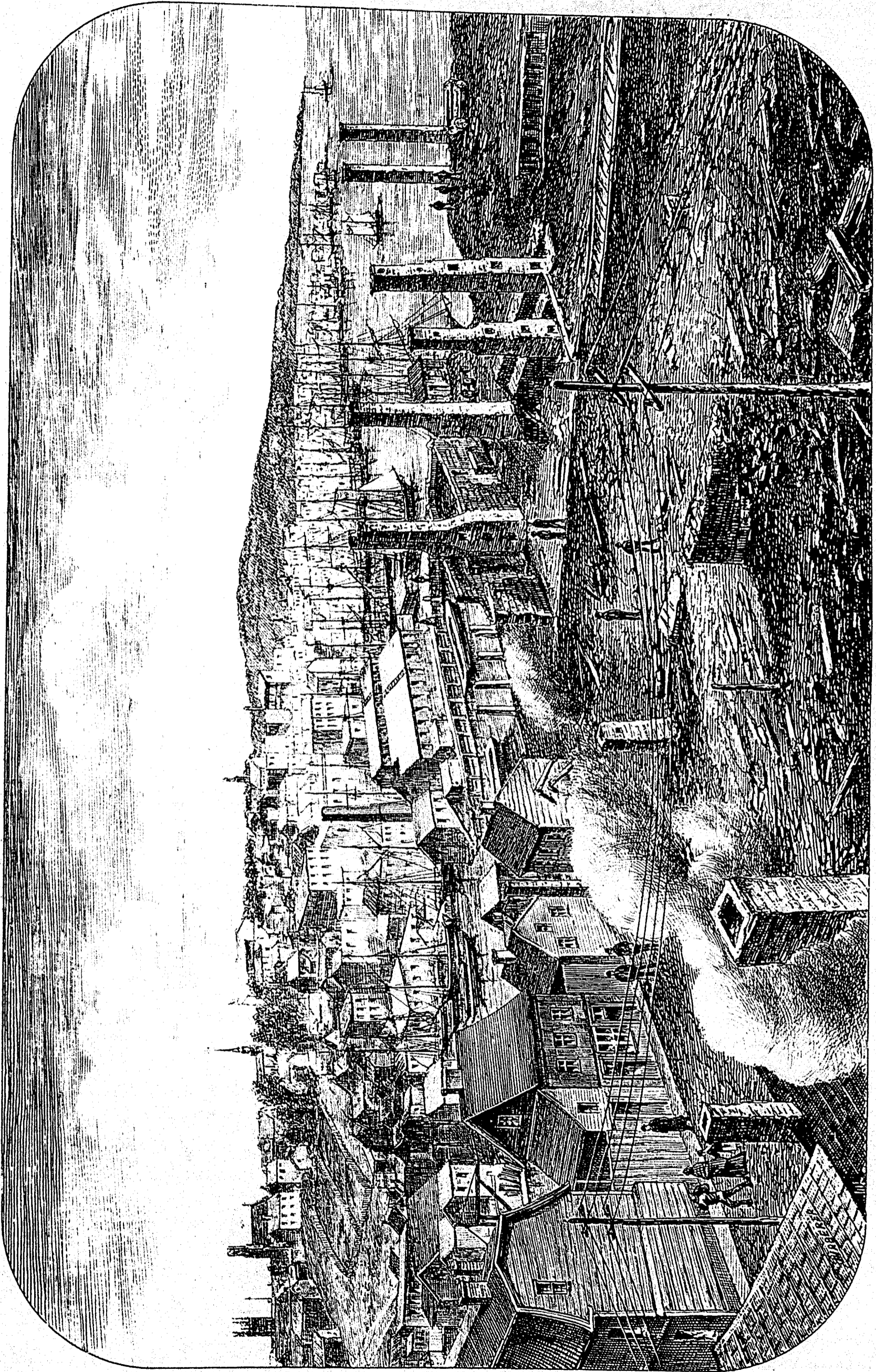
HEATING TOWNS BY STEAM.—According to the *Age of Steel*, the initial attempt at warming a village by steam at Lockport, N.Y., is a success. The cost is thought to be but little more than half the cost of stoves, although the great heat for kitchen apparatus may be less easy to furnish. From the steam boilers the supply of heat is forced through pipes laid under the ground to the buildings which are to be warmed. The main pipe, constructed of iron, is in size about five inches in diameter. Around the pipe is wound hair-cloth one-half to three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and over this is wrapped heavy Manila paper. Thus prepared the pipes are laid in hollow logs, which are covered with zinc.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA.—A correspondent of the *North British Advertiser* calls attention to the fact that in the year 1777, the first umbrella appeared in England, carried by John Macdonald, a footman. It was then no easy thing to carry an umbrella, the people calling out, "Frenchman! why don't you get a coach!" As it is just one hundred years since its advent, there is some danger of an umbrella centennial in her Majesty's realms. Wherein the artists would rejoice, for, although they have not had the courage to carve a "stove-pipe" hat in Italian marble, there is no doubt that for money they would undertake to immortalize the umbrella and themselves on this, the great centennial of its advent into England, by carving one.

A ROYAL TRANSLATION.—Among the novelties of the present season in Lisbon is the publication there of the tragedy of *Hamlet* in Portuguese, the translation being made by the King, Dom Luiz I. About 1,000 copies of the book have been struck off; it has been printed at the *Imprensa Nacional*, on very good paper, and got up in good style. The King does not offer the work for sale, and it is published anonymously, although all the world knows who is the author. The effort is considered very ambitious and the execution is praiseworthy; but the text of Shakespeare presents many difficulties in the way of a fluent rendering into Portuguese. It is noteworthy that it is only of late years that Shakespeare's works have been translated into the Portuguese language. Castillo, the poet, now dead, published some two years ago an excellent version of *Midsommer Night's Dream*; Pulhao Pato, the well-known poet, has published some extracts from *Romeo and Juliet*, and has also now in hand for the printer an excellent translation of *Hamlet*, in which he has caught the spirit of the original. Moreover, it is said a translation of the *Merchant of Venice* is being prepared.



THE EASTERN WAR.—SULEIMAN PASHA'S ATTACK ON MOUNT ST. NICHOLAS.



GREAT FIRE AT PORTLAND, N. B. VIEW OF THE RUINS.—FROM A SKETCH BY ROBERT BROWN.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY,"
"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN OLD PROMISE.

After a disquiet and uneasy night, haunted with Cassandra-like visions of coming trouble, I arose, anxious and nervous. "Am I going to kill the girl? Wait till she was eighteen?" What could these words mean except one thing? To connect Celia, even in thought, with this smooth and cynical old German was worse than any union of May and December. Innocence and trust; belief in high aims and pure motives on the one hand—on the other that perfect knowledge of evil which casteth out faith. A maiden whose chief charm, next to her beauty, to the adept of sixty, was her strange and unwanted ignorance of the world and its wickedness. And yet—and yet—we were in this nineteenth century, and we were in England, where men do not give away or sell their daughters, unless in novels: how could it be possible that a man of the world, a successful man, like Mr. Tyrrell, should contemplate, even for a moment, the sacrifice of his only child on such an altar?

As our misfortunes always fall together, I received, the next morning, on my way home from giving my last lesson, a second blow, from an equally unexpected quarter. This time it was from Wassielewski. The old man, who had been dejected and resigned since the failure of his schemes in 1854, was walking along upright, swinging his arms, with an elated air. When he saw me he threw up his long arms, and waved them like the sails of a windmill.

"It is coming," he cried. "It is coming once more. This time it will be no failure. And you shall take your part. Only wait a week, Ladislav Pulaski, and you shall know all. Silence, until you are admitted into our plans."

He shook my hand with a pressure which meant more than his words, and left me, with his head thrown back, his long white hair streaming in the wind, tossing his arms and gesticulating.

I had almost forgotten that I was a Pole, and the reminder came upon me with a disagreeable shock. It was like being told of some responsibility you would willingly let sleep—some duty you would devolve upon others. And to take my part? Strange transformation of a cripple and a music-master into a conspirator and a rebel.

For a week nothing was said by Mr. Tyrrell, and I was forgetting my anxiety on that score when, one afternoon, I went, as usual, to see Celia. There were, as I have said, two entrances, that of the front door, which was also the office door, and that at the end of the garden, which was used by Celia and myself. This afternoon, by some accident of choice, I went to the front door. To the right was Mr. Tyrrell's private office; as I passed I saw that the door was open—that he was sitting at his table, his head upon his hand in a dejected position, and that beside him, his back to the empty fire place, stood, tall, commanding, as if the place belonged to him, Herr Raumer.

He saw me, and beckoned me to enter the office.

"Here is Celia's private tutor, adviser, and most confidential friend," he said, in his mocking tones. "Here is Ladislav Pulaski. Why not confide the task to him? Let him speak to Celia first, if you will not."

What task?
Mr. Tyrrell raised his face, and looked at me. I think I have never seen a more sorrowful face than his at that moment—more sorrowful, or more humiliated. I had always known him bold, confident, self-reliant, of a proud and independent bearing. All that was gone, and in a single night. He looked crushed. Now, it was as if another spirit possessed the well-known features, for they were transformed. What had this man done to him—what power over him did he possess that could work this great and sorrowful transformation?

Herr Raumer had taken off his blue spectacles and his sharp keen eyes were glittering like steel. If the man was cynical, he was also resolute. Years of self-indulgence had not softened the determination with which he carried out a purpose.

"Ladislav Pulaski," he went on, seeing that Mr. Tyrrell did not speak, "knows Celia better than you, even—her father—or than myself, her future husband."

"Her what?" I cried, as he announced the thing in a calm judicial way, like the voice of Fate.

"Her future husband," he repeated. "The words are intelligible, are they not? Celia will become my wife. Why do you look from Mr. Tyrrell to me in that extraordinary manner? Is there, then, something monstrous in the fact?"

"Yes," I replied, boldly. "Celia is eighteen, and you are sixty."

"I am sixty-two," he said. "I shall live, I dare say, another eight or ten years. Celia will make these ten years happy. She will then be at liberty to marry anybody else."

"What you hear, Ladislav," said Mr. Tyrrell, speaking with an effort, and shading his eyes

as if he did not venture to look me in the face;

"What you hear from Herr Raumer is quite true. Celia does not know yet—we were considering when you arrived how to tell her—does not know—yet—our friend here insists upon her being told at once. The fact is, my dear Ladislav," he went on, trying to speak at his ease, and as if it were quite an ordinary transaction. "Some years since—"

"Ten years," said Herr Raumer.

"Ten years since, our friend here did me a service of some importance."

"Of some importance only, my dear Tyrrell?"

"Of very great importance—of vital importance. Never mind of what nature."

"That does not matter at present," said Herr Raumer. "Proceed, my father-in-law."

"As an acknowledgment of that favour—as I then believed—yes, Raumer, it is the truth, and you know it—as I then believed, in a sort of joke—"

"I never joke," said the German.

"—I promised that he should marry Celia."

"That promise I have never since alluded to until last night," Herr Raumer explained. "It was a verbal promise, but I knew that it would be kept. There were no papers or agreements between us; but they were unnecessary. As friends we gave a pledge to each other. 'My dear Tyrrell,' I said, 'you are much younger than I am; almost young enough to be my son. You have a daughter. If I am still in this town when she is eighteen years of age you must let me marry her, if I am then of the same mind.' My friend here laughed and acceded."

"But I did not think—I did not understand—"

"That is beside the mark. It was a promise. Celia was a pretty child then, and has grown into a beautiful woman. I shall be proud of my wife. Because, Tyrrell,"—his brow contracted—"I am quite certain that the promise will be kept."

"The promise did not, and could not, amount to more than an engagement to use my influence with Celia."

"Much more," said the other. "Very much more. I find myself, against my anticipations, still in this quiet town of yours. I find the girl grown up. I find myself getting old. I say to myself—'That was a lucky service you rendered Mr. Tyrrell.' And it was of a nature which would make the most grateful man wish silence to be kept about it. And the promise was most providential. Now will my declining years be rich in comfort."

"Providentially or not," said Celia's father, plucking up his courage; "if Celia will not accept you, the thing is ended."

"Not ended," said Herr Raumer, softly. "Just beginning."

"Then God help us," burst out the poor man, with a groan.

"Certainly," responded his persecutor. "By all means, for you will want all the help that is to be got. Mr. Pulaski, who is entirely *ami de famille*, is now in a position to understand the main facts. There are two contracting parties. One breaks his part of the contract—the other, not by way of revenge, but in pursuance of a just policy, breaks his. The consequences fall on the first man's head. Now, Tyrrell, let us have no more foolish scruples. I will make a better husband for your girl than any young fellow. She shall have her own way; she shall do what she likes, and dress—and—all the rest of it, just as she chooses. What on earth do women want more?"

I felt sick and dizzy. Poor Celia!

Herr Raumer placed his hand upon the bell.

"I am going to send for her," he said. "If you do not speak to her yourself I will do so. As Ladislav Pulaski is here to give us moral support—the man could not speak without a sneer—it will be quite a *conseil de famille*, and we shall not have to trouble Mrs. Tyrrell at all. You can tell her this evening, if necessary."

He rang. Augustus Brambler, as the junior clerk, answered the bell. I noticed that his eyes looked from one to the other of us, as he took the message from the German, in a mild wonder. Augustus ran messages of all sorts with equal alacrity, provided they were connected with the office. He would have blacked boots, had he been told to do so, and considered it all part of the majesty of the law.

When Celia came Herr Raumer made her a very profound and polite bow, and placed a chair for her.

She looked at her father, who sat still with his head on his hand, and then at me.

"What is it, papa? What is it, Laddy?" she asked.

"Your father has a communication to make to you of the very greatest importance," said Herr Raumer, softly and gently. "Of so great importance that it concerns the happiness of two lives."

I hardly knew the man. He was soft, he was winning, he was even young, as he murmured these words with another bow of greater profundity than would have become an Englishman.

Then Mr. Tyrrell rose to the occasion. Any

man, unless he is an abject coward, can rise to the occasion, if necessary, and act a part becomingly, if not nobly. You never hear of a man having to be carried to the gallows, for instance, though the short walk there must have a thousand pangs for every footfall. Mr. Tyrrell rose, and tried to smile through the black clouds of shame and humiliation.

"Celia, my dear child," he said, "Herr Raumer to-day has asked my consent to his becoming, if you consent, my son-in-law."

"Your son-in-law, papa?"

"My son-in-law, Celia," he replied, firmly; the plunge once made the rest of the work appeared easier. "I am quite aware that there are many objections to be advanced at the outset. Herr Raumer, you will permit me, my friend, to allude once and for all to—"

"To the disparity of age?" No woe of five-and-twenty could have been more airily bland, as if the matter were not worth mentioning seriously. "The disparity of age? Certainly. I have the great misfortune to be forty years older than Miss Tyrrell. Let us face the fact."

"Quite so. Once stated—it is faced," said Mr. Tyrrell, gaining courage every moment. The objection is met by the fact that our friend is no weak old man, to want a nurse, but strong and vigorous, still in the prime of life."

"The prime of life," echoed the suitor, smiling.

"He is, it may also be objected," said Mr. Tyrrell, as if anxious to get at the worst aspect of the case at once; "he is a foreigner—a German. What then? If there is a nation with which we have a national sympathy, it is the German nation. And as regards other things he has the honour of—"

"Say of an Englishman, my friend. Say of an English lawyer and gentleman."

Mr. Tyrrell winced for a moment.

