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# Wholesale News

Vol. VII.—No. 23.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873.

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



THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

Lt. GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA.

## OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

"Peruvian," (Allan),	Quebec,	from Liverpool,	about June 7th.
"Mississippi," (Dominion),	"	"	" 8th.
"Prussian," (Allan),	"	"	" 9th.
"Moravian,"	Halifax,	"	" 13th.
"Thames," (Temperley),	Quebec,	"	" 18th.

## OUR NEXT NUMBER

The next two numbers of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS" will contain several illustrations of

## THE OBSEQUIES OF SIR GEO. E. CARTIER,

together with a full description of the ceremonies on the occasion. We shall have special facilities for reproducing scenes on the voyage up the river, which, together with sketches of the ceremonies at Quebec, will appear in our next number as early in the week as possible. In the number following the Funeral Ceremonies in Montreal will be illustrated.

In our next number will also appear the following illustrations:

A portrait of

## E. H. KING, ESQ., LATE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL;

## PLATE PRESENTED TO E. H. KING, ESQ., BY THE SHARE-HOLDERS OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL,

on his retiring from the Presidency: scenes and views during and after

## THE FIRE AT BOSTON,

sketched especially for the NEWS;

Also incidents of the visit of

## THE DELEGATES OF THE INTERNATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION AT MONTREAL,

and portraits of the

## ESQUIMAUX GUIDES ON THE POLARIS EXPEDITION,

who were rescued from the ice by the Newfoundland sealing steamer

"TIGRESS."

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every subscriber served by mail will remark on the wrapper after his name figures indicating the month and year to which he is marked paid on our books. Thus, 7-73 means paid to 1st July, '73. 9-72 means that the subscriber has paid to 1st Sept., '72, and consequently owes us the current year's subscription, to Sept., '73. Subscribers owing current year, or arrears, will please remit at once. Subscriptions being henceforth strictly in advance, parties marked paid to some future date will please remit the next year's subscription before the date indicated on their wrapper.

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Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "Communication."

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873.

But little of any very great importance has happened since the publication of our last issue—if we except the fire which has destroyed a portion of the city of Boston, and the sudden death of Mr. Howe. Of course the Boston conflagration has proved a fruitful theme to newspaper writers, and the usual number of communications respecting the best preventives against fire, and kindred questions have found their way into the columns of the daily press. This fire question has been discussed time and time again within the last year or two, but without any perceptible result. In fact, ever since the great conflagration at Chicago, the occurrence of a fire of greater magnitude than the general has been seized upon by the daily papers as an opportunity for insisting upon precautions being taken against fire, and the adoption of proper means for extinguishing incipient conflagrations. Yet nothing has come of it all. In no case has the press failed in its duty of pointing out what should be done and what should

be left undone. Yet its warnings and protestations have alike been left unheeded, and the result which might naturally have been expected from the apathy of the authorities, has, in the case of Boston, come to pass in startling fulfillment of the prophecies of the newspapers. The case of Boston will, it may be hoped, prove a salutary lesson to all her sister cities on the continent. In this country especially, where wood is so largely employed in the construction of buildings, it is time we should be stirring. There are plenty of by-laws respecting the erection of wooden buildings in city limits, but these are very seldom put into force. This state of things should at once be altered; the manner of erecting edifices so as to be as nearly as possible fire-proof should be carefully studied, and, above all, the efficiency of the fire brigades should be especially looked to.

SINCE the death of Sir George Cartier rumour is rife as to the choice of his successor. It would be better, perhaps, to say successors, for one man can hardly be found to fill satisfactorily the duplicate office of Minister of Militia and leader of the French Canadian Conservatives. That the latter office will fall upon Mr. Langevin there seems to be but little doubt; and it is questionable whether a better choice could be made. The French press already point to him as the representative Canadian in the Cabinet; and, indeed, he has claims to the position such as few others can show. He has been engaged in political life for many years, during which he has displayed an aptitude for work, and an indefatigable application, which have raised him to a high and enviable place. As the friend and lieutenant of Sir George, he is peculiarly fitted to supply the place of the deceased statesman at the head of his countrymen. And there is no doubt that his succession would give entire satisfaction to the French Conservative party. As to the person selected to fill the place of Minister of Militia, opinion appears to be divided. Several names have been mentioned in this connection, amongst which the most prominent are those of Messrs. Masson, Bellerose, Beaubien, and Baby. It is, however, altogether likely that Mr. Masson will be selected, and that the other candidates will withdraw in his favour. Such an appointment would, no doubt, be hailed with every satisfaction. Two other places are yet vacant in the Cabinet, of which, one, the Ministry of Inland Revenue, will be filled by an Ontario member. The portfolio held by the late Mr. Howe will, it is understood, be given temporarily to the Hon. Stewart Campbell, who will receive a judgeship in Manitoba, and be replaced by Mr. Macdonald of Pictou.

The daily papers announce that nine thousand dollars have been subscribed in Halifax, Pictou, and New Glasgow, in aid of the widows and children of the miners killed by the recent explosions at the Drummond Colliery. This is, it must be admitted, a handsome sum, and it speaks well for the generosity of the Nova Scotians, that three places have responded so readily and so nobly to the appeal on behalf of the helpless and the fatherless. It could be wished that the example of Nova Scotia were a little more widely followed throughout the country. Why should the immediate vicinity of the scene of disaster alone have the privilege of coming to the relief of the families who by the loss of their breadwinners while at the post of duty are thrown destitute upon the world? Time was when the people of the other provinces composing the Dominion were only too ready to respond to any charitable appeal—even though the objects of the charity solicited were utter strangers to them and removed a thousand miles away. In 1869, when the Nova Scotian fishermen were reduced to a starving condition owing to the bad catch of the season, Ontario made their cause her own, and came to their relief with a readiness and a generosity which will for ever be remembered by those toilers of the sea. The country sent in liberal subscriptions in aid of the sufferers by the Chicago fire. Why should not the same thing be done in aid of the sufferers at Westville? Cannot our cities inaugurate the movement? Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, St. John, Hamilton, and London, should each be able and willing to contribute a very respectable subscription to the general fund. Only if the thing be done at all, it were well it were done at once.

At the International Exhibition held in London this year a novel feature is the School of Economical Cookery, at which a Mr. Buckmaster, assisted by able aides, delivers daily, at certain hours, lectures on the best methods of cooking different kinds of food, which he illustrates by practical demonstrations. The School has been a great success, and doubtless on the close of the exhibition a permanent institution will be established in London, where the lectures will be regularly delivered on the science of cookery. We see no reason why such institutions could not be advantageously and profitably maintained in Canada. Everyone knows what servants' cookery too frequently is. With a little instruction, however, the state of things might be very considerably improved. If the housewife were to go through a course of cookery, as very many ladies are now doing in England, she would be able to impart a great deal of what she had learnt to her servants, and the result would be speedily manifest in well-dressed meals, and less waste in the kitchen. Such classes should be started in every city in the Dominion.

(Written for the *Canadian Illustrated News*.)

## A BACHELOR'S PLEA.

I.

He lives in a mansion among the great,  
His name reads well on his massive plate,  
They say he is possessed of a fine estate;  
But what care I? What matter to me?  
I live in freedom—in no one's way,  
There to-morrow and here to-day,  
But always welcome where'er I stay;  
And so I assert right merrily,  
I'm quite content, and as happy as he.

II.

He owns a wife whom he loves full well,  
But whether she rules him I cannot tell;  
Or whether they both in harmony dwell;  
For what care I? What matter to me?  
I worship the sex wherever they are  
With a love that reaches near and far,  
And nothing on earth its strength can mar;  
And so I assert right merrily,  
I'm quite content, and as happy as he.

III.

So many children scream on his knees,  
That I have strange doubts of his quiet and ease,  
Or how these love pledges he can appease;  
But what care I? What matter to me?  
My happy children never complain,  
For they live secure in my idle brain,  
And it matters not if they live in vain;  
And so I assert right merrily,  
I'm quite content, and as happy as he.

IV.

Perchance men envy his high estate  
Perhaps his merits they over-rate,  
Or measure his worth by his massive plate;  
But what care I? What matter to me?  
My quiet life can offend no eyes,  
And I never stoop, if I cannot rise,  
And I strive for truth, if I can't be wise;  
And so I assert right merrily,  
I'm quite content, and as happy as he.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

## Our Illustrations.

A biography of

THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE

appears in the Obituary column.

LACROSSE IN TORONTO.

The athletic season was opened in Toronto on Her Majesty's Birthday, when four lacrosse matches were played in the presence of a numerous audience. The first of these was between the Tecumseth Club and twelve young Indians of the Six Nations, and resulted in a complete victory for the whites, who took three straight games. In the afternoon came off the grand match—the event of the day—between the Shamrocks of Montreal and the Toronto Lacrosse Club, who contested the honours of the Championship, borne then, as now, by the Montrealers. Over five thousand persons witnessed the play, which resulted in a complete victory for the Shamrocks in three straight games. A third match, between the Ontario Lacrosse Club and the Onondaga Indians, went to the former after five games had been played, and a fourth, between the St. Regis and Caughnawaga Indians was postponed, each side winning two games. The illustrations show "situations" in the last-named match and in that for the Championship.

A description of

THE MONTREAL HUNT CUP

is given on the same page as the illustration.

THE JACQUES CARTIER BANK.

This fine building stands on the east side of Place d'Armes Square, Montreal, on the site formerly occupied by the offices of the Express Company. M. Perrault, of this city, is the architect. Further information we have been unable to obtain.

"CAN'T DO IT."

A scene of German life which has its counterpart all over the world. A servant-girl has brought to the village cobbler a pair of old, down-trodden, worn-out shoes, with the request to patch them up as well as possible. Their condition, however, is so bad that even patching is useless, and the man of leather gives up the job as impossible.

A MONEY-CHANGER'S STALL IN UPPER EGYPT.

The Esneh money-changer's stall forms a subject with which, through the many books of Eastern travel now published, we are more or less familiar. The original of the picture is a water-colour by Karl Werner, of the Düsseldorf school.

The Russian Government has a method peculiarly its own—but the efficacy of which must be admitted on all hands—of compelling its subjects to adopt sanitary measures. In a recent case where small-pox was spreading in an Asiatic province the Government medical officer, accompanied by a troop of Cossacks, seized the villages one after the other, and vaccinated the men, women and children without regard to either their wishes or their resistance.

It is a singular fact that while the various benevolent institutions of New York city provide for the permanent protection of very young women, the aged, very young girls, the infirm, the outcast, and the degraded, there is no place where a destitute woman can obtain a night's lodging, save in the station-house. To meet this want the Ladies' Christian Union composed of a band of the most estimable ladies of the city, design to open a temporary house, where women of all ages, married or single, irrespective of creed or nationality, may find transient shelter. The example is worth following in this country.

A conscientious pickpocket writes to one of the New York journals, requesting the public always to keep their names and addresses in their porte-monnaies, as he and his associates sometimes come into possession of papers and photographs they would be glad to return. He goes on to say: "I remember an instance where I met with serious trouble because I could not make up my mind to destroy a picture of a baby which I had found in the pocket-book of a gentleman which came into my hands in the way of business on the Third Avenue road. I had lost a baby myself the year before of the same age as this one, and I would have given all I had for such a picture. There was no name in the porte-monnaie, and no way of finding out who was the owner; so, like a fool, I advertised it, and got shadowed for it by the police."

Notes and Queries.

NEW BOOKS.

PROF. TYNDALL AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

MR. GLADSTONE'S ECCLESIASTICAL LATIN.—Alluding to the paragraph in Notes and Queries of the 24th Inst., headed "Mr. Gladstone's Ecclesiastical Latin," I beg leave to say that a reference by your correspondent, stating where Mr. Gladstone's version of the hymn may be seen, would be most obliging. I have been in quest of it for years, in vain.

I am, sir,  
Your most ob'dt. servant,  
JAMES OGILVY.

OTTAWA, 27th May, 1873.

24. "WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK," &c.—In answer to an inquiry of a correspondent in your last number, I may mention that the above quotation is due to Nathaniel Lee, who flourished in 1692. The text, as he has it, is—

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."  
SIGMA.

24. "WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK," &c.—Your correspondent "I" will find the original of "When Greek Meets Greek" in Nathaniel Lee's "Alexander the Great," the correct reading of which is—

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."  
It was written about the year 1670.