"He is honourable and upright, of an excellent disposition, gentle in his instincts, sympathetic and thoughtful for others—"

"My dear friend," the Herr interposed, "is not that too much? Miss Tyrrell will not believe that one man can have all those perfections."

"Celia will find out for herself," said her father, laughing. "And now, my child, that you know so much, and that we have considered all possible objections, there remains something more to be said. It is now ten years since this project was first talked over between us."

"Ten years!" cried Celia.

"As a project only, because it was impossible to tell where we might be after so long a time. It was first spoken of between us after an affair, a matter of business, with which I will only so far trouble you as to say that it laid me under the most lively obligations to Herr Raumer."

"Remember, my dear, that the gratitude you owe to this gentleman is beyond all that any act of yours can repay. But we do not wish you to accept Herr Raumer from gratitude. I want you to feel that you have here a chance of happiness such as seldom falls to any girl."

"In my country, Miss Tyrrell," said Herr Raumer, gravely, "it is considered right to the suitor to seek first the approbation of the parents. I am aware that in England the young lady is often addressed before the parents know anything of—of—the attachment. If I have behaved after the manner of my people, you will, I doubt not, forgive me."

I ventured to look at Celia. She sat in the chair which Herr Raumer had given her at the foot of the table, upright and motionless. Her cheeks had a touch of angry red in them, and her eyes sought her father's, as if trying to read the truth in them: "You should know, dear Celia," Mr. Tyrrell went on, "not only from my friend's wish, but also mine, I—I think, that we can hardly expect an answer yet."

"Not yet," he murmured; "Miss Tyrrell will give me another opportunity, alone, of pleading my own cause. It is enough to-day that she knows what her father's hopes are, and what are mine. I would ask only to say a few words, if Miss Tyrrell will allow me."

He bowed again.

"Ten years ago, when this project—call it the fancy of a man for a child as yet unformed,—came into my brain, I began to watch your progress and your education. I saw with pleasure that you were not sent to those schools where girls' minds are easily imbued with worldly ideas—good Heavens! was Herr Raumer about to put on the garb of religion?—"

"Later on I saw with greater pleasure that your chief companion and principal tutor was Mr. Ladislav Pulaski, a gentleman whose birth alone should inspire with noble thoughts. Under his care I watched you, Miss Tyrrell, growing gradually from infancy into womanhood. I saw that your natural genius was developed; that you were becoming a musician of high order, and that by the sweetness of your natural disposition you were possessing yourself of a manner which I, who have known Courts, must be allowed to pronounce—Perfect. It is not too much to say that I have asked a gift which any man, of whatever exalted rank, would be proud to have; that there is no position however lofty which Miss Tyrrell would not grace; and that I am deeply conscious of my own demerits. At the same time I yield to no one in the resolution to make that home happy which it is in Miss Tyrrell's power to give me. The slightest wish shall be gratified; the most trifling want shall be anticipated. If we may, for once, claim a little superiority over the English, it is in that power of divining before hand, of guessing from a look or a gesture, the wishes of those we love, which belongs to us Germans."

It was the first and the last time I have ever heard this mysterious power spoken of. No doubt, as Herr Raumer claimed it for his countrymen, they do possess it. Most Germans I have ever seen have struck me as being singularly cold persons, far behind the French in that subtle sympathy which makes a man divine in the manner spoken of by Herr Raumer.

The speech was lengthy and wordy; it was delivered in the softest voice, and with a certain impressiveness. Somehow—so far, at least, as I was concerned, it failed to produce a favourable effect. There was not the true ring about it. Celia made a slight acknowledgment, and looked again at her father.

Then Raumer turned effusively to me.

"I have no words," he said, "to express the very great thanks which I—which we—owe to you for the watchful and brotherly care which you have given to Miss Tyrrell. It is not in the power of money—"

"There has never been any question of money," said Mr. Tyrrell, quickly, "between Ladislav and us."

"I know. There are disinterested people in the world, after all," Herr Raumer said with a smile. "You are one of them, Mr. Pulaski. At the same time," he added airily, "you cannot escape our thanks. You will have to go through life laden with our gratitude."

Celia got up and gave me her hand.

"You do not want me to say anything now, Papa," she said. "We will go. Come, Laddy."

We closed the door of the office behind us, and escaped into the garden, where the apple blossoms were in their pink and white beauty; through the gate at the end, to our own resort and rest, by Celia's Arbour. We leaned against the rampart and looked out, over the broad sloping bank of bright green turf, set with buttercups as with golden buttons, across the sunny expanse of the harbour. The grass of the bastion was strewn with the brown casings of the newly-born leaves, the scabbards which had kept them from the frost. We could not speak. Her hand held mine.

Presently she whispered—

"Laddy, is it real? Does Papa mean it?"

"Yes, Celia."

"And yesterday I was so happy."

Then we were silent again, for I had no word of comfort.

"Laddy," she cried, with a start of hope, "what is to-day? The first of June. Then in three weeks' time Leonard will be home again. I will give no answer for three weeks. Leonard will help us. All will be right for us when Leonard comes home."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM THE ORGAN LOFT.

In three weeks. Leonard would be home in three weeks. We had been so long looking forward that, now the time was close at hand, the realization of its approach came on us like a shock.

We stared at each other.

"Three weeks, Cis! How will he come home?"

"I do not know. He will come home triumphant. Laddy, a moment ago I was so wretched—now I am so hopeful. He will come home and help us. We are like shipwrecked sailors in sight of land."

We did not doubt but that he would be another Perseus to the new Andromeda. What was he to do, more than we could do ourselves, we did not know. But he would do something. And that conviction, in the three weeks which followed, was our only stay and hope. We could not take council with the Captain, and even Mrs. Tyrrell was not informed of what had happened. She was to be told when Celia gave her answer. Meantime, Celia's lover made for the moment no sign of impatience. He came to the house in the evenings. He listened to Celia's playing and singing; he ventured with deference on a little criticism; he treated her with such respect as a lady might get from a *preux chevalier* of the old school; he loaded her with *petits soins*; he never alluded in the slightest way to their interview in the office; his talk was soft, and in presence of the girl he seldom displayed any of the cynical sayings which generally garnished his conversation; and he assumed the manner of a Christian gentleman of great philanthropic experience, and some disappointment with human nature. I was a good deal amused by the change, but a little disquieted, because it showed that he was in earnest. There was to be no brutal force, no melodramatic marriage by reluctant consent to save a father from something or other indefinite. He was laying siege in due form, hoping to make the fortress surrender in due time, knowing that the defences were undermined by the influence of her father.

The Sunday after the first breaking of the matter he astonished me by appearing in the Tyrrells' square pew. I saw him with the utmost admiration. He was certainly a well set-up man, tall and straight. His full white moustache gave him a soldier-like look. He wore a tightly-buttoned frock, which was not the fashion of the day, with a rosebud in the button-hole, and new light lavender gloves. The general effect produced was exactly what he desired, that of a man no longer young, but still in vigorous life; a man remarkable in appearance, and probably remarkable, did the congregation know it, for his personal history. In church he laid aside the blue spectacles which he always wore in the street. His manner was almost theatrically rev-

erential, although he showed a little uncertainty about getting up and sitting down. I have already explained that this was leisurely among occupants of the square pews at St. Faith's, so that his hesitation was less marked than it would be in an advanced church of the more recent type. I do not know whether he sang, because my back was necessarily turned to the congregation while I played for them, and among the curious mixture of discordances which rose to the organ loft, and together made up the hymn, I could not distinguish the German's deep bass with the unmistakable rasp in it. There was the squawk of the old ladies who sat along the aisle—you made that out easily by reason of their being always half-a-dozen notes behind; there was the impetuous rush of those irregular cavalry, the charity children, who sat round the altar rails, and always sang a few notes in advance; there was the long-drawn hum of the congregational "joining in," which, taken in the lump, as one got it up in the organ loft, was like the air played slowly on a barrel organ with a cold, or like a multitude attempting a tune through their noses. And there were sporadic sounds, issuing, I had reason to suppose, from individual singers, from him who tried tenor, and from her who attempted an alto. And sometimes I thought I could distinguish the sweet voice of Celia, but that was probably fancy.

The hymn was over. I was free to turn round, and, through an uplifted corner of the red curtain, to watch Herr Raumer. The preacher on this Sunday was the Rev. John Pontifex, and it was a pretty sight to see the rapt attention with which the Teutonic proselyte followed the argument, as if it was something strange, original, and novel. As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Pontifex's one sermon. He had only one. Like Single's speech Hamilton, he concentrated all the logic at his command into the argumentative discourse. Unlike Single's speech, he went on preaching it whenever he was asked to preach at all. To be sure, he introduced variations in the text, in the exordium, and in the peroration. But the body of the discourse was invariably the same. And it was not a cheerful sermon. On the contrary, it was condemnatory, and sent people home to their dinners with a certainty about the future which ought to have taken away all their appetites.

Up in the organ loft you had advantages over your fellows. The church lay at your feet, with the people in their pews sitting mute and quiet, and yet each man preserving in his attitude, in his eyes, in the pose of his head, his own individuality. Mr. Tyrrell, for instance, showed that he was ill at ease by his downcast eyes and drooping head. His daughter and I alone knew the reason of his disquietude, with that stranger who sat in the same pew with him. Behind Mr. Tyrrell was the Captain in a long pew. Years before he had sat there Sunday after Sunday with two boys. Was the old man thinking that in three more Sundays he might sit there with the wanderer back again? He entertained great respect for a sermon, as part of a chaplain's duties ashore, but it would have been difficult to discover from any subsequent remarks that he ever listened. Looking at him now, from my lofty vantage, I see from his eyes that his thoughts are far away. Perhaps he is with Leonard, perhaps he is tossing on a storm-bent sea, or slave-chasing off the West coast, or running again into Navarino Bay on a certain eventful afternoon. There is a calm about the old man's face which speaks of peace. What are the denunciations of the Rev. John Pontifex to him?

"—Whither you will all of you—alas!—most infallibly go—unless you change your ways—"

Within the Communion rails, the Rev. Mr. Broughton, his legs stretched out, his feet upon a footstool, and his hands clasped across his portly form, is sitting comfortably. His part of the morning exercise is finished. His eyes are closed and his head nodding. Happy Perpetual Curate! On the red baize cushions round the rails are twenty or thirty school children, recipients of some charity. Why do they dress the poor girls in so perfectly awful a uniform? And why is the vergor allowed to creep along during the sermon, cane in hand, to remind any erring infant that he must not sleep in church? It ought not to be allowed.

Look at the faces of the congregation as they are turned up vacantly to the roof. No one is listening,—except Herr Raumer. What are they all thinking about? In this hive of a thousand people, there is not one but has his heart and brain full of his own hopes and fears. What are the terrible forebodings of the preacher—"No hope for any but the Elect. Alas! They are very few in number. For the rest of you, my brethren"—What are these words, which ought to generate a maddening despair, to the present anxieties and troubles of the people? The fat and prosperous grocer in the square pew is worried about a bill that falls due to-morrow; his daughter is thinking that a dear friend has treacherously copied the trimmings of her bonnet; the boys are wishing it was over; and so on. Did such words as the Rev. John Pontifex is now uttering ever have any real meaning? Or did they always lose their force by being applied, as we apply them now, to our neighbours. "Elect! Well, of course, I am one. Let us hope that our friends are also in the number. But I have my fears." We are in a dead church, with a Preacher of Dead Word; the old Calvinistic utterances drop upon hearts which have fallen away from the dogma and are no longer open to their terrors. Such a sermon as the one

preached by the Rev. John Pontifex on that Sunday morning would be impossible now. Then it was only part of the regular church business. Well, that is all changed; we have new dangers and new enemies; among them is no longer the old listlessness of service.

"Lastly, my brethren—" See,—Mr. Broughton wakes up; the children nudge each other; the Captain's eyes come back to the present, and he instinctively gathers together the "tools," and puts them back into their box; a twitter of expectancy, with a faint preliminary rustle of feminine garments, ascends to my perch.

"Remember that you, too, are included, one and all, in the sentence upon Ca—per—na—um." So; he has finished. Herr Raumer sits back with a long breath, as if the argument had convinced him. Mrs. Tyrrell shakes her head solemnly. The clerk gives out the final hymn:

Oh! may our earthly Sabbaths prove
A foretaste of the joys above.

Poor charity children! They go home to a cold collation insufficient in quantity; they have been called for inattention; they have to attend three services like this every Sunday. And yet they pray for a continuance of these joys.

"Oh! Ladislav," cries Mrs. Tyrrell, with a sigh of rapture, when I came up with the party after playing them out. "What a sermon! What Gospel truth! What force of expression! It is astonishing to me that Uncle Pontifex has never been made a bishop. He is coming to dinner on Tuesday," she resumes, with an entirely secular change of voice, "with Aunt Jane. Come, too, Ladislav, and talk to aunt. There will be the loveliest pair of ducks."

Herr Raumer is walking beside Celia. She is pale, and, from the manner in which she carries her parasol, I should say that she is a little afraid lest her suitor should say something. But he does not. He is content to hover round her; to be seen with her; to accustom people to the association of himself with Celia Tyrrell. It is easy to divine his purpose. Suddenly to announce an engagement between an elderly man of sixty and a girl of less than twenty would be to make a nine days' wonder. Let them be seen together, so that when the right moment shall arrive to make the announcement there shall seem nothing strange about it.

One thing let me say. I have heard of all men reason to love this German. That will be presently apparent. But I wish to be just to him. And I think he loved Celia honestly.

I am, indeed, sure he did. I saw it in the way he followed her about with his eyes, in the softened tone of his voice; in the way in which he sought me out, and tried to learn from me what were her favourite books, her music, her tastes, so that he might anticipate them. The jealousy of my own affection for Celia sharpened my senses. What I saw in him I recognised as my own. I wonder how much that strange passion of love might have done to softening the man. For as regards the rest of the world he remained the same as before, cold, cynical, emotionless, without affection or pity. A man turned out by a machine could not have been more devoid of human sympathy. For instance, he was lodged in Augustus Brambler's first floor, and he was waited on by the best and prettiest of all Augustus' numerous olive branches, little Forty-Four. She was like her father, inasmuch as she was unceasingly active, always cheerful and brave, always patient and hopeful, always happy in herself. Unlike her father, the work she did was good work. She kept her lodger in luxurious comfort, cooked his dinner as he loved it, and left him nothing to desire.

Yet he never spoke a word to her that was not a command, never thanked her, never took the slightest notice of her presence. This bright-eyed, pleasant-faced, obliging girl, who did a hundred things for him which were not in the bond, was, in fact, no more to him than a mere machine. Sometimes, observing this strange disregard of all human creatures, it occurred to me that he might have learned it by long continuance in military service. A soldier is a creature who carries out orders—among other things. That would be a delightful world where all the men were drilled soldiers, and military manoeuvres the principal occupation, the art of war the only study, and victory the only glory. And yet to this we are tending. Whenever I tried to interest him in his landlord's family he would listen patiently, and change the subject.

"The Brambler people" he asked with no show of interest. "Yes, I have seen them—father who runs messages." Poor Augustus! This all the majesty of the Law—"uncle who reports for paper—children who fall down the stairs. What have I to do with this *scoundrel*!"

I ventured to suggest that they were poor and deserving—that, &c.

"Bah!" he said. "That is the cant of English charity, my young friend. You will tell me next that men are all brothers. Do not, I beg, fall into that trap set for the benevolent."

"I will not, with you," I said. "I suppose you think that men are all enemies."

I said this with my most withering and sarcastic smile.