A SUBSCRIBER.

QUEBEC, 26th May, 1873.

24. "WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK," &c.—I believe that the quotation, "When Greek meets Greek," etc., is to be found in "The Rival Queens," a tragedy, if I am not mistaken, by Nathaniel Lee, who as already been mentioned by another correspondent.

M. S. M.

Kingston.

25. "HE THAT FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY," &c.—"Query" is right in stating that these lines do not belong to Hudibras. They are to be found in a book published in 1655. The couplet in Hudibras is this:

"For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain."

The same idea is expressed in a couplet published in 1542, while one of the few fragments of Menander, the Greek poet, which has been preserved, embodies the same thought in a single line.

Q. ASTOR.

ULTIMA RATIO REGUM.—This celebrated motto was engraved on the French cannon by order of Louis XIV.

L.

27. TO ESCAPE BY THE SKIN OF ONE'S TEETH.—With whom has this saying originated?

28. WHAT WILL MRS. GRUNDY SAY?—I would inquire of you who first started this saying.

I.

JEMIMA.—The writer of the article entitled "Social Gossips" in the ILLUSTRATED NEWS of May 24th, says that he does not know the meaning of the name Jemima. It is a Hebrew word signifying, according to Gesenius, "a dove." It was the name of one of the three daughters which were born to Job after the season of his sore trouble passed away. (Job, xlii. 14.) Another Hebrew name for a woman, not so often used as Jemima, but of a beautiful signification, is Hephzibah. This was the name of Manasseh's mother (ii. Kings, xxi. 1.) In Isaiah, lxi. 4, God applies it to His church. The meaning is "My delight is in her."

T. F.

Métis, P. Q.

WHISTLING GIRLS AND CROWING HENS.—There has been some curiosity to discover the origin of the lines:

"Whistling girls and crowing hens,  
Always come to some bad ends."

In one of the quaint Chinese books recently translated and published in Paris, this proverb occurs in substantially the same words. It is an injunction of the Chinese priesthood, and a carefully observed household custom, to kill immediately every hen that crows, as a preventive against the misfortune that the circumstance is supposed to forebode. The same practice is said to prevail in many portions of the United States, but I do not believe it.

DRAKE.

A TONGUELESS GIRL ENDOWED WITH SPEECH.—In the province of Alentigo (Portugal) there is a girl of twenty who, though deprived of her tongue, speaks and sings as well as if she possessed that organ. Medical men and various flock from all parts to visit this curiosity. A witty and irreverent bachelor of Coimbra sees nothing very wonderful in that circumstance, contending that the marvel is not that a tongueless woman should speak, but rather that any woman with a tongue should keep silence. He has composed the following satirical distich:

"Non mirum elinguis mulier quod verba loquatur;  
Mirum cum lingua quod taceat mulier."

WHO'S BORN TO BE HANGED, &c.—In the "Tempest," Act. I, Scene I, Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Gonzalo the words, "If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable," and further on, "I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell." Also, in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act I, Scene I, occur the lines:

"Go, go, begone to save your ship from wreck,  
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,  
Being destin'd for a drier death on shore."

Each of these is an unquestionable reference to the old adage, "Who's born to be hang'd will ne'er be drowned." Can any of your contributors give me any information as to the authorship and antiquity of this adage?

I also find in the "Tempest," the words, "Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him." Perhaps some one may be able to tell what this drowning mark was.

B.

ERMA'S ENGAGEMENT.—A Novel. By the author of *Blanche Seymour*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Paper, pp. 197; 75 cents.

As a novel we can hardly call "Erma's Engagement" a success. The plot is of the most threadbare description, and the interest so little sustained, that it requires an effort on the part of the reader to follow the author along the well-beaten road which leads, through difficulties and disappointments, to the desired haven of married bliss. The heroine, Erma St. Barbe, is a young lady of æsthetic tastes and high moral culture, a great advocate of Women's Rights (not exactly in the sense in which the phrase is received on this continent), and a thorough hater of missishness and affectation. It has always been understood in the St. Barbe family that Erma was to marry her cousin, Frank Egerton, a young officer in the Household Brigade, not overburdened with either brains or learning, but possessing a considerable fortune and the kindest of hearts and the best of tempers. On Erma's side there is but little taste for the match,—in fact she displays a decided *penchant* for young Willie Airey, who has just returned from Oxford with his blushing honours thick upon him—but the young soldier is head over ears in love with his cousin. While matters are in this condition, a new character appears on the scene in the person of Cecil Erristoun, a clever and well-read man, a barrister, a Radical, and a Broad Churchman, who successfully contests the Stourford election with Frank Egerton. Mr. Erristoun's abilities make a great impression upon Miss St. Barbe, and the member, after robbing Frank Egerton of his seat in the House, finally robs him of his lady-love. Erma and Frank quarrel, and the former engages herself to the Radical member. The St. Barbés will not hear of the match, and the young lady, after the usual season of pining in solitude, etc., consents to marry her cousin, who after a few years of marriage is good enough to slip off his mortal coil and make room for his former rival. Such is a mere outline of the main plot of the piece. Of course there is an unlimited amount of by-play, situations, etc., etc., into which the space at our disposal does not allow us to enter. The main attraction in the book are the really sensible remarks respecting the education of women and the position occupied by the sex which Erma St. Barbe lets fall from time to time. Notwithstanding her enthusiasm in the cause she never lapses into the absurdities for which the advocates of Women's Rights on this side of the ocean are chiefly remarkable. Throughout she is a pure and true woman, certainly not without her failings, but with much that is gentle and kindly and lovable about her. If we cannot congratulate the author upon producing a successful novel we may at least tender her our thanks for the picture of true womanhood which she presents in these pages.

ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY; OR, THE ENCHIRIDION OF EPICETUS, AND CHRUSA EPE OF PYTHAGORAS.—Translated into English Prose and Verse. By the Hon. Thomas Talbot. Montreal: John Lovell.

The two Greek books which Mr. Talbot lays before his readers in a verse translation, are among the least known of their kind. They are seldom or never included in the course of classical education, and for this reason, if for no other, the translator who places them in a popular form before the student would deserve credit for a task of no inconsiderable magnitude. Mr. Talbot has, however, done something more than this. Not satisfied with giving merely the English text of the Precepts of the Philosophers, he supplements them with references to Scripture illustrating and sustaining their maxims in a manner which has the merit of comparative novelty, and which must signally aid the student in tracing the analogy between the doctrines of Epicetetus and Pythagoras and the teachings of Holy Writ. Each section of the Enchiridion is prefaced by a brief Analytical Illustration or *résumé* of contents, and the whole is supplemented with explanatory notes. The Chrusa Epe is treated much in the same manner. The author's poetry is not, perhaps, exactly of the first order, but this is after all a secondary matter. In his main object, viz.: "in rendering the Precepts of Epicetetus attractive to the English reader," his success is all that he can desire.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Overland* is the only magazine that has come to hand this month. It contains a very readable class of literature, the greater part of which is in reference to Californian matters. Such articles are "The Comstock Lode," which gives the history of this large vein of silver ore from its discovery; an admirable paper on the Modoc Indians, in which we find much that is new and interesting at the present time, particularly the allusions made to the miserable reservation management which has been in existence for so many years past; an article on the "Commercial and Monetary Interests of California"; the second part of "One of the Argonauts of '49," in which an affecting description is given of an execution in those early days. Other peculiarly western articles are "Overland in the Sixteenth Century," an account of the wanderings of Cabeza de Vaca across the continent—"Margaret Hemming," "An Old Fool," and "The Padre's Ruse." "The House that Jack Built" is one of those quaint prose sketches in which Stoddart excels. "The Man-Fanciers," an ingenious paper on natural selection, is well worth perusing. The July number of the *Overland* commences the eleventh volume.

The Crystal Palace directors seem determined to make Sydenham the home of English opera, and to do everything in their power to foster the taste for lyrical performances amongst their numerous visitors. Quite lately an afternoon representation was given of Auber's "Crown Diamonds," supported by Miss Blanche Cole as *La Catarina*, Miss Thirlwall as *Diana*, Messrs. Nordom, Fox, Cotte, H. Corri and Rowella in their respective characters of *Don Henrique*, the *Count*, *Don Sebastian*, *Rebollo*, and *Barbuzo*.

During his stay in America, Prof. Tyndall of course visited the Falls of Niagara, where he met with an adventure such as seldom falls to the lot of visitors to this fashionable and favourite place of resort. He thus describes the incident in question: "On the first evening of my visit, I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood—large, well built, firm and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horseshoe Fall. 'Can you lead me there to-morrow?' I asked. He eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the chances of a man of light build and with grey in his whiskers in such an undertaking. 'I wish,' I added, 'to see as much of the fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavour to follow.' His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, 'very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow.' On the morrow, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair, I stripped wholly, and re-dressed according to instructions, drawing on two pairs of woollen pantaloons, three woollen jackets, two pairs of socks, and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide urged that the clothes would keep me from being chilled, and he was right. A suit and hood of yellow oilcloth covered all. Most laudable precautions were taken by the young assistant of the guide to keep the water out, but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested. We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom my guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds, or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge boulders, obviously the ruins of the limestone edge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a most formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, 'This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far toward the Horseshoe.' He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen boulders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, 'Now come on.' I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below, which was seething with the tumult of the cataract. De Saussure recommended inspection of Alpine dangers with the view of making them familiar to the eye before they are encountered; and it is a wholesome custom in places of difficulty to put the possibility of an accident clearly before the mind, and to decide beforehand what ought to be done should the accident occur. Thus wound up in the present instance, I entered the water. Even where it was not more than knee-deep, its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon the back. Further struggle was impossible; and, feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself towards the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallower water. The oilcloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centres of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but, taking everything into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron, it might have helped me; but as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. 'No traveller,' he said, 'was ever here before.' Soon afterwards, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

The worst kind of blackguard is, in our opinion, the man who cannot behave decently in church. On most minds—even on those of the rowdy class—there is something in the sanctity of a building devoted to the service of God which has a quieting and hallowing influence. Put your genuine rowdy in church—in a church of any denomination—while service is going on, he is instantly quieted. If he does not behave exactly *comme il faut*, his conduct is at least decorous. Put a man of the "gent" class—one of the fraternity who indulge in intensely loud neckties and impossible waistcoats—in the same place and he will behave like the cad he is. An illustration of the latter case occurred only last Sunday in the Jesuit Church in this city which terminated in what might have been, had the scene been laid anywhere else, a most ludicrous discomfiture of the "gent." It was Whitsunday and a large congregation were present at the evening service. A member of the genus "cad" who happened to be present indulged in some unseemly and altogether high-toned remarks respecting the decoration of the altar. His observations were made in so loud a key that they attracted the notice of a great part of the congregation. Finally the talking became so loud that an ecclesiastic came down and informed our cad that two policemen were in waiting on the steps of the church to convey into duance vile any blackguards who might happen to interrupt the service. Our cad subsided at once, and several of his confrères who had been during the service persistently staring at the choir at the back of the church assumed the position which gentlemen usually take during divine service. Perhaps it was the first time they ever took position as gentlemen. Who can say?

**THE MONTREAL HUNT CUP.**

This cup was presented by the members of the Montreal Hunt to be run for at last year's fall race, and was won by Mr. D. J. Bannatyne, on "Milesian," a horse that has already figured in these pages. It was especially designed and manufactured by Hawksworth, Eyre & Co., of Sheffield, and for some time past has been on exhibition at Messrs. Dawson Bros., in this city. The material is platinized sterling silver relieved with gold. In design the cup is a mixture of the Italian and Tuscan orders, presenting on the one side a bas-relief representation of a steeple chase, and on the other side the following inscription:

"Montreal Hunt Steeple Chases.  
The Hunt Cup

Presented by the Members of the Montreal Hunt, for Horses that have been regularly hunted with the Montreal Fox Hounds, bona fide the property of and ridden by gentlemen members of the Hunt, over about three miles fair hunting country.

Won by  
Mr. DUGALD J. BANNATYNE

"MILESIAN."  
17th October, 1872.

In addition to the figurative ornamentation of the cup, on either side, above the globe, as also on the apex, are represented three horses, with riders mounted, moulded with exquisite taste and correctness. The whole cup is an admirable piece of workmanship, and makes a noble addition to the numerous trophies already won by Mr. Bannatyne.