"I do," he replied, solemnly. "All men are enemies. For our own advantage, and for no other reason, we do not kill each other, but unite in societies and kill our neighbours. Come, you want me to pretend benevolent sympathy with the people in this house, because the father is a fool and they are poor. There are an infinite number of poor people in the world. Some of them, even, are starving. Well, it is not my fault. Let them starve. It is my business to live, and get the most out of life."

"Do all your countrymen think like you?" I asked.

"All," he replied. "In Berlin we are a clear-sighted people. We put self-preservation first. That means everything. I do not say that we have no delusions. Machinery called charitable exists; not to so extensive and ruinous a degree as in England; still there is hope for the weakest when he goes to the wall that some one will take care of him."

"You would let him die."

"I do not actively wish him to die. If I saw that his life would be of the slightest use to me, I should help him to live. Let us talk of more agreeable things. Let us talk of Celia. Take a glass of hock. So."

He lit another cigar and lay back in his chair, murmuring enjoyable words.

"You told me, a little while ago, that the man you admired most in the world, the noblest and the best, I think you said, after the Captain, was Mr. Tyrrell. Do you think so now?"

I was silent.

"You do not. You cannot. That is a lesson for you, Ladislav Pulaski. Remember that there is no man nobler and best. Think of yourself at your worst, and then persuade yourself that all other men are like that."

I said nothing to that, because there was nothing to say. It is one way of looking at the world; the best way, it seems to me, to drag yourself down and to keep down every body round you.

"I said then, but you were too indignant to accept the do-trine, that every man had his price. You may guess Mr. Tyrrell's. Every woman has her's. Celia's price is—her father; I have bought her at that price, which I was fortunately able to command."

"You do not know yet."

"Yes, I do know. All in good time. I can wait. Now, Ladislav Pulaski, I will be frank with you. I intended this *coop* all along, and have prepared the way for it. I admire the young lady extremely. Let me, even, say that I love her. She is, I am sure, as good and virtuous as she is pretty. Of all girls I have ever seen, I think Celia Tyrrell is the best. It is, I know, partly due to your training. She is the pearl of your pupils. Her manner is perfect; her face is perfect; her conversation is admirable; her general cultivation is good."

"She is all that you say," I replied.

"You love her, I believe, like a brother. At least, Celia says so. When I was your age, if I did not love a young lady like a brother I made it a rule always to tell her so at the earliest opportunity. That inability to love a girl after the brotherly fashion has more than once endangered my life. Like a brother, is it not?"

"Like a brother," I murmured, passing over the covert sneer.

"Very well, then. It is a weakness on my part, but I am willing to make sacrifices for this girl. I will study her wishes. She shall be treated with the greatest forbearance and patience. I do not expect that she will love me, as I love her. That would be absurd. But I hope that, in a little while, a month or two,—I breathe freely, because I feared he was going to say a day or two,—she will receive my attentions with pleasure, and learn to give me the esteem which young wives may feel for elderly husbands. I am not going to be ridiculous; I am not a Blue Beard; I know that women can be coaxed when they cannot be forced. *J'ai vu fleurir*—it is not for the first time in life that one makes love at sixty."

"After all," he went on, cheerfully. "Celia ought to be a happy girl. I shall die in ten years, I suppose. She will be a widow at eight-and-twenty. Just the age to enjoy life. Just the time when a woman wants her full liberty. What a thing—to be eight-and-twenty, to bury an old husband, and to have his money!"

(To be continued.)

MONTREAL FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

In the lecture-room of Zion Church last Thursday week, Rev. Dr. Wilkes gave an interesting account of Montreal fifty-five years ago. He described Francois Xavier, John, Notre Dame and other streets, introducing among other references allusions to the Seminary as it then was; the offices of the North-West Company, now the Canada Hotel; Christ Church Cathedral of that time; Jacques Cartier Market; the old Government House and Gardens and a number of others. In speak of St. James street, he said the present site of the St. Lawrence Hall was formerly a burial-ground; that the City and District Savings Bank was then a garden. Notre Dame street was very narrow. The paving of the city was then very rough and irregular, and the stones were all shapes and sizes. The city was then lighted with fish oil lamps, and governed by magistrates. The police force were then called constables, hence the title of "High Constable" was a dery old one. He also referred to the value of real estate. Speaking of the school he touched upon the Grammar School then in St. James street, and the College for Catholic boys on College street. Silver was then the current exchange; paper money not being very popular. He recollected the *Gazette*, the *Herald* and *Courant* of that day. Books were very scarce, but notwithstanding that fact they had a better public library then than they had now. He remembered Mr. Molson having to haul his steamboats against the current by the aid of oxen. It then

took three days and two nights to go to Quebec by steamer. He thought the little canal was dug a short time before he came to the city; he believed there was a fragment of it yet to be seen at Lachine. He spoke of stage travel in those times. Everything appeared then to be controlled by the Government. Speaking of retail trade he said one of the best shops in the city was in Custom House Square, then a market. The shop was a very curious structure. The style of living was far less expensive; a goose cost from 25 to 30 cents; a cord of wood \$2.25, and so on. He fancied that young clerks were very much better dealt with then than they are now. Servants' wages were \$4 or \$5; minister's salary \$1,000 to \$1,200; bank managers about the same. A salary of \$2,000 would be thought prodigious. There was no Catholic Bishop of Montreal then. The English churches were Christ Church, Berger Presbyterian, St. Gabriel Presbyterian, and St. James Street Methodist. The churches were very well attended. The Bible Society, he thought, was organized about the time he came here. English speaking society was formed principally of Scotchmen and Englishmen, while the Americans, with whom he fraternized, were at a discount, so to speak. There was a great deal of smuggling done, and that, perhaps, was one of the causes why there was not much trade done then with the United States. In conclusion, he thought they should all take an interest in the city in which they dwelt, to the cultivation of all that is good and pure.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

EVE inaugurated the fall fashions.

AN anachronistic pun—Adam was married on his wedding Eve.

LADIES should always speak low, and yet they should ever try to be high-toned women.

Why ought a lady's home-dress to last a long while?—Because she never wears it out.

"WHEN my pa wouldn't let me go the ball," said a merry young lady, "I just set to, and had a *bawl* at home!"

LOVE, the toothache, smoke, a cough, and a tight boot, are things which cannot possibly be kept secret very long.

YOUNG lady (who is tired of his company): "You ain't a bit nervous, are you, Mr. Post?" All my gentlemen acquaintances go when it strikes twelve.

A DAILY paper of a recent date contains an advertisement for a servant-girl "who would not be above placing herself upon an equality with the rest of the family."

A "WOMAN'S DICKENS CLUB" recently discussed "Who are the vulgar?" They decided that it is a woman who wears diamond rings on her gloves and says "them molasses."

"HE's a man after my own heart!" exclaimed an impulsive young lady.—"Pshaw!" exclaimed her practical old father:—"he's a man after the money your Uncle Jacob left you!"

A NEW YORK jeweller has a splendid opal ring which has been sold nine times as an engagement ring, and as many times exchanged, on account of the general belief that the opal is unlucky.

A MAN who was attempting to console with an honest old German on the loss of his wife pathetically asked if she was resigned to her fate. "Resigned!" exclaimed the poor afflicted old man, "mein gracious, *she had to be!*"

"JEANNIE," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favoured suitor to the altar, "Jeannie, it is a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel; "but it is a great deal solemnier not to."

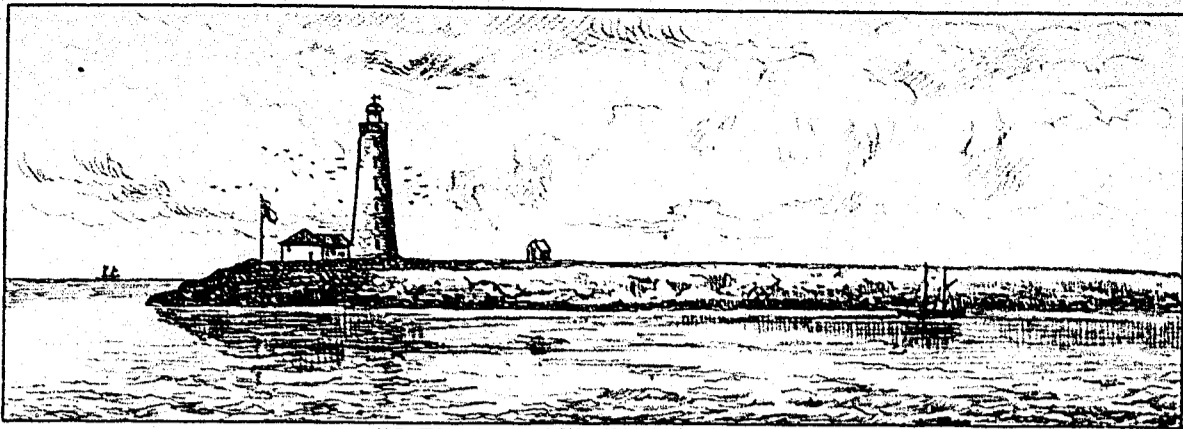
A LONDON journal cautions its lady readers when dressed in velvet against sitting down in cane-bottomed chairs. This, however, is a repetition of Fanny Kemble, who, when she found such a chair provided for her at one of her readings in the West, turned upon the leading committee a withering glance and exclaimed:—"Man! do you wish me to give my best velvet gown the small pox?"

A FRENCHWOMAN will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur her displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an American woman, if he has plenty of money; an English woman, if he is manly, affectionate, and true.

HOW

TO RESTORE HEALTH AND STRENGTH to the feeble is a question often asked. PHOSFOZONE is one of the most active elements of the body. If it is wanting, disease creeps in, beginning with indigestion, loss of Appetite, Weakness, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Bronchitis. PHOSFOZONE has cured many cases of above when all other remedies have failed.

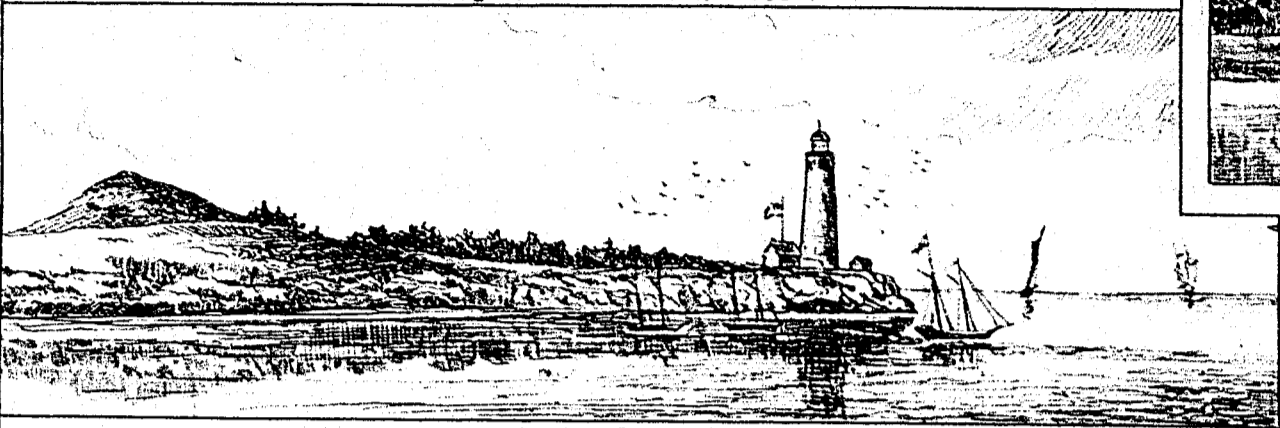
Sold by all druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.



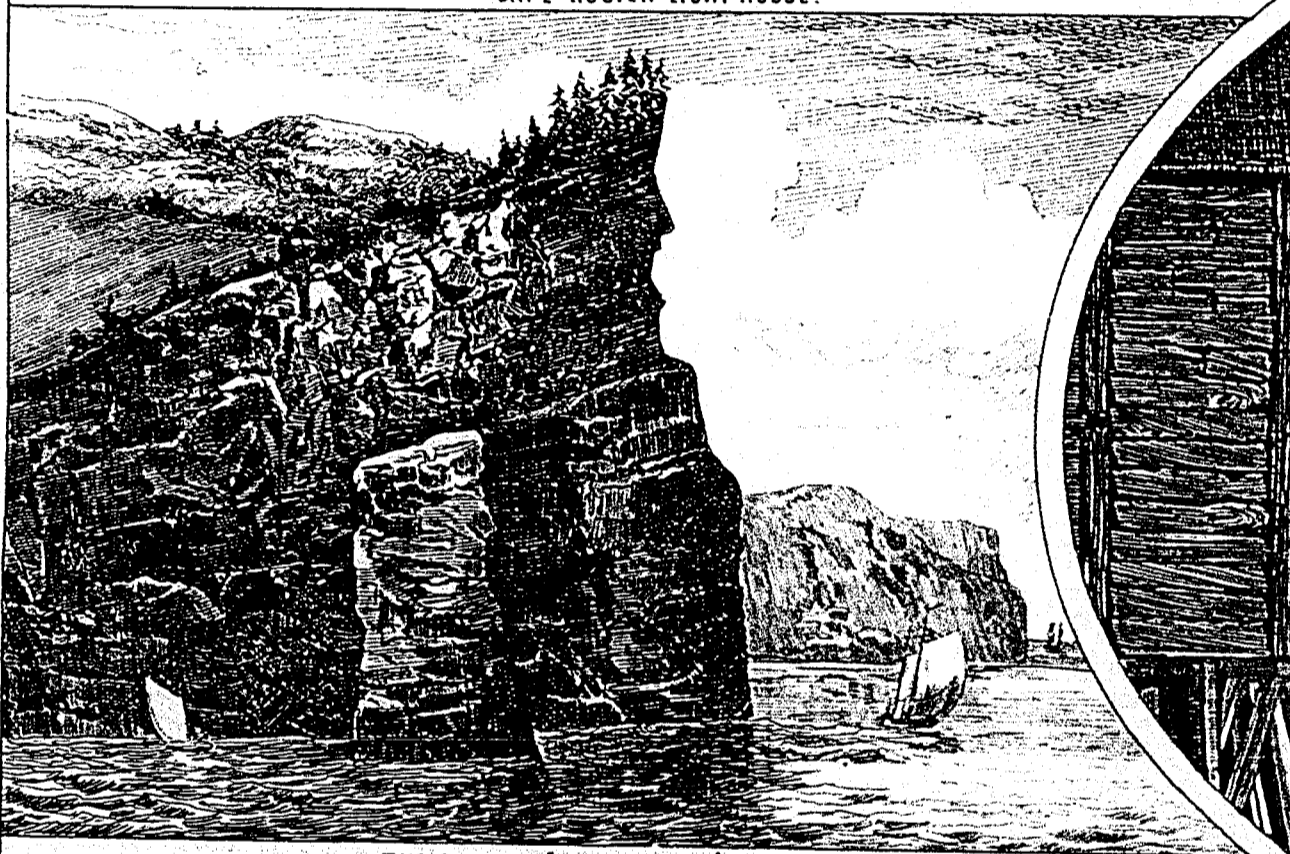
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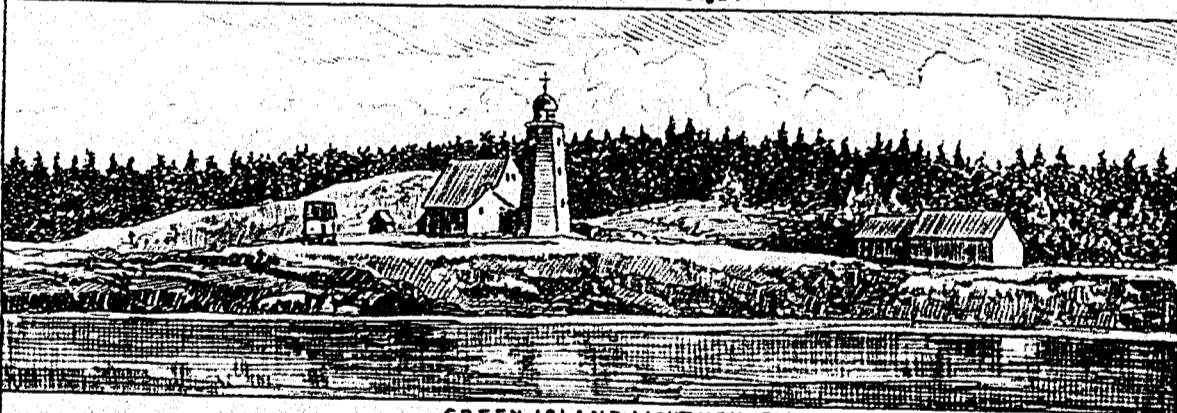
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THE OLD MAN: CAPE GASPE.