**LOUIS NAPOLEON PAINTED BY A FRIEND**

"A single day," said Madame B., "changed his (Louis Napoleon's) character. Until the death of his elder brother he was mild, unambitious, impressionable, affectionate, delighting in country pursuits, in nature, in art, and in literature. He frequently said to me, not when he was a child, but at the age of nineteen and twenty, 'What a blessing that I have two before me in the succession—the Duc de Reichstadt and my brother, so that I can be happy in my own way, instead of being, as the head of our house must be, the slave of a mission.'"

"From the day of his brother's death he was a different man. I can compare his feelings as to his mission only to those which urged our first apostles and martyrs."

"What," I asked, "is the sense in which he understands his mission?"

"It is a devotion," she answered, "first to the Napoleonic dynasty, and then to France. It is not personal ambition. He has always said, and I believe sincerely, that if there were any better hands to which he could transmit that duty he would do so with delight."

"His duty to his dynasty is to perpetuate it. His duty to France is to give her influence abroad and prosperity at home."

"And also," I asked, "extension of territory?"

"Not now," she answered, "I will not say what may have been his wishes before the birth of his son, but what I have called devotion to his dynasty, is rather worship of his son. One of his besetting fears is the revival of an European coalition, not so much against France as against the Bonapartes, and the renewal of the proscription of the family."

"I have been told," I said, "that he leans towards constitutionalism as more favourable to hereditary succession than despotism."

"I believe," she answered, "that to be true, and that it is the explanation of his recent liberalism. He hates, without doubt, opposition; he hates restraint, but if he thinks that submitting to opposition will promote his great object, the perpetuation of his dynasty, he will do so. He would sacrifice to that object, Europe, France, his dearest friends, and even himself."

"One of his qualities—and it is a valuable one—is his willingness to adjourn, to change, or even to give up his means, however dear they may be to him, if any safer or better occur to him."

"Another is the readiness with which he confesses his mistakes. His last confession," I said, "was perhaps too full and too frank."

"So I think," said Madame B., "but by making it he enjoyed another pleasure, that of astonishing. He delights in *Empire*, in making Europe and France, and above all, his own ministers, stare. When it is necessary to act, he does not consult his friends, still less his ministers, and perhaps he is right, for they would give him only bad advice; he does not conscientiously think the matter over, weigh the opposing reasons, strike the balance and act. He takes his cigar, gives loose to his ideas, lets them follow one another without exercising over them his will, till at last something pleases his imagination, he seizes it, and thinks himself inspired. Sometimes the inspiration is good, as it was when he released Abdel Kader; sometimes it is very bad, as it was when he chose the same time for opening the discussion of the address and revealing the state of our finances."

"C," I said, "treats his phlegm as his greatest quality, *qu'il ne s'étonne de rien*."

"Did C," she answered, "ever describe to you his fits of passion?"

"No," I said.

"Probably," she answered, "he never perceived them. His powers of self-command are really marvellous. I have known him after a conversation in which he betrayed no anger, break his own furniture in his rage. The first sign of rage in him is a swelling of his nostrils, like those of an excited horse. Then his eyes become bright and his lips quiver. His long moustache is intended to conceal his mouth, and he has disciplined his eyes. When I first saw him in 1838 I asked him what was the matter with his eyes. 'Nothing,' he said. 'I day or two after I saw him again. They had still an odd appearance. At last I found that he had been accustomed himself to keep his eyelids closed, and to throw into his eyes a vacant dreamy expression.'

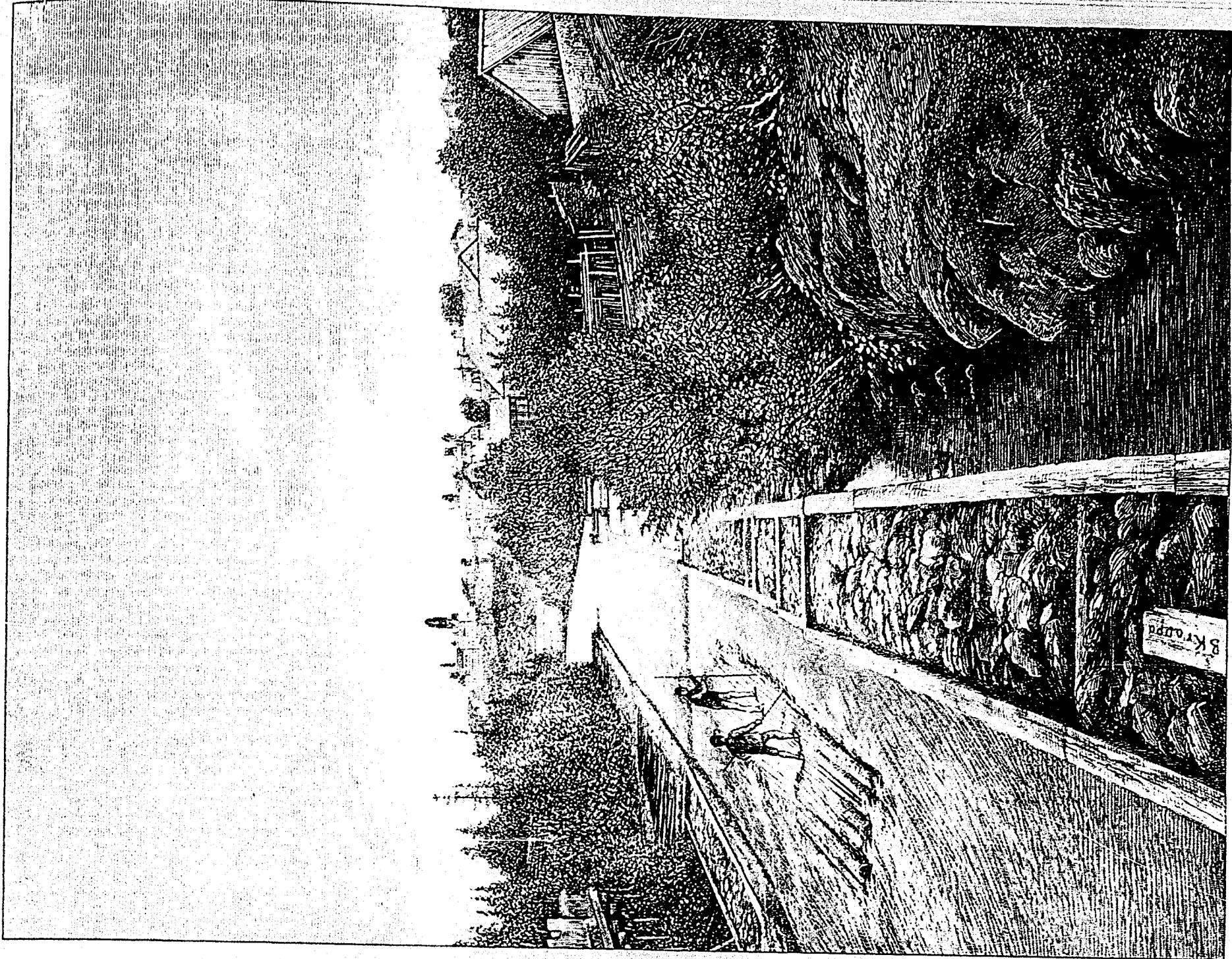
"I cannot better describe the change that came over him after his brother's death than by saying that he tore his heart out of his bosom, and surrendered himself to his head."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