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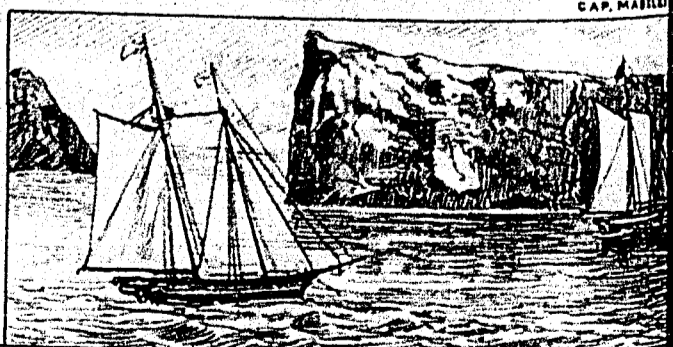
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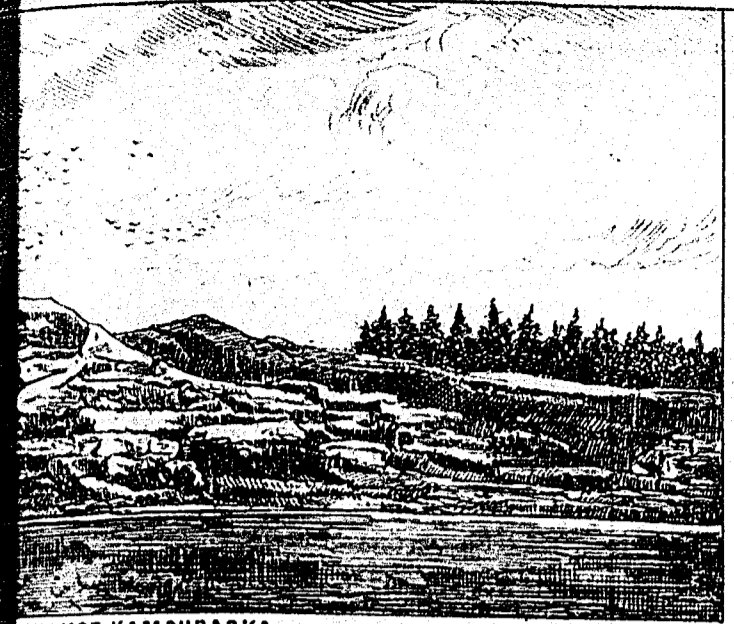


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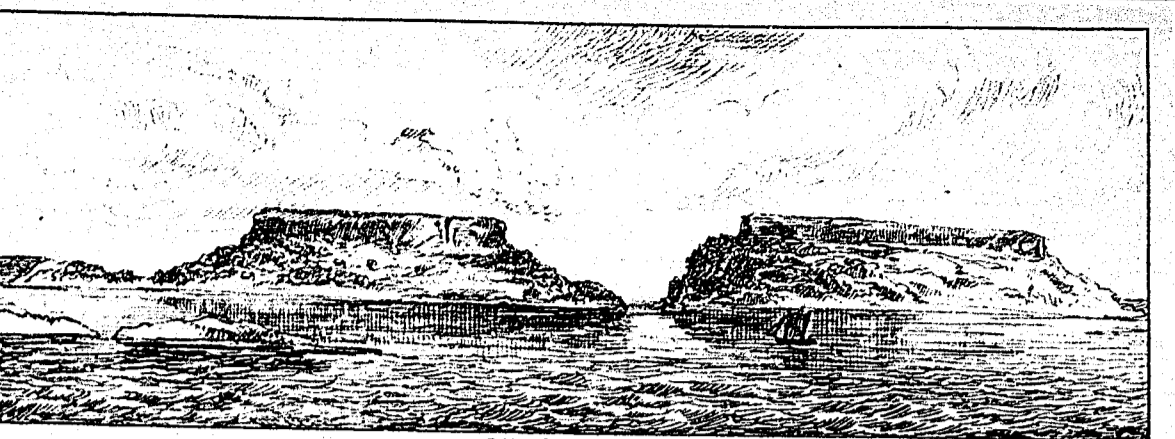


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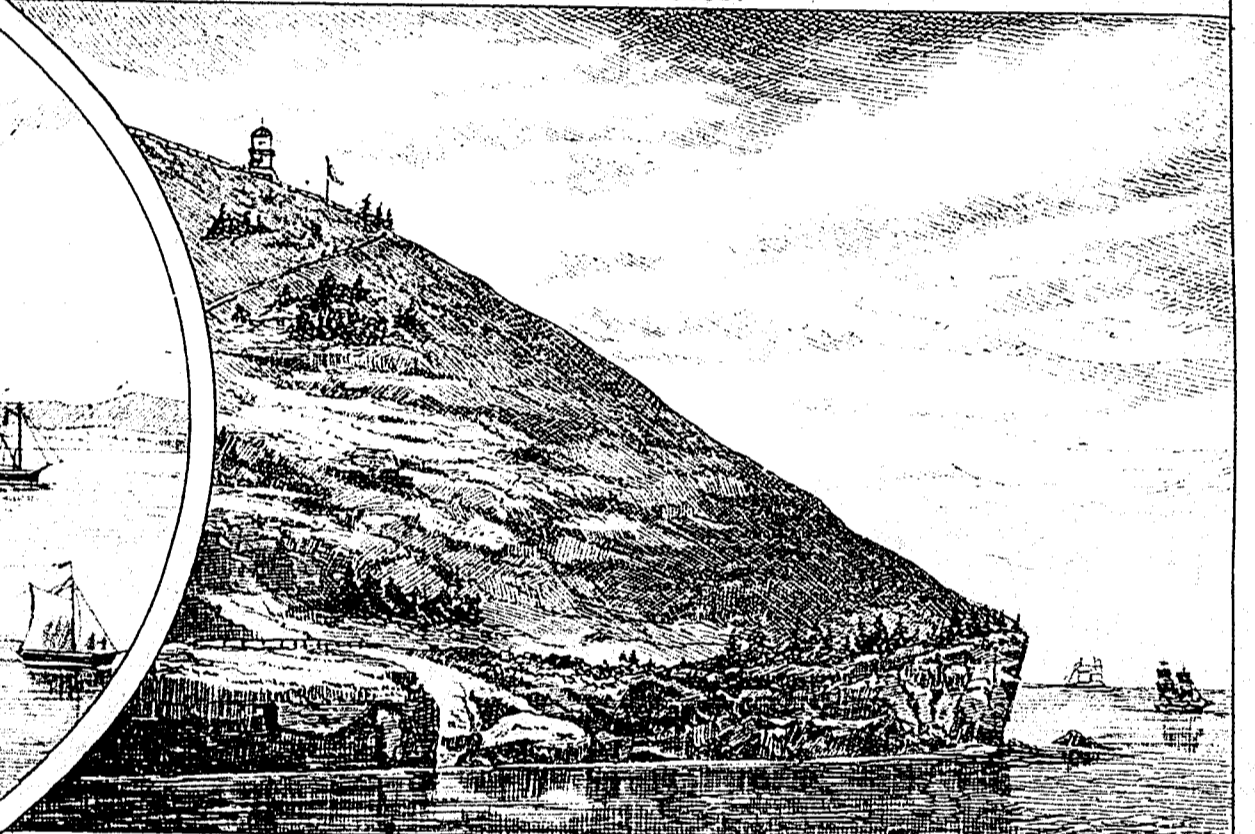
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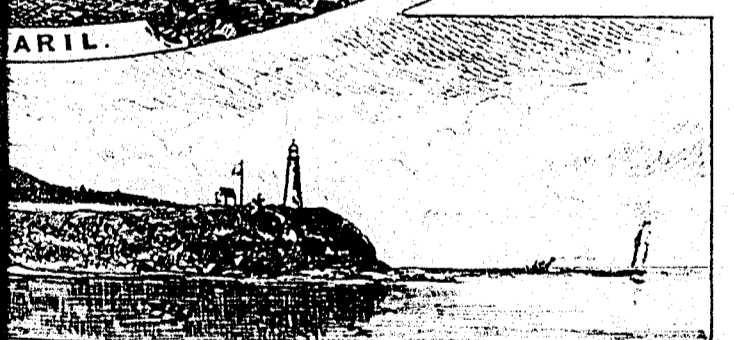
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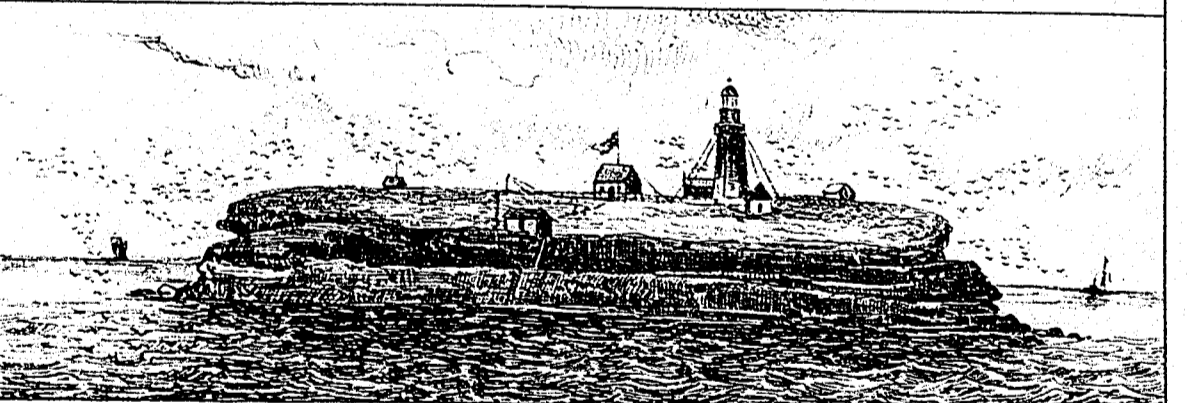
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GASPÉ BAY LIGHT.



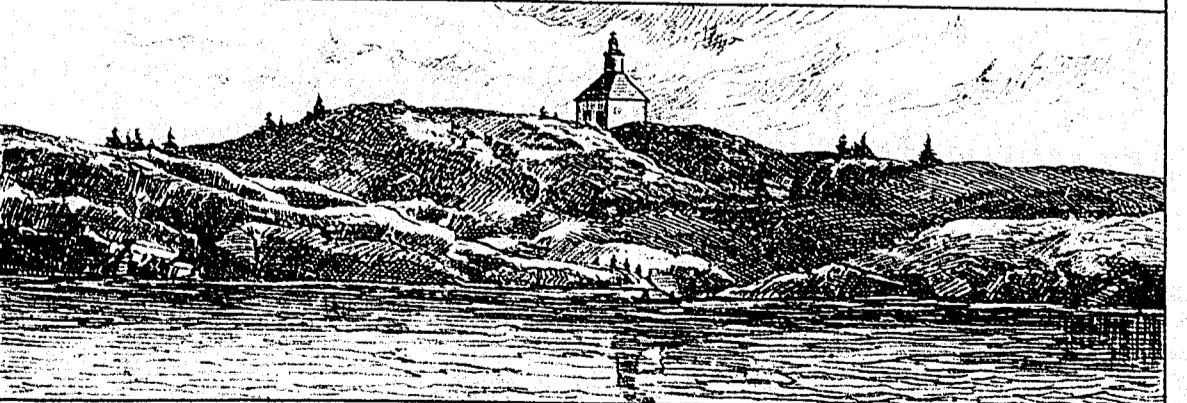
ARIL LIGHT HOUSE.



BIRD ISLAND LIGHT HOUSE.



HALEURS BAY.



PILGRIMS LIGHT HOUSE.

LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

ULTIMA SPES MORTUORUM.

(Translated from Henri Mürger.)

"Yesterday was 'Le Jour des Morts,' and a large trade was done in mourning wreaths and *immortelles* destined to be placed upon the tombs of Montmartre, Montparnasse, and Pere-la-Chaise. But of the half a million people who visit the cemeteries, more than half have no better impulse than curiosity. Nor are these funeral visits always made in person; footmen are often despatched in cabs laden with black and yellow garlands, and these are carefully deposited on the graves."—Extract from a Paris letter.

I.

The bells will ring to-morrow for the day
Held sacred to the Dead,
And those who slumber in their shrouds of clay
Will quit their narrow bed.

Then, shades invisible to mortal eye,
Arising from the tomb,
Will flit beneath the aycamors that sigh
Amid funeral gloom.

Chilled by the breeze, those shivering phantoms stray,
While Heaven is dark above,
And still by hope inspired they say,
"We wait for those we love:"

"Their warm true hearts our absence still deplore,
And soon, in dark array,
"A pilgrim band—our cherished friends of yore—
"Above each cross will pray.

"And they will offer, to our memory true,
"Affection's simple boon:
"Kind hands *immortelles* on each mound will strew,
"That fade alas! so soon!"

II.

Why from your cerements shake the dust away?
Why come to tremble 'neath our misty skies?
What sound disturbed within your bed of clay
The slumbers calm that weighed upon your eyes?

Shades of the Dead! ye viewless spectres! tell,
Why cross the threshold of the earth again?
What hope ye from this world wherein we dwell,
Since in your grave-clothes still ye hope in vain?

Ye come, your confidence in man to test,
And ye will carry back into the grave
The sad conviction, bitterly confessed,
That from oblivion nought the Dead can save!

III.

The *De profundis* pealed its solemn tones,
And the good man of God
Prayed, while the Sexton hid your confined bones
Beneath the hallowed sod;

Parents and sisters, friends and lovers, all
Whom at the final hour
Your dying lips had kissed, were round the pall,
Rejoicing tears to shower;

And all, when blessings with your latest breath
To each in turn were giv'n,
While ye were waiting for the call of Death
To wing your flight to Heav'n,

All fondly promised, weeping in despair,
That from each faithful heart,
Your memories, sanctified by daily prayer,
Should never more depart!

Come, then, to-day—your prison portals open,
Your resting places leave:
Eternal victims of eternal hope,
Come—wait, in vain, till eve!

IV.

The ghosts are flitting restlessly
Beneath the cypress trees:
They list—'tis nothing but the sigh
Of some autumnal breeze:
But still those phantoms list each sound
That breathes the lonely walks around.
Long, but in vain, they wait to hear
The tread of human footsteps near,
Then, shedding bitter tears of sorrow,
They whisper: "They will come to-morrow."

V.