Here is a specimen culled from the Paris *Figaro* of the duels that take place daily in Paris. MM. de Borde and Delpit having quarrelled, go one fine morning with second and swords to the St. Germain forest. M. Delpit is slightly wounded in the right side and everybody's honour is at once satisfied. M. Delpit, however, who appears to have been the offender, magnanimously apologises for the movement of vivacity which caused the affair. M. de Borde immediately throws his arms round his opponent's neck and warmly embraces him, and combatants, seconds and all, return to town the best of both combatants.

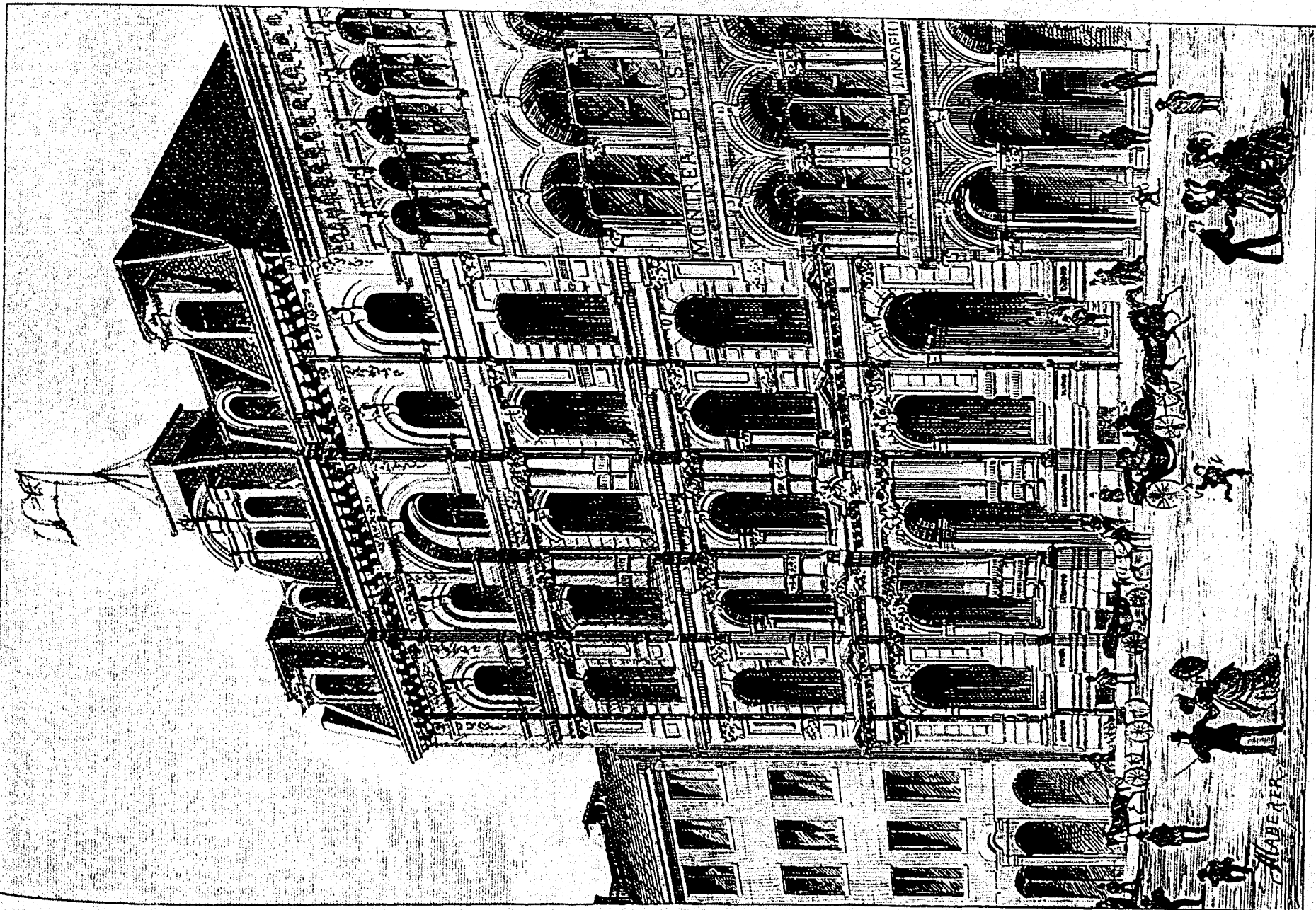


THE MONTREAL HUNT CUP, WON BY D. J. BANNATYNE, Esq.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGG & CO.



OTTAWA.—THE SOUTH TIMBER SLIDE, CHAUDIERE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



MONTREAL.—THE JACQUES CARTIER BANK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGGO & CO. ARCHT.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## THE ATTIC LAND.

(From the *Edipus Colonus* of Sophocles, vs. 68-719.)

BY JOHN READE.

## I.

Of all this chivalrous land, O stranger,  
Thou hast reached the fairest spot,  
Colonus, where, in verdant dales,  
Trill the soft voiced nightingales,  
Plaintive songs of sweet lament,  
Dwelling in their ivy bowers,  
In the fruit-bespangled groves,  
Where no wind of winter moves  
The leaves, and the sun enters not;  
But where the mighty forest-ranger,  
Hæcchus, reveals all the hours  
With the nurse-nymphs that he loves.