Lord! Thou well knowest that they will not come,
And that those hapless ghosts will oft return
To seek some simple offering at their tomb,
For which they vainly evermore will yearn:

To Thee the cruel irony is known!
Whatever dies is soon Oblivion's prey,
And tears that answered every dying groan,
E'en at the grave are calmly wiped away.

Lord! Thou dost know that o'er the world to-day
The love of Self triumphantly doth reign,
That, should this curse defer some souls to slay,
Sooner or later they must still be slain.

Lord! Thou well knowest that the human race
Is sick at heart, and weary to the death,
Pursuing Hope in everlasting chase,
Until we murmur with our dying breath,

"At last we greet the silence of repose—
"Blue sky or black—to us it matters not—
"Calmly we slumber, disregarding woes,
"Expecting nought,—for all is now forgot."

And yet, oh! mockery! our rest we crave
Is still disordered in our final bed:
Hope, faithless spectre, penetrates the grave,
And, by the living spurned, deludes the dead!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

ONE AND ONE ARE TWO.

"For tipping my cup over, once. I wonder whether she thought I was too happy to be let alone?"

"Give her both the dresses, Hazel. She is not a happy woman. It will fill her cup for the time being."

"Then, if you talk of debts," said Hazel, "I owe Prim the greatest quantity of wholesale animadversion. It never was of the least use to

me,—but she ought to be paid for it, all the same."

"I suppose you deserved it," said Rollo coolly. "Do you?" said Hazel. Had she? Her thoughts flew over the confusions of the day,—then before she began again, Rollo asked,

"Have you written to Mr. Falkirk, Hazel?"

"I? No. I have nothing to say to him."

Rollo looked at her, first with a grave consideration, and then his lips twitched.

"Nothing to say to him?" he repeated.

"Nothing whatever."

"Does it fall to me to instruct you in the proprieties? It is due to him to inform him that you are his ward no longer; that you have done what he would very much have disapproved, and married me at a week's notice; which, you may tell him, was not at all your fault, and done principally for the sake of the men in the Charteris mills. Don't you see, Hazel, that you ought to tell him all this?"

"No," said Hazel, with one of her old witch looks flashing out for a moment. "If your right of way does not cover all the disagreeable business, I cannot see what use in the world I can make of it."

"My right of way?" repeated Dane looking at her.

"Yes. The right to do what you please should be extended to take in all that I do not please."

"Across all which of mine, your right of way, I suppose, takes a zigzag track!"

"Underground."

"It will be dangerous there!" said Dane, his eyes flashing. "For pity's sake, Hazel, keep it aboveground."

"Collisions are bad things," said Hazel,—"and switching off on a side track tries one's patience. But about Mr. Falkirk—there never was the least atom of father and daughter between us; he always kept me at arm's length. It was one of the trials of my life. And he has been just throwing me off more and more,—a year ago twenty sisters would not have made him leave me alone. And he said nothing but unpleasant things before he went,—and I should have to lay all the blame on you. And in short," said Hazel summing up, "he could not be angry with my letter, and he could with yours,—which would comfort him up."

Perhaps it was the thought of Hazel's great loneliness that touched him, the very remembrance of which he wished to kiss away; perhaps something else had its share in the caresses which were as tender as they were loving; but then he said softly,

"It would not be a proper thing, Hazel."

"Well—" A rather long breath gave up the point.

"Don't you see it, Wych!"

"Not quite. But you do not know how he talked before he went away.—Nor what sort of a letter I shall be sure to write. I shall tell him that as it distracted my attention to run counter to two people—"

"You will write a very gentle and careful one. He loves you very much, Hazel. Which was one reason why he was so unwilling that you and I should get acquainted."

Wych Hazel looked up at him with absolute terror in her face. "What do you mean?" she said.

"It is not very strange. I have the greatest respect for Mr. Falkirk—and not the less because he had sense enough to love you a little too well. Do you remember making him go to Catakil?"

Wych Hazel's head went down on her hands, without a word; but outside the shielding fingers the distressful colour shewed itself in every possible place. Remember!—what did she not remember!—things she had done, things she had said.

"He was afraid," Dane went on smiling, "that if I had a chance to see you I might choose to take the conditions of the will; he had good reason to fear! You must write him the dutifullest, gentlest, loveliest letter, Hazel; and lay off the blame of everything upon the shoulders that can bear it. Mr. Falkirk knows me. And if, by and by, we could coax him to make his home with us, I should be happy."

"And everybody knew it but me!"—said Hazel, thinking out. "It is good I can do no more mischief."

"What is that?" said Dane laughing.

"What mischief have you done?"

"Hush—I was talking to myself. But oh, I am so sorry!" Looks and tones and words and recollections were pouring in upon her like a flood.

"What are you sorry for? You need not be sorry, my little Wych," said he, changing his tone with the last words. "You have done him good and given him pleasure for so many years; and I am not without hope that both good and pleasure will be renewed and continued to the end of his life. So write a nice letter to him. And come to dinner in the first place."

But it was a very remorseful flushed face that came to the table.

"Done him good and given him pleasure!" she repeated;—"teased his life out, would be nearer the mark."

"That did him good," said Dane dryly. "That is the way you expect to give me pleasure, you know."

From under a queer little lift of her eyebrows, Hazel looked up at him. "Is it?" she said with equal dryness.

"Does the leopard change his spots?"

"The other half of the simile is more like me," said Hazel—"however, if you prefer this—"

But given the spots, the pleasure may be to seek.

"I can find it, as fast as you find the spots. Will you have cheese with your soup?"

Hazel thought within herself, declining the cheese, that the day when she ventured any of her old pranks with that particular person, was somewhat remote. Would she ever be "true witch" again, she wondered?

"You forget," she said. "You told me once yourself that you thought very few men could stand it."

"I meant—except me," said Dane with great coolness.

"You"—didn't, was on Hazel's tongue, but she let it stay there. A quick, bright eye flash went over to her, but Dane kept his countenance and went on with his dinner. He understood very well one or two things that were in Hazel's mind. He knew that she thought she had lost liberty in marrying, and he knew that she was mistaken in thinking so; but he also knew that the sweet growths of the mind cannot be forced; and he could wait. He never said "my dear" and "my love" to her, this man; he let Hazel find him out for what he was, all hers; but it might take time. He thought he would give her a little help.

"Have you been studying the third chapter of Genesis?" he asked when the servant was out of the room.

"No. At least—I was thinking of Adam and Eve a little when you came home."

"In German or English?"

"English prose."

"It is stronger yet in German. 'Dein Wille soll deinem Manne unterworfen sein, und er soll dein Herr sein.' I think you have been studying it in German. But Hazel, that is the form of the curse; and the curse is done away in Christ."

"But," she said gravely, her timid reserve coming back with the subject,— "But the facts stand."

"What facts? And take some nuts along with the facts."

"The facts—of the case," said Hazel, using her nut-cracker and laying the meats abstractedly on one side. "The right of way,—and strength to enforce it,—for two."

Again Dane's eyes flashed and the corners of his mouth were a little hard to keep in order.

"Neatly put—" he said.

Hazel glanced at him, but she ventured no questions.

"But you forgot, Hazel," he went on gravely; "that all that, the odious part of it, belongs to a state of things that in Christ is passed away. It remains true, no doubt, that 'the man is the head of the woman;' else the lesson-type would not answer to the lesson, which is to set forth the beauty and nearness of the relation between Christ and his church. But in a right marriage it is also true that 'the woman is the glory of the man.' Not the housekeeper, or the nurse, or the plaything, still less the bond-woman; but the GLORY. She is the flower of all humanity; the good and beauty and grace of all earth, finds—for him—its perfectest bloom and expression in her."

She listened, smiling a little bit, then grave again.

"But that"—she said,— "is that what it means?"

"Excuse me. What what means, Wych?"

"The words you quoted. The last words."

"Do they mean what I said? Certainly."

"And only that!"

"Can you make them mean more?"

"For me, a good deal more."

"Then it will be for me, probably. Go on, and explain."

"No, perhaps not for you. You might be perfectly content with the flower, as you call it, in your hand; content with your content; looking no further."

"You are mistaken," said Dane, with a manner both amused and pleased.— "I should never be content with my content."

"But I mean—" She was not very willing to tell her meaning, the words came slowly,— "I used to think, that being so much to him, she must needs be something in herself. That only one who was a glory to herself, could be the glory of another. In my way"—Hazel added, dropping her voice, "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." And he will be 'known in the gates' by more than the robe of purple and silk which her hands have woven!"

As far as the face could then, it went down, bending over the nuts. Dane looked, and smiled, and took no advantage.

"I do not see the difference of your view from mine," he remarked quietly. "You credit me surely with so much discrimination as to perceive that some women are nobody's glory,—even as some men are fit to be nobody's head."

"But people do not think so," said Hazel.

"People make it out to be just something supplemental,—a sort of convenient finishing up the few trifles of comfort or help wherein a man may be deficient. That is what they all say.—It is a very queer thing to be a woman!"

"Is it?" said Dane gravely.

"Yes!" said Hazel with one of her outbursts.

"Prim tells me not to vex you, and Dr. Maryland wants to know if I shall be a help or a hindrance, in short; and he hopes you will not let me have my own way too much. Nobody enquires if you are likely to vex me, or to try my temper, or to develop my character, or help on my work; nobody supposes that I have any work, of my own. But if I have not, that is only the more queer."

Rollo left his seat, he had got enough of his nuts; and coming behind Wych Hazel gently

laid hold of both her hands and freed them from what they held, then insinuated her chair backwards, and lifting her out of it led her away to the fire and wrapped her in his arms. What it was no use to say, he did not say, however; as he had once told her he never asked for a thing he could not have, so even now, he would not supplicate for confidence which must be the growth of time. She would find out for herself, by and by, what concerned him; and the rest he did not care about. So his answer now was a departure. He did not kiss her; he stood pushing back the brown curls from her brow, on one side and on the other, looking down into her face with eyes which Hazel instinctively knew were too mighty to meet just then. So standing he coolly asked her,

"Do you love me, duchess?"

"I was talking of loving myself," said Hazel, touching up her flushed cheeks with vivid carnation.

"I can do that better than you can. How about your part?"

"Reasoning from facts—probably—I must!"

"You are afraid to confide that deep secret to me? Now I should have no sort of difficulty in proclaiming mine to anybody who had any business to ask it. It must be a queer thing to be a woman!"—said Dane, with a dry, humourous, but at the same time wholly tender and sweet expression.

"Have I not confided it?" Hazel said under her breath. "Do you think I would be here? What makes you ask such things? Is it because—" But there she stopped.

"Because is a woman's reason. I never do things 'because.' What did you mean to ask?"

"I think I have been very unlike myself,—that is all."

"I never saw you unlike yourself," Dane said, in that gentle manner and tone of his which was more than epithets and endearments from other people. Much more; for those might be mere forms of expression, and these could not be. And she enquired no further, nor raised her eyes to search. Standing there with a host of other questions in her mind; questions she would like to have discussed and settled, but which never would be;—so she thought. Unless indeed in the slow, unsatisfactory way in which time settles all things.

(To be continued.)

FASHION NOTES.

A BAROMETRICAL bonnet is the latest novelty in Paris. Ladies' head-gear are now trimmed with flowers coloured with chloride of cobalt, which assume a dark blue colour in dry weather, but turn pink at the approach of rain, thus furnishing their fair wearers with a reliable weather-glass.

ALTHOUGH there are many new and pretty changes this season, the Princess style still predominates, and is most fashionable in thin cloth, tweed, or snowflake, now so much used; most of the articles are much more trimmed and set in full at the back of the skirt.

The Dagmar Princess is quite new and very stylish in tweed or serge, with trimmings of velvet and fringe across the front, and a shaped piece about twelve inches deep in the front carried off shallow at the side, and finished with bows and buttons down the front to meet the trimming.

The back has five seams, and is let in about half-way down with three deep pleats, which give a graceful flow at the back, and add greatly to the garment's appearance. The sleeve is almost tight, with cuff and buttons, and a rather deep collar completes the neck.

Bands of velvet or braid and bright beads are equally as fashionable as trimming.

The Lorne polonaise is another much-admired style in the new autumn materials.

This polonaise is deep all round, and is slightly caught at the side; it is fastened diagonally across the front, and has a tight sleeve with cuff, a pocket and deep-pointed collar.

For out-of-door wear nothing but paletots are worn. These are of various styles and materials, and most of them are double-breasted, or trimmed to appear so; a shaped piece of silk or velvet is much favoured on cloths; also small reverse and straps to ornament the back, sleeves, and collar, and very large buttons are used.

The semi-fitting Ulster will also be very fashionable this season for both ladies and children.

The Victoria costume is a new and pretty style of dress for young ladies from four to ten years of age. It has a Princess front, trimmed to form a double front, a five-seam back with deep tabs falling over a kilted skirt, fancy pocket, cuff and collar.

HUMOROUS.

"Do you ever have malaria here?" said a lady to an illiterate hotel keeper. "Yes," replied he, "we'll have it to-day, for I've got the best French cook in the town."

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Now, sir, if you'll look a little less as though you had a bill to meet, and a little more as though you'd been left a legacy, you'll be a picture."

"Is there much business done in real estate hereabouts?" asked a stranger of an hotel keeper.— "Yes, sir; there's a very large and brisk business done, I can tell you—by the sheriffs!"

A BOY in an Aberdeen school, in parsing the noun "suffrage," said it was of the masculine gender. "Why masculine?" asked the teacher.— "Because there's no female suffrage," was the reply.

AN irregular apprentice keeping late hours, his master took occasion to apply some "weighty arguments" to convince him of the "error of his ways." During the chastisement he continually exclaimed, "How long will you serve the Evil One?" The boy replied, whimpering, "You know best, sir—I believe my indenture will be out in three months."

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

J. H. LEBLANC, Works: 547 Craig St.

HEARTH AND HOME.

PERSONS TO AVOID.—No class of persons can inflict such martyrdom on their associates as those who are given to the habit of reminding others of their failings and peculiarities. You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your very best to please, and are feeling kindly and pleasantly, out will pop some bitter speech or sneer, but too well aimed to be misunderstood. Setting aside the unkindness of the habit, and looking at it entirely from a worldly point of view, it does not pay to say disagreeable things to those who love us, as our ill-nature will in the end recoil upon ourselves.

We must all live according to the light that is in us, and, if we cannot see for ourselves that our paradise is only that of fools and not of men, we must abide by the consequences of our darkness, as the blind must bear the broken heads which come when they run full tilt against a wall. The fool's paradise of certain success, when there are no means by which it can be insured, is not to be confounded with the true patience and courage of persevering men. This, if one likes, is noble, and the power by which the world is moved; the other is pathetic by its fatality, and deplorable as a waste, a misdirection, and a delusion.

USMANLY MEN.—Is there any joy greater than that which is experienced by one person when he helps another person? There are some men so low down that it is said they cannot bear to have the smell of their clover go into the highway for fear that other people will get something that belongs to them without paying for it; there are some men who are said to begrudge the honey which they take from their flowers without leaving something behind; but that is doubtless imaginary. A man whose heart does not respond to an act of doing good or giving happiness is no longer a man. He has passed the line of manhood, and should be ranked among beasts.

HYGIENE RULES.—Never eat when much fatigued; wait until rested. Never eat just before you expect to engage in any severe mental or physical exercise. Never eat while in a passion, or when under any great mental excitement, depressing or elevating. Never eat just before taking a bath, or just before retiring at night. Never eat between regular meals. Thousands of persons have been prematurely laid in their grave simply from eating heartily when the system was not in a condition to properly digest and appropriate the food. When the system requires food, and is in a condition to make good use of it, it will call for it in its legitimate way.

SCIENCE OF THE TABLE.—The good housewife will not only prepare her food well, but she will study the wants and needs of her family. It is not enough for her to know how to make the lightest and whitest bread, or never to fail in bringing everything upon the table in the best order, but she must know whether this or that dish is healthful for those who partake of it. No two persons may like the same dish, or partake of it with the same satisfaction or benefit; for while one child may need food to keep it healthy, to another it may be almost rank poison. Good, light, fresh bread may be healthful for one, and unhealthy for another; and so it will be with puddings, cakes, pies, and various condiments which go to make up a plain or luxurious meal.

EDUCATION.—During the last half century, woman has made immense strides toward. Fifty years ago it was not deemed essential to afford to girls any advantages for acquiring an education beyond the merest rudiments as taught in our common or district schools. It was not only felt that it was useless for them to study the classics and higher mathematics, but it was also thought that they lacked capacity to pursue these branches. But of late years it has been proved that girls are equal to boys in all branches of education. Our normal schools have trained thousands of them for the work of teaching—a work for which they possess admirable traits and qualifications. More and more are they coming to occupy important positions as teachers, and they will continue to prove a power for good and a blessing to the community.

MAN-MAKING.—The purpose of this world is not limited to certain pursuits considered as a means of obtaining for us either livelihood or distinction and fame. There are many things made in this world from day to day, there is a great deal of making that goes on, but the most important kind of making that goes on is that which goes on the most silently, and that is man-making. Man is the great commodity, so to speak, which the whole structure of this world and of society has been organized to produce in the best manner. The nature of man is capable of sinking to the most deplorable depths of corruption, debasement, cruelty, and all things else that are bad; but it is also capable, if rightly handled—if we employ in a proper manner the means which Providence has placed in our hands—of great achievements.

WOMAN'S VANITY.—For the sake of having small feet, many an otherwise sensible woman will martyrize herself by pinching those unlucky members of the body into boots a size too small. As a natural and necessary result of such pinching confinement, the foot becomes deformed, and larger than it would naturally grow, with enlarged joints, the toes turned from a line parallel with the foot, to say nothing of the troublesome corns so annoying and crippling

to a large class of young women. The worst results of this crippling custom of wearing small and narrow boots is felt by children, when allowed to outgrow their boots. It is poor economy to allow the young to wear boots when the feet have become too large for them, since deformity of the feet is easily produced at this time. When the boot is too short, and the heel too high, the in-growing of the nails is a perfectly natural result. Children will have sufficient ills to contend without this crippling from deformed feet, the most prominent cause of which is small and badly-fitting boots and shoes.

CHEAP FURNISHING.—Good taste and industry will cover many a lack in house furnishing. The bedrooms, particularly, afford wide scope for ingenious fingers. In the first place, straw matting does very well for the floors, and is cool and clean. Toilet-tables may be made by hanging around a box of the right size a curtain of muslin—old will do as well—and covering the top with the same. If it is lined with pink or blue cambric, the effect will be very agreeable; finish the edge with fluting and bows or ribbon of the colour of the lining. Make pincushions and mats of the same, and even a rough standard for your glass will do, if you drape it gracefully with the muslin. Make for it, also, a comb and brush box to match the table. Hang the beds in white, as it is more easily washed. Cover boxes and ottomans, chairs and stools, and you will have prettier furniture than you can buy for three times the money spent. Then, after this, fill the rooms with fresh air and sunshine, and you will have nothing to complain of.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—One thing may be particularly noticed in English women. The mouth, when beautiful, is absolutely statueque. The curves are decided, and at the juncture of the red of the lips with the white there is a delicately raised outline which marks the form of the feature in a very noble way. This may also be said of the nostril. It gives a chiselled effect to those features which is not so often found elsewhere; but the nose itself, the brow, and the set and carriage of the head are generally finer among Americans. In both countries, however, the head is apt to be too large for perfect proportion. This is a characteristic defect of the English type of beauty. Then again, the articulations are heavy. Really fine arms are rare; but fine wrists are still rarer. Such wrists as the Viennese women have are almost unknown among women of English race in either country. It is often said, even in England, that American women have more beautiful feet than English women have. This may be doubted. The feet may be smaller, but they generally look smaller because English women wear larger and heavier shoes.

BORROWING AND LENDING.—Borrowing and lending are not only noble, but they are mandatory. "From him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away" is the command. It is not to be followed out with absolute literalness. It simply enjoins largeness and willingness in succouring one another. Borrowing and lending between neighbour and neighbour, or family and family, is right and proper. A stingy tenacity of one's own property and rights is a most unlovely feature, and can scarcely be reconciled with nobility of character. Borrowing money of friends incidentally, and with wise discretion, is not objectionable. Many a friend however has been lost by too much borrowing; borrowing, which should cultivate nearness and kindness, has, in the end, where it has been carried to excess, destroyed these elements; and yet, in households, in neighbourhoods, among friends, a wise use of borrowing and lending knits men together, while an unwise use of it sets them wide apart. It is necessary therefore that borrowing in every relation of life should be under the control of good sense founded on moral sense.

FASHION.—So long as fashion demands uniformity in dress, its votaries must, by turn, remain or become hideous. Some leading Parisian lady of pleasure is of small stature, and mounts on stilted heels, and her deformity becomes a law for all the modest women in Europe. Half tint colours suit some beauty or brilliant complexion, real or artificial, and all manner of pale or olive cheeks are deprived of any background except sickly drabs and greens. A fashionable colour changes suddenly, and economical dames and damsels wear it with the incongruous hue last in vogue. As a rule, all domestic art depends on woman's dress; for all the decorative part of the house is meant to become the women of the house. There is nothing within its walls more important than its mistress and her daughters; they ought to be the central ornaments of their own drawing-room, and its walls, carpets, and curtains depend on their dress, and that on her style. Graduations of blue and maize for blondes; varieties of gold and green for pale brunettes; white, pink, and gold for compromise; character above all in truiture and ornaments, the stamp of a genuine taste, of something loved, or fancied, or enjoyed; something that shall tell of heart, or brains, or delicate senses, or well-taught choice—where that is seen, all is well.

THE GLEANER.

Gold hairpins are among the latest extravagances for ladies.
 DON PEDRO has never attached his name to a death warrant.
 NAPOLEON IV. cultivates a moustache after the style of his father's, cosmetically pointed.

THEODORE TILTON, it is reported, recently called upon his wife and remained several hours.

YOUNG Louis Napoleon suffers a great deal from lameness resulting from an operation performed years ago.

The priest who officiated at the funeral of M. Thiers also married him. He is now eighty years of age.

The roof of St. Paul's Cathedral is said to have upon it at the present moment a flower garden in full blossom.

On dit that Westminster School is to be removed into the country, and that its machinery is to undergo reorganization.

It is stated that the engineers of Marseilles have discovered that since the opening of the Suez Canal the level of the Mediterranean has sunk some eight centimetres, or say 3 1/4 inches.

THE Turks laugh at the stories current about Osman Pasha, declaring that his father was a humble pipe-maker, of Chirmen, and his mother a half-caste Greek.

MR. BAUM'S application for a music and dancing license for Cremorne Gardens has been withdrawn, as it is the intention of the owner of the property to convert it into building sites.

ENGLAND has given Prince Milan to understand that his breaking faith with the Sultan will cost him his throne, even if the Russians are victorious. Austria takes decidedly the same view of the future of Serbia.

IN ordinary years the public vehicles plying for hire in the streets of Paris bring in a revenue of nearly £148,000. The city has 160 cab-stands, to each of which is attached an inspector appointed by the Prefecture of Police.

BARON GRANT has had a good deal of trouble in disposing of his enormous mansion at Kensington, but he has at last found for it a purchaser with a sufficiently elastic banking account. The price is stated to have been £350,000, and the buyer is Mr. Naylor.

THE most ancient manuscripts now extant are those written in the Sanskrit language. A recent examination of the paper used for the Vedas discloses the secret that the stock was saturated with arsenic, and the paper prepared with it thus became unattackable by worms or insects.

PRINCESS ISABELLE, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, and wife of the Comte de Paris, is a woman of great literary taste. She is a devoted bibliophile, and the discovery of a rare edition is as great a delight to her as it would be to the most ardent Dryadist. She has a splendid library at Chateau d'Eu.

GARIBALDI has advised the demolition of the famous old Castle St. Angelo, which commands the bridge of the same name over the Tiber, at Rome. It was formerly used as a Papal fortress, but since 1870 the secular authorities have held it with only a corporal's guard for firing off the traditional midday gun.

A MOVEMENT has been started in England for sending out a new Arctic Expedition; but as it is foreseen that it would be useless applying to the Government, the funds are to be found by private subscriptions. A sum of £25,000 is to be raised, and the Admiralty is to be asked to lend the ship *Discovery*.

MR. GLADSTONE has recently left his splendid mansion in London, sold his valuable collections of porcelain and crockery, and moved into a comparatively cheap house, situated only at the aristocratic West End. Those who interest themselves in his affairs are puzzled to account for this action, some attributing it to poverty and others to economy.

MR. H. M. STANLEY, the African traveller, has made one of the greatest geographical discoveries of the age. He has found that the Luabala river, which begins about one hundred miles from Lake Nyassa, and which was discovered by Livingstone in his expedition of 1866, is part of the great Congo. The Congo-Luabala forms one stream, second, if really second, in volume only to the Amazon.

It is proposed in England to erect a marble retreat, with tubes connecting every church. On Sunday the congregation will assemble as usual, but instead of gazing into the clergyman's face they will look at a huge funnel-shaped projection in the middle of the chancel. A popular preacher will be placed in the marble retreat with an eloquent and stirring sermon. He will preach at about five hundred telephone tubes.

A FEW weeks ago the Sultan invited the children of Osman Pasha to the Palace—two boys, one eight and the other six years of age. His Majesty gave the little fellows a most kind and fatherly reception, and presented to the elder a sum of \$500, and to the younger a sum of \$200. The Sultan further presented Madam Osman Pasha with a purse containing \$400, and made a gift of \$100 to an old servant of the family who accompanied the children to the Palace.

WE are all acquainted with the form of English humour, which requires a dictionary and diagrams, and hard work at night, with wet towels around the head, to understand. The last sample of it is the expression, "Whoa Emma!" The club-men have it, the omnibus-men have it, the navvies have it, they all have it. "Whoa Emma!" is the invariable exclamation of surprise, amusement, or disgust. Who was that Emma in whose honour this saying originated?

A SLIGHT but important change is to be made in the uniform of the infantry regiments. At present it is the rule to form the collar of the tunic of coloured cloth corresponding with the

facings of the regiment, but in future it is intended to have only a coloured patch on each side of the collar, coming down to the points in front. This will effect some saving in the first cost, but the chief object of the alteration is to facilitate a change of facings when a soldier is transferred from one regiment to another, which is of frequent occurrence under the brigade depot system, the necessity of providing a new collar which now prevails being found productive both of delay and expense.

BURLESQUE.

A SMALL BOY'S THOUGHTS OF SCHOOL.—"The cause of Education be hanged!" he muttered, as he sat down on the curbstone on Shelby street yesterday.

He was a lad of thirteen. He spit through his front teeth, and he spit often. His pants were supported by a piece of wire clothesline girdled around his waist, his hat was ancient and greasy, and his big flat feet seemed to be waiting for a thunder-shower to wash them clean.

"That's what ails me!" he went on as he pushed his toes into the wet sand. "I don't believe in a feller diffing in and learning all there is to learn, and not letting other folks have a chance. There's lots of other folks in this world besides me, and I ain't going to try to learn all there is to learn."

After a minute he went on:

"Don't I know 'nuff now! Three times two are six, four times five are twenty, and four and four are eight. That's as correct as I could get 'em if I went to school for 100 years. And don't I know how to spell! C-a-t is 'cat' the world over, and I'll bet on it every time. H-e-n spells 'hen,' and I know it as well as if I weighed a ton."

He rose up to throw a stone at a dog across the street, and after resuming his seat he went on:

"Jogerly kinder wrestles me down, but I don't go much on jogerly. What do I care whether an island is entirely surrounded by water, or whether there ain't any water within ten miles of it? S'pose I'm going to buy and sell islands for a living? I don't care which is the highest mountain or the longest river, do I? I'm going to keep a feed store, and when I'm rolling bales o' hay around will I care about mountains and rivers? I've heard the boys go on about exports and imports, and straits and seas, and capes, but what's them to me? If a feller wants a bag o' oats, is he going to wait and ask me when the Island of Madagascar was discovered?"

He carefully examined the big toe of his left foot and the heel of his right foot, and gloomily observed:

"The old folks are making ready for to push me into school and I've got to make ready to keep out. I can't take to school, somehow. I could sit here and study all day, but the minute I get into a school I'm nervous. Something's going to happen to me this week. I'll be taken home in a wheelbarrow with a big gash in this heel or this toe almost cut off. That will mean four weeks on a crutch, and they don't allow lame boys to go to school and crutch up and down the aisles. Or, s'posin' I go home with a palpitation of the heart? The old lady has had it, and I won't more than get into the house before she'll have me tucked up on the lounge, the camphor bottle down, currant jelly and sponge cake in the distance, and she'll call out to the old gent:

"Father, it's no use of thinking of sending this boy to school. He looks stout and healthy, but he's a mere shadler. The close atmosphere of the schoolroom will kill him before snow flies."

The boy rose up. There was a grin all over his face, and he chuckled:

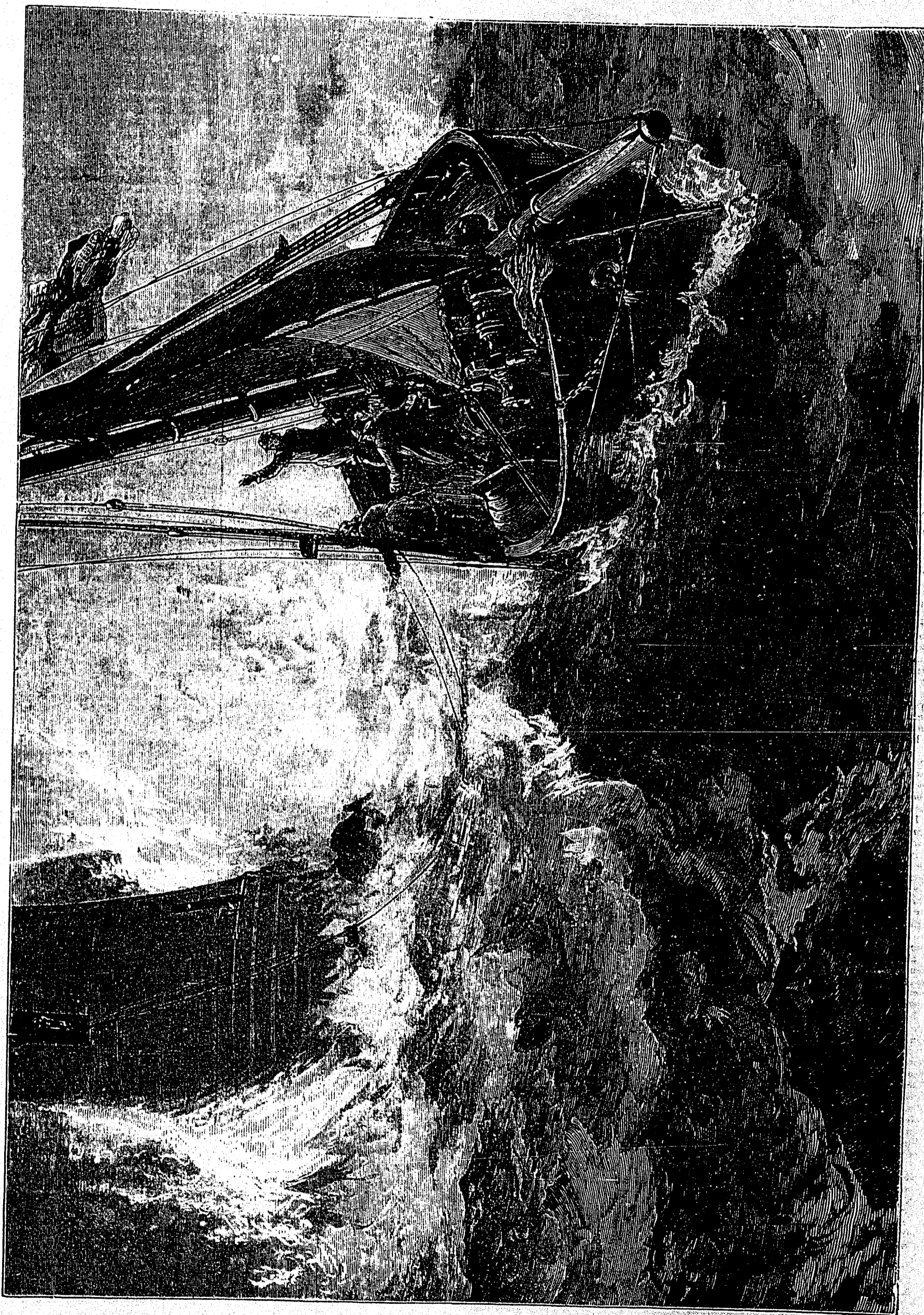
"Palpitation is the key-note. A sore toe can be seen; and a palpitating heart is hidden away under hide and fat and ribs. Now, then—cosh—woosh, u-m-m-m—hold yer breath, kick out your left leg and make her bob around like a fly on a hot stove cover."