## II.

Here the narcissus, dew-besprent,  
Bursts into clusters day by day,  
To crown the brows of goddesses  
With golden gleaming crests,  
And the streams which here have birth,  
Cepheus, fall not through the year,  
But with fertilizing wave,  
All the fields and meadows lave,  
Gladdening the heart of earth  
As they thus meander.  
Here, too, more than anywhere,  
The Muses and the golden queen  
Of beauty love to wander.

## III.

Nor in the Asian land,  
Nor on the Isle  
Of Derian Peps doth there grow a tree  
Such as here springeth up spontaneously,  
Self-formed, self-planted, awe of hostile spears.  
The gray green olive which our children rear,  
This neither youth nor age will dare to spoil,  
For blue-eyed Pallas and the Morian Jove  
Who all this region love,  
Guard it from wasteful hand.

## IV.

And other praises still I have to sing  
Of this supremely glorious Attic land—  
That she is without peer in chivalry,  
And mightiest by sea.  
'Twas thou, O sovereign Neptune, that didst bring  
Thee triumphant to her, both the steed with rein  
And bit to curb, and thro' the swelling main,  
Taming its clamorous wrath,  
Swiftly to guide the bark with skilful hand  
Into the Nereid's path.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## SOCIAL GOSSIPS.—No. IV.

..... After her came Jolly June arrayed  
All in green leaves, as he a player were;  
Yet his time he wrought as well as played  
That by his plough-irons mute right well appear.

SPENSER.

The spring is now complete. Summer is fairly begun and June has now come with her beautiful Flora. The winds have done their work. The shaken air, well tempered and equalized, has subsided; the genial rains, however thickly they may come, do not saturate the ground, beyond the power of the sun to dry it up again. The mornings are as clear as crystal; the afternoons have their intensely blue skies dappled with fleecy white clouds; and the nights have their fantasies, in which the growing moon seems to lie looking at the stars, like a young shepherdess at her flock. A few nights ago she lay gazing in this manner at the evening star, like Diana, on the slope of a valley, looking up at Endymion. His young eye seemed to sparkle out upon the world; while she bending inwards, watched him with an enamoured dumbness.

This is the quiet of early summer. The swallow shoots by us like an embodied ardour of the season, and though we have not "Nature's best skilled musician," the nightingale, nor the gentle lark "at heaven's gate singing when Phœbus 'gins to rise," yet we can hear them in our imagination.

Now the trees and bushes are putting forth their crisp fans, clothing themselves in a "proud prosperity of leaves," and lifting their "wreathed branches—green and beautiful—to the sun smile of summer." The lilac is loaded with bud and the apple-trees announce their riches in a shower of silver blossoms. The slopes are green with the bright young grass which is variegated with trilliums, violets, anemones, and columbines, over which in places the birch-trees, like stooping nymphs, hang with their thickening hair, or as one of our poets has it, looking like

"Sad monitresses  
Bending like Piety before the shrine  
Of holy Nature."

The beautiful wild flowers seem to anticipate the full glow of summer, coming out to wait upon the season like fairies from their subterranean palaces.

Who is to wonder that the idea of love mingles itself with that of this cheerful and kind time of the year, setting aside even common associations? It is only its youth, and beauty, and budding life, and the "passions of the grove," that exclaims with the poet,

"Let those love now, who never loved before;  
And those who always love, now love the more."

All our kindly impulses are apt to have more sentiment in them, than the unthinking, unreflecting man—"a clod of wayward marl"—suspects; and it is by fetching out this sentiment and making it the ruling association, that we exalt the impulse into generosity and refinement, instead of degrading it, which is too often the case, into what is selfish, and coarse, and pollutes all its systems.

In the early summer-time joy awakens the heart: with joy awakes gratitude and nature; and in our gratitude we return, on its own principle of participation, the love that has been shewn us. This association of ideas renders solitude in June, and solitude in January, two very different things. In the latter we are better contented to bear the feeling of the chilly season by ourselves;—in the former they are so sweet as well as so overflowing, that we long to share them.

Shakspeare in one of his sonnets describes himself as so identifying the beauties of spring with the thought of his absent mistress, that he says he forgot them in his own character, and played with them only as with her shadow. How

exquisitely he turns a commonplace into this fancy; and what a noble brief portrait of April he gives us at the beginning. There is a wonderful mixture of softness and strength in almost every one of the lines.

"From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him—  
Yet nor the lay of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grow;  
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;  
They were but sweet, but patterns of delight  
Drawn after you,—you pattern of all those.  
Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,  
As with your shadow, I with these did play."

In our climate we can hardly herald June as a summer month—as from its position in the year it ought to be—it is after all more like a spring month in the west of England, therefore in borrowing from the poets anything analogous to our feelings after a stroll in the country we must take what they have said about spring.

When daisies pied, and violets blue  
And lady-smocks all silver white  
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight.

What lovely flowers are to be gathered from old English gardens, titled by such loving hands as Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Herrick, Marlow, Wither, Wotton, Drummond, Drayton, Herbert, and others,—*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

How they preach to us. Herrick, thus addresses the apple blossoms:

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree  
Why do ye fall so fast?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay here awhile  
To blush and gently smile  
And go at last.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave,  
And after they have shown their pride  
Like you, awhile they glide  
Into the grave.

The pied Daisy, and the pale Primrose, which Shakspeare calls the "Roses of the Spring"; and the "bold Oxlip"; and the "freckled Cowslip," we have not, but we have the sweet nodding Violet, "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath"; the Columbine; the azure Hare-bell and Long Purple; and the Pansy, for thought, the

"little western flower  
Before milk white; now purple with love's wound  
And maidens call it, Love in Idleness."

the Marigold; the Daffodil and Honeysuckle; some of the flowers from the fairy meads of "Midsummer Night's Dream," Perdita's rustic garden, or from Ophelia's garlands.

What exquisite beauty there is in the following lines in *Cymbeline*, Act. 4, Sc. 2, where Guiderius and Arviragus find Imogen, as they think, dead:—

Gui. "Why he but sleeps:  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

Arr. With fairest flowers,  
Whilset summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; Thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose: nor  
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath:  
Yea, and fur'd moss besides, when flowers are none  
To winter-ground thy case."

On Sunday last the first of June, we were reminded while walking over the top of Mount Royal of an English May morning: a word, which used to awaken in the minds of our ancestors all the ideas of youth, and verdure, and blossoming, and love, and hilarity, in short the union of the two best things in the world: the love of nature and the love of each other. It was the day, on which the arrival of the year at maturity was kept, like that of a blooming heiress. They caught her eye as she was coming and sent up a hundred songs of joy.

Now as the bright Morning-star, Day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
Hail, benighted May, that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill, and dale, doth boast thy blessing.  
Thus we salute thee with our early song  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

George Wither, speaking of his Muse on Imagination, has the following,—an old favourite of ours:—

Her divine skill taught me this:  
That from everything I saw  
I could some instruction draw  
And raise pleasure to the height  
From the meanest object's sight.  
By the murmur of a spring  
Or the least bough's rustling;  
By a daisy, whose leaves spread  
Shut, when Titan goes to bed;  
Or a shady bush or tree:  
She could more infuse in me  
Than all nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man.

Loving the daisy for its boyish recollections, we missed it in our ramble, nevertheless we had it in our mind's eye, "a silver shield with boss of gold." The Latins, if we remember, call the daisy *Bellis* or *Bellus*, as much as to say, *Nice One*. With the French and Italians it has the same name as a Pearl,—*Marguerite*, *Margarita*, or generally by way of endearment, *Margheretina*. The same word was the name of a woman, and occasioned intermixtures of compliment about pearls, daisies and fair mistresses.

Chaucer in his beautiful poem of the Flower and the Leaf, which is evidently imitated from some French poetess, says:—

And at the last there began anon  
A lady for to sing right womanly  
A bargaret in praising the daisy.  
For as me thought among her notes sweet,  
She said "Si doucet est la Margarete."

The daisy was a favorite flower of Chaucer's; there is a very interesting passage to this effect in his *Legend of Good Women*, where he says, that nothing but the daisy fields in spring could take him from his books. He says that he finds

• Bargaret, a little Pastoral.

the daisy ever new, and that he shall love it till his "heart dies," and afterwards, with a natural picture of his resting on the grass.

Adown full softly I began to sink,  
And leaning on my elbow and my side  
The long day I shaped me for to abide  
For nothing else, and I shall not lie  
But for to look upon the daisy.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## ABOUT ORDEALS.

BY

A.

I remember my grandmother telling me a story of an ordeal that happened in her young days at a quiet school near Bristol, in Gloucestershire, England. She lived when George the Third was king, and if the event related seem strange to the intelligence of the present day, recollect that ordeals were not altogether out of fashion then, and in 1759 one Susannah Hannokes, of Wingrove, in Herefordshire, was accused of being a witch and her innocence was established by her being stripped and weighed in the Parish Church, before a great concourse of people, against the Bible. Something had been stolen at school, a bit of jewellery, perhaps, and suspicion lighted upon one of the children. The ordeal took place at night. They were all called out of bed and paraded, a sorry little company of sleepy, surprised cherubs, in long night-dresses, while the mistress read a doleful passage from Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, about the eternal torments of hell. She then told these frightened little girls that there was a basin of water in the next room, into which each of them, one by one, should dip her right hand and whoever stole the piece of jewellery would lose the use of the guilty member. It was a cruel ordeal. I can see the little creatures, nervously approaching the water and dipping in their hands and feeling the cold shiver and wondering what would happen next, as they thought of the sugar purloined at home or the books borrowed and not returned or some other childish peccadillo. One timid little girl refused to submit to the ordeal and was pounced upon as guilty and then and there received a chastisement *supra dorsum nudum*, which was in vogue in those days, and crept back to bed. I warrant you, in no very pleasant condition for sleep. It turned out afterwards she was innocent, and only refused to submit to the ordeal through nervousness, while the real culprit, the servant maid, escaped punishment.

Has Society got rid of all her ordeal yet? Do we not attach too much importance to a blush, that *rubor efflorescens*? "What color's red, Miss Jones?" And yet we know she wasn't flirting with the Captain that night at all, and what made her blush at the mention of his gallant name you and I can't tell; perhaps it called up some soft recollection and the blush became her modesty and we wagged our silly heads and only looked upon it as the index of guilt! "Who broke the pane of glass in the school-room—did you Tomkins?" says the awful voice of Dr. Tannebooy. "Me, Sir; no, Sir," says the guilty rascal, with *volto sciolto*, while little Smithkins, trembles and looks guilty, and before he has had time to offer up his protest, swish, swish! appearances have deceived, guilt escaped and innocence suffered.

Another pet ordeal of Society is embodied in the idea that a rascal can't look you in the face. Can't he, indeed? Why, innocence may be abashed, but there's Jack Carom, who has been in half the gambling halls of Europe, with enough brass in his face to build a *monumentum ere perennius*, and he will swagger and outstare any one from my lord Bishop down to a five years old child! He blush? He flinch? Not he. It is his business to swagger and bully, and will you take that as a proof of innocence and condemn the ingenious Miss Rosabel, because she modestly droops her eyes and blushes at some soft impeachment? *Allons*.

I am sorry that innocence is punished; but I cannot always regret that guilt sometimes escapes. Of course it is only proper that murderers and pickpockets should be brought up for trial and condemned. But our private peccadilloes,—were we to suffer for them who should "scape whipping." Come Sir, can you lay your hand on that spotless white waist-coat of yours, and you, Madam, will you lay your hand on your fluttering palpitating little heart and vow that within the past year, the past six months, the past month, week, you have committed no sin? *Venez ici, ma bonne Rosabel*, are you too guilty? Then summon the *Carnifices*, clap the *centipennis* to their feet, and wield the flagellum. Who shall "scape whipping, indeed? What an outcry of *mea culpa, mea culpa, mea culpa* there will be! No, no, we'll have none of it. We'll let the rogues off. I would not have you found out. You old sinner, you know I have my eye on you, but I am mum; not a word shall escape my lips if we did order the second—or third, was it?—bottle of port the other night and sang in rather shaky voices, that charming ditty about not going home till morning. Madam, I shall not divulge about that languishing look you gave the Rev. Mr. Softhead, nor