DOMESTIC.

SWEET BREADS.—Trim them carefully and soak in cold water to extract the blood, and then put in boiling water to blanch them. Stimmer till nearly done, then baste with lard and roast till thoroughly done, and serve on toast with a nice veal gravy, or slice thin, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in butter or dripping till of a nice brown.

TO BOIL A LEG OF MUTTON.—Cut off the bone close to the flesh and trim the knuckle nicely. Pour boiling milk over it and let it lay till the milk is cold. Cover with cold water in the stew pan; add salt and summer gently till done. Remove the scum as fast as it rises to the surface. It will require nearly three hours to boil. Serve with caper sauce, potatoes, turnips and onions. If the capers are not to be had, a drawn butter, highly flavoured with celery, goes very nicely.

POTATOES.—As an article of food the potato is of a peculiar value, on account of the potash and phosphoric acid it contains, and it is of the first importance that the potash salts should not be lost in the process of cooking, for it is to these salts potatoes owe their nutritious properties. Potatoes steamed with their skins on lose very little potash and scarcely any phosphoric acid; while, if steamed after peeling, they lose 7 and 5 per cent, respectively. Similarly, potatoes, when boiled with their skins on, lose a little more than 2 per cent, of their potash and about 1 per cent, of their phosphoric acid; but if they are boiled after peeling, they lose as much as 33 per cent, of potash and 23 per cent, of phosphoric acid. Hence it follows that, if potatoes must be peeled, they should be steamed, not boiled; and, if they must be boiled, they should at least retain their jackets while undergoing the operation—the best way of all, from a scientific point of view, being to steam them before peeling, or to bake them in their skins.



BRINGING SUPPLIES TO LIGHT-HOUSES.

NOVEMBER.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

Thou foul NOVEMBER,—ill begetting dog!
 Leagued with rash Æolus and his vengeful train,
 To fret the earth with tortuous sleet and rain,
 And ague damps, and fever-breeding fog,
 Thy *avant courier*, the bleak east wind.
 In gusty sobs and lamentable moans,
 Now troopeth thro' bald trees with dismal tones
 That leave a sense of death-like awe behind.
 With darksome clouds obscurest thou the light
 Of dwarfish days, eclipsing sun and moon,
 So weary mariners but guess the noon;
 And shivering kine anticipate the night.
 And thou,—black sheep of all thy kindred dear,
 Rejoicest in thy fell and pitiless career.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

THE SHIPWRECK OF SIR HOVENDEN WALKER'S SQUADRON ON EGG ISLAND, LOWER ST. LAWRENCE—ATTACK ON PLACENTIA PROJECTED—RETURN OF FLEET TO ENGLAND—PERSECUTION OF THE LUCKLESS ADMIRAL—HIS DEATH IN 1725, IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

(Continued.)

We next follow the Admiral up Gaspé Bay, within a harbor, where a French ship from Biscay lay unrigged, waiting for fish for a cargo to go to Europe. "I sent in," adds the Admiral, "and seized her, intending to rig her out."

On the 19th (August), the *Montague*, *Leopard* and *Sapphire* cruised off Gaspé; the two latter were to go to Bonaventure Island to destroy or bring away the fish-boats of the place; a calm prevented them—the work of disaster fell solely to the brigantines and sloops previously sent.

The French ship captured in the Gaspé harbor was fired, the channel (of the Basin?) being too intricate to fetch her out. "I, therefore," says he, "ordered her to be burned, as well as the houses and stages ashore," and the men to be brought on board prisoners." This would have taken place, according to the entry in the Admiral's journal, on the 20th August. A Biscay fishing craft burnt—the cinders of a dozen of fishermen's huts—a few boats destroyed on the Gaspé shore; such were the only traces left at this spot by the great British Admiral of the White, Sir Hovenden Walker, Knight Commander-in-chief of Queen Anne's Armada. A stiff breeze brought the fleet out of Gaspé Bay, but a calm and thick fog supervening, the Admiral issued strict orders to keep his vessels together in the fog and drizzly rain. This weather lasted all that day, the 22nd August; gusts of wind came on at night; and the fog grew thicker; the lead gave no bottom, and as no land had been seen for two days it was thought that the north shore was far off. At ten that night "we found ourselves," says Walker, "upon the north shore, amongst rocks and islands, at least fifteen leagues farther than the log gave, when the whole fleet had like to have been lost. But by God's good providence all the men-of-war, tho' with extreme hazard and difficulty, escaped, and eight transports were cast away, and almost 900 men—officers, soldiers and seamen—lost; and had I not made the signals as I did, but continued sailing, it is a great question whether any ship or men had been saved." (Page 45.)

The *Edgar* had, indeed, a narrow escape. Captain Goddard, by his timely wearing, was mainly instrumental in saving the whole fleet. Paradis, the French pilot, was asleep below, but on reaching the deck he ordered every inch of canvas to be spread on the yards, and the *Edgar*, filling on the opposite tack, escaped the breakers by a few ship's lengths. The *Edgar* wore ship some time after and rejoined the squadron in the morning, meeting the *Swiftsure*. Soon Captain Alexander, of the *Chatham*, communicated the details of the disaster. Eight heavily laden transports, representing 2316 tons, the *Isabella-Anne-Catherine*, *Samuel and Anne*, *Nathaniel and Elisabeth*, *Marlborough*, *Chatham*, *Colchester*, *Content* and the *Smyrna Merchant*, had been stranded during that night of the 23rd on Egg Island. Captains Richard Bayly, Thomas Walkup and Henry Vernon were drowned. Eight hundred and eighty-four corpses strewed the beach of the Island and the Labrador shore. The *Windsor*, *Eagle* and *Montague* had escaped shipwreck by running into an anchorage near by. By that disaster the regiments of *Cola*, *Windresse*, *Kane*, *Clayton*, as well as that of General Seymour, entirely composed of the veteran troops of Marlborough, were nearly destroyed, and, says Charlevoix, two complete companies of the Royal Guards were identified amongst the dead on the beach by their scarlet coats. It is difficult to get at the real figure of the dead and missing. On the Admiral's arrival at Boston he had sent in requisitions to Governor Dudley for four months rations for 9,385 men he had brought from England; and again, at the council of war, held after the wreck on Egg Island, when it was debated whether it would not be advisable to attack Placentia, he declared his frigates had but 3,802 and the transports 3,841—a total of 7,643 seamen and soldiers.

According to the official report of Admiral Walker* 320 men embarked on board of the *Isabella-Anne-Catherine*; 102 embarked on the

*"No commodore is to suffer any ship of his division to go ahead of him, and in case any do to fire at them; and the men-of-war in his division, or next to that ship that goes ahead, shall make up sail to get up with her and cause the shot to be paid for by the master."—*Additional Signals and Instructions*, given by Admiral Walker, p. 272.

Chatham; 150 on the *Marlborough*; 246 on the *Smyrna Merchant*; 354 on the *Colchester*; 188 on the *Nathaniel and Elisabeth*, and 150 on the *Samuel and Anne*: total 1,420. All these transports, together with the *Content*, not entered in his return, were stranded on Egg Island; and with loss of men by death and by desertion, it does not seem unreasonable to fix at 1,100 the figure of those who failed to answer to their names when the roll was called the morning which dawned on the dreadful night of the 22nd August, 1711.

Twenty-one years previous, Admiral Phipps had lost over 1000 men and 38 vessels in an expedition against the same Quebec.

Dumfounded by this fearful marine disaster, Admiral Walker instructed Captain Coah, of the *Leopard*, to cruise round the island to save life and property, himself doing the same in the *Edgar*.

Next day the *Monmouth* was sent to discover a safe anchorage for the fleet, but none having been found, and his pilots declaring their inability to take the fleet inside of the Bay of Seven Islands, the Admiral ordered that the survivors should be divided among the other ships of the fleet, and assembled his council of war on board of the *Windsor*, on which he hoisted temporarily his flag. The officers present were: Captain Soans, of the *Swiftsure*, Captain John Michel, of the *Monmouth*, Captain Robert Arris, of the *Windsor*, Captain George Watton, of the *Montague*, Captain Henry Gore, of the *Dunkirk*, Captain George Paddon, of the *Edgar*, Captain John Cockburn, of the *Sunderland*, and Captain Augustin Rouse, of the *Sapphire*. Angry words were first exchanged; some of the commanders took occasion to remonstrate with the Admiral for his having failed to consult them prior to sailing from Boston. Captain Bonner, pilot on board the *Edgar*, and Mr. Miller, pilot on board the *Swiftsure*, urged the dangers which the narrow passage at *Isle aux Couvres* presented. The other pilots successively acknowledged their incompetency. It was then unanimously resolved to abandon the expedition against Quebec, and to steer for Spanish River, at Cape Breton, whilst the *Leopard*, in company of a brig, the *Four Friends*, and of the sloop *Blessing*, should continue to cruise in the vicinity of the spot where the transports had been stranded. At Cape Breton delays and hesitation recommenced. Walker was determined not to return to England without making an attempt on Placentia; this place being also mentioned in his instructions. Several of his captains sided with him, but General Hill opposed the project. A council of war was again resorted to, and as there were remaining provisions but for eleven weeks—the men being put on half rations—it was decided to return. But before leaving, the Admiral thought it his duty to take possession of the land, in the name of Queen Anne, and to replace the arms of France by a Latin inscription cut in the form of a cross.

Thus ended this formidable armada, equipped in so costly a manner, and on which the Queen and Ministry had built such hopes. Desertion of the men—insubordination on behalf of the officers—incompetency of the pilots—the want of foresight on behalf of the Admiral—want of patriotism of the Boston people, always ready to instigate an attack on Quebec, but unwilling to submit to the smallest pecuniary sacrifice in order to help their Sovereign to prosecute such an undertaking—such were the leading causes of the disasters of a campaign which, far from weakening New France, rather contributed to enrich her.

"It was considered," says Mère Juchereau, "advisable to send persons to Egg Island to bring back what had been cast ashore there. Mr. Duplessis, receiver of the admiral's dues, and Monsignat, agent of the crown, freighted a vessel and engaged forty men, whom they provided with a pastor and provisions, to go and winter at Egg Island, so as to be able to save all the property possible by the spring. They left in 1711 and returned in June, 1712, with five vessels loaded. The spectacle which met their sight was awful to contemplate; over 2,000 naked corpses, in every posture of anguish, strewed the shore; some appeared as if gnashing their teeth—others as if tearing out their hair; some were half covered with sand—others joined in a deadly embrace. One group was composed of seven women, holding one another by the hand—they had met death together. It may look strange that women should have been in this expedition, but the English seemed so sure of taking the place that the offices, high and low, had been distributed beforehand; the future incumbents had brought their children and wives, so as to be in readiness to settle. The French prisoners in the fleet saw many women and children, following their husbands or fathers, and a number of families went to reside in Canada.

The sight of so many dead bodies was awful, and the stench arising therefrom unbearable; though the tide carried away each day many, there still remained enough to breed a pestilence. Some before death had secreted themselves in hollow trees, others had sought protection under high herbs. The footsteps of others could be followed for six to nine miles; it is thought some of the latter had walked to rejoin their ships lower down. There must have been old retired officers among them, as some commissions were found signed by James II, who had taken refuge in France in 1689. Some also were Roman Catholics, as images of the Virgin Mary were found on their clothes.

* See page 190—Appendix to Walker's Journal.

Heavy anchors, cannons, balls, iron chains, warm clothing, coverings, rich horse gear, silver swords, tents, numerous guns, plate, every kind of iron ware, bells, rigging for ships, and a multitude of other things were brought from the Island—£5,000 worth was sold at auction; every one rushed to the sale to obtain a souvenir of the English armada.

More goods were left behind than were taken away; they were so deeply immersed in the sea that it was impossible to remove them.

Two years subsequently £12,000 worth, exclusive of what had been previously taken, was conveyed to Quebec. "It was enough to make us hope that our enemies would not again attack us, and to increase our confidence in God," adds the good nun who wrote the account.

In Quebec the effect produced was very great. The news of the disaster had reached there on the 19th Oct., 1711. M. de la Valtrie, on his return from Labrador, had announced it the first, and our forefathers seeing that the colony had escaped from certain loss, were loud in exultation. The title of the small lower town church, *Notre Dame de la Victoire*, was altered to that of *Notre Dame des Victoires*.

Every one talked of the miraculous incident wrought to save us; the poets rhymed couplets in its honor. Grave historians narrated the English campaign; satirists pointed their shafts at the mode of death of the enemy. Mount Parnassus was climbed by all; even the ladies became poetical; the gentlemen of course followed suit; the clergy and friars had their turn; each day a new piece of poetry on the shipwreck was written.

We are told that the result "of the expedition to Canada has made a great noise in London, almost as if the fate of Britain had depended on it." (*Walker's Journal*.) Mourning in private families and at court ensued. Calamity followed the steps of the unfortunate Admiral. Scarcely had he arrived in London when a messenger brought him the terrible news that the *Edgar*, his flag-ship, of 70 guns, with a crew of 470 men, had blown up at Portsmouth. Not a marine—nor officer—nor document" had been saved; no vestige to indicate that the English navy once owned a magnificent line-of-battle ship called the *Edgar*.

The luckless Admiral had not yet exhausted his cup of bitterness. Hunted out of London, ridiculed, maltreated by the Lords, Board of Admiralty, some of whom had been his comrades when in the navy, we find him, on the 4th December, 1714, at his house at Somersham, in Huntingdonshire, explaining to Secretary Burchett the items of ship expenditure incurred for the Royal cause three years previously at Boston, in order to free himself from charges of extravagant expenditure brought against him by the Admiralty. His twenty-eight years service in the navy, his captivity in France as a state prisoner, all seems forgotten. A London journal, the *St. James' Post*, announced that while at his London residence, Newington St. Mark, the Admiral had been arrested by order of the Queen. Finally—though his services might have been readily accepted in the Venetian or Russian navy—he sought a refuge against malice and calumny on a plantation in South Carolina. All this time his colleague, General Hill, was enjoying the favor of the Court; he had one advantage, however, over Admiral Walker, he was the brother of Madame Masham, the favorite of Queen Anne.

Walker, on returning to Boston after the Canada expedition, was assailed by swarms of pamphlets and printed libels much to his surprise. He had expected some reward, some kind of acknowledgment for having saved the rest of the expedition. Governor Dudley and Col. Nicholson took a delight in attacking the unhappy Captain, even in his South Carolina home; and he, who at one time thought to eclipse in glory Drake by the conquest he meditated of Quebec, was compelled to flee to Barbadoes. Finally, calm was restored to this perturbed soul. In 1720, Sir Hovenden Walker succeeded in having an account or journal of the expedition published, and this document, now very scarce—and for the use of which I am indebted to my antiquarian friend, Christopher O'Connor, Esq.—placed the matter in a more favorable light. In close communion with the Muses, and especially so with his favorite author, Horace, from whom he had selected the motto for his defence,* Sir Hovenden Walker expired peacefully, in his American home, in the year 1725.

"Rebus angustis animosus atque
 Fortis appare: sapienter idem
 Contrahe vento nimium secundo
 Turgida vela."

—*Hor. Lib. 2, Ode 10.*

VARIETIES.

ROMAN REMAINS.—At Trier fresh excavations have been made near the so-called Roman Emperor's palace. A great number of marble slabs turned up, as well as a marble torso which once belonged to a life-sized draped figure. Near by, one half of a sculptured female head, and a fragment of drapery which may have belonged to the figure, were dug up. Fragments of a wall covered with fresco paintings were also laid bare. Excavations made by way of trial near the city wall produced surprisingly rich results, such as the sculptured head of a satyr; a very expressive head of a winged Morpheus, with closed eyes; the head of a woman and of a youth; a great many fragments of arms, various torsos,

* Amongst the documents destroyed was the original of the Journal kept by Sir William Phips, in the Quebec expedition of 1690, and presented to him by the French Minister.

and pieces of drapery. Other antiquities are expected to come up. Trier, the *Augusta Trevirorum* of the Romans, was one of the places longest held by the latter, until the German Franks obtained possession of it. In the neighbourhood of that town there may be seen the so-called Igel column, a colossal Roman family-grave monument, seventy-two feet in height.

WOMEN AND BUSINESS.—A solicitor of very large practice in London told a writer in *London* the other day that, whereas out of every twenty men who have £200 a year and upwards, or who happen to inherit a sum of money, nineteen open an account at same bank, not one woman in twenty can ever be persuaded to do so. The weaker sex almost invariably distrust banks; or else they like to have their money with them, so that they can muddle it away at their pleasure, and no one be the wiser. Of every twenty male clients to whom my informant has had to pay sums of £25 and upwards, nineteen will request to have their cheques crossed. But women seem always to believe that there is in those who cross a cheque some sinister idea of plundering the payee. With tradesmen he says this is particularly remarkable. If a shop is kept by a man, the latter is almost certain to have an account at a bank; but if kept by a woman, she rarely, if ever, has anything of the kind. And the result is that for one man who is robbed, there are at least a score of women. The London thieves know that the latter almost invariably keep their money on the premises, and regulate their operations accordingly.

A MUSICIAN'S AMUSEMENT.—Paganini was not merely a musician. He was a magician in music. He could make all voices speak from his violin, from the thrill of an Æolian harp to the braying of a donkey. It is related of the great violinist that, arriving at Frankfort one night at an unseasonable hour, he stopped at an inn outside the city gate. Finding himself unable to sleep, he took his violin, went to the open window, and commenced playing one of his wonderful medleys. Feminine sighs and groans, then the crying of an infant, and then joyous outbursts of laughter, issued in rapid succession from the strings of his magical instrument. The whole neighbourhood was aroused. Nightcaps peeped out timidly from upper windows, worthy burghers in scant undress reconnoitred stealthily behind half-open doors. At length the more adventurous guests of the inn, rushing up-stairs and knocking violently at Paganini's door, with a view of ascertaining the cause of all this hubbub, were quietly informed by the artist that being unable to sleep, he was simply amusing himself with his violin.

THE CZAR.—The probability of the Czar's abdication, says the correspondent of an American paper, is again privately but generally discussed. Although he has passed the fatal date at which, according to an ancient superstition, the Romanoffs should die, his mind is haunted with the idea of a tragic death, and the doctors urge him to quit a climate where fever and dysentery have begun to make fearful ravages in the ranks of the army. His withdrawal from the theatre of operations would be hailed with satisfaction, his relinquishment of the cares of State with something more than indifference, for he is a nuisance to his Generals, whose plans he thwarts on all occasions, and the Russians rather reverence the abstract idea of sovereignty than cherish any particular respect for the person of him who is its incarnation. There are two or three scandals among the grand dignitaries of the Empire, but except as regards the decreasing influence of Prince Gortschakoff and the removal from office of the late Governor of Bulgaria, *in partibus*, Prince Tcherkasky, the rumours do not seem to rest on sufficiently authoritative grounds for their reproduction.

THE COURAGE OF THE TURKS.—Once more in the course of this exhausting campaign, says the *London Standard*, the Turks have astonished the world by the vigor of their resistance to a Power which they had been accustomed to regard as overwhelming. In spite of a strategy which almost deserved the contempt which military critics were wont to shower upon the Ottoman mode of warfare, the Turks have more than held their ground against the armies of the Czar. Whatever may be the ultimate issue of the war, they have vindicated, to a degree which must have surprised even their warmest partisans, their ancient renown in arms. They have confounded even experts by a series of victories which, when we regard the odds against them, must be reckoned hereafter as some of the most astonishing which are recorded in military history. Errors which might have been fatal to any other army have been marvellously retrieved. Disasters which might have overwhelmed the bravest nation fighting for its liberties have been remedied with a patience, valor, and fortitude which must surely compel the admiration of the bitterest foes of their religion and race. For nine days a hastily entrenched position has held out against the most strenuous attacks of an enemy superior in numbers, in organization, and in guns, directed by all the skill and science which may be supposed to be at the service of one of the greatest of the European military Powers.

FECHTER AS A FARMER.—A correspondent of the *Boston Sunday Times* recently paid a visit to Quakertown, Pa., the home of Charles Fechter, the actor, and records his impressions in an "Interview," from which we make some extracts:—"In this picturesque home, Fechter leads an ideally happy life from July to Octo-

ber. He is by temperament well fitted to enjoy the pleasures afforded by a retreat like this, and made doubly happy by the presence of his beloved wife, formerly known to the theatre-going world as Miss Fanny Price, whom he married four years ago. Mrs. Fechter is the mistress of her own kitchen, and an expert in the great French art of *cuisine*, a happy circumstance in view of the fact that her husband is a lover of the delights of the table. I do not mean to imply that he is a *gourmet*, far from it; but he is not intinged with the epicurean philosophy, so far as good living is concerned, and in the preparation of one dish at least—his favorite macaroni—he is himself an excellent cook. Speaking of the Fechter's country kitchen, I must mention one of its prominent features—four large cages, tenanted by some twenty or more birds, belonging to almost every known species that will live in this climate,—canaries, bullfinches, thrushes, king birds, Australian parrots, and many other varieties, rich in song and gay in feathers, all live together in this happy family. They are Mrs. Fechter's pets. Fechter has engaged a portion of his leisure in this summer in making a large painting of his wife, and it was sufficiently advanced in August to show that, when finished, it would do credit to a professional portrait painter. As a farmer, Fechter is a much better success than most men of genius who enter upon agricultural pursuits. He succeeds in running his Quaker-town farm on a sound business basis and makes it self-supporting. The farm is about one hundred acres in extent, and is in a high state of cultivation. He employs the best labor-saving machines invented, and obtains fine crops every year, besides raising some excellent stock. But Fechter sells nothing from his farm. All that he raises he gives away. He almost entirely supports in this way about a dozen poor families in the neighborhood. The farm hands, men and women, all live in small cottages on the farm. The celebrated actor and his wife are, in fact, centres of a little world, which, for the general happiness which pervades it, might claim to have re-established the legendary felicity of paradise. Fechter is a devotee of tobacco, and a *connoisseur* equally of the leaf and of the pipe. He prefers the latter to a cigar, and conspicuous objects in the sitting-room are three well-colored mezzotints, several briar-woods, a huge-bowled German pipe, and an Oriental hookah, beside some other interesting specimens which I cannot classify. Fechter has, for another hobby, the collection of antique and rare books. His Quaker-town library includes a large number of choice volumes. In it is a very valuable edition of Shakespeare, over two hundred years old. He is a veteran player of whist and chess, and can be beaten at these games by few of his many friends.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems in my Correspondent will be duly acknowledged.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 144 re- ceived. Correct.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks; also solution of Problem No. 144.

B., Montreal.—You will perceive that we have answered your question in our present column.

W. R.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 142 correct.

The Westminster Dispatch for October, as usual, will be found by Chessplayers at home or abroad full of important intelligence respecting the royal game, besides a fine complement of first-rate games and problems.

There is the usual reference to journals from which chess news may be obtained, and full credit is given to all whatever may be the locality they represent, or the information it may be their duty to furnish, whether to report the proceedings of the Anderson festival in Germany, or record the result of a tourney in the far off colony of New Zealand.

As regards the *Huddersfield College Magazine*, which we always welcome with pleasure, we are happy to insert the following remarks from the *Glasgow News of the Week*:

The September issue of this magazine completes the fifth volume, and we take this opportunity to tell our readers that this school periodical is one of the most entertaining that comes to our table. We have repeatedly alluded to the excellence of the Chess department. Nor do we stand alone. In every Chess Column in which reviews of Chess Monthlies appear, praise is awarded to it for originality, instruction and entertainment. The editor offers a specimen copy to any of our readers who wish to see it.

To the Chess column of *Land and Water*, we are indebted throughout the year for Chess news respecting the great players of the metropolis, which we gladly avail ourselves of, as it comes to hand. This excellent periodical is issued weekly, and its information, which is chiefly connected with hunting, fishing and practical natural history, is, like its Chess, always of the most recent nature.

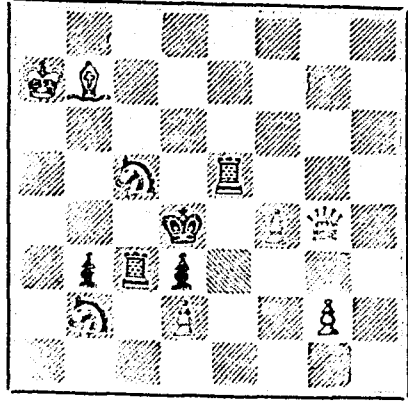
Several of our friends and correspondents lately have asked us to give some plain directions as to the best mode of study to be pursued by a learner in order to acquire fair knowledge of the play required in the different endings of games, especially that which depends upon what is called pawn play.

This is a most important matter to those who desire to fit themselves to make the most of those difficult, but beautiful positions, which are constantly occurring in the game; and we cannot do better than to recommend them to study attentively that part of Staunton's Chess-player's Handbook which is especially devoted to this subject. Much loss of time, and, perhaps, of temper, will be saved by the player who thoroughly masters the principles which will enable him to make the most of his position where the single move of a pawn may determine his success or failure.

We are sorry to say that Problem No. 144 is defective. We give the composer's solution, but it is evident that a Pawn is required at White's K B 3. We printed the

problem from the composer's diagram without examination, his skill in compositions of this nature leading us to have full confidence that all was correct.

PROBLEM No. 146. By A. CYRIL PEARSON. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN CANADA. GAME 215TH.

Played some time ago between Messrs. Atkinson and J. Barry, at the Montreal Chess Club.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| WHITE.
(Mr. John Barry.) | BLACK.
(Mr. Wm. Atkinson.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | P takes P |
| 3. Kt to K B 3 | P to K Kt 4 |
| 4. B to Q B 4 | B to K Kt 2 |
| 5. Castles | P to Q 3 |
| 6. P to Q 4 | P to K R 3 |
| 7. P to Q B 3 | Kt to K 2 |
| 8. P to K R 3 | Kt to K Kt 3 |
| 9. Kt to K R 2 | Castles |
| 10. Q to K R 5 | K to R 2 |
| 11. Kt to Q 2 | P to K B 4 |
| 12. B to Q 3 | Kt to K R 5 |
| 13. P takes B P | Q B takes P |
| 14. B takes B (ch) | R takes B |
| 15. Kt to K Kt 4 | Kt to Q B 3 |
| 16. Q Kt to K 4 | Q to K 2 |
| 17. K Kt to B 2 | P to Q 4 |
| 18. Kt to Q B 5 | P to Q Kt 3 |
| 19. Q Kt to Q 3 | R to K Kt 5 |
| 20. Q takes P | R to K Kt 4 |
| 21. Q takes B P | R takes Kt P (ch) |
| 22. K to B sq | Q R to K B sq |
| 23. Q to Q 2 | Q to K 5 (a) |

White resigns.

NOTES.

(a) A very neat termination.

CHESS IN ENGLAND. GAME 216TH.

Played some years ago, in which Herr Harwitz gave the odds of Queen's Knight to an amateur.

(From Land and Water.)

- (King's Gambit declined. Remove White's Q Kt.)
- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| WHITE.—(Herr Harwitz.) | BLACK.—(Amateur.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | P to Q 4 |
| 3. Kt to K B 3 | Kt to K B 3 |
| 4. P takes K P | Kt takes P |
| 5. P to Q 3 | B to Q Kt 5 (ch) |
| 6. P to Q B 3 | Kt takes P |
| 7. P takes Kt | B takes P (ch) |
| 8. B to Q 2 | B takes R |
| 9. Q takes B | B to K Kt 5 |
| 10. B to K 2 | Castles |
| 11. Castles | B takes Kt |
| 12. R takes B | P to Q 5 |
| 13. R to Kt 3 | R to K sq |
| 14. B to K Kt 5 | Q to Q 2 |
| 15. B to B 6 | P to K Kt 3 |
| 16. Q to B sq (a) | |

NOTE.

(a) A quiet stroke, against which Black has no defence.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 144.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. K takes P. | 1. Either moves |
| 2. R to K sq | 2. P moves |
| 3. K to K 2 | 3. K moves |
| 4. K to Q 3 mate. | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 142.

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

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 143.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at Q R sq | K at Q 4 |
| R at K 6 | Q at Q R 6 |
| R at Q B 7 | R at Q B 7 |
| B at K Kt 2 | Pawns at Q 3, K 4, |
| Kt at K 4 | K B 3, K Kt 3 and |
| Pawns at K 3 | K Kt 5 |
| K R 4, K Kt 3 | |
| and Q R 2 | |

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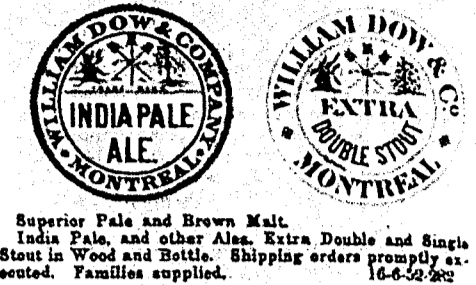
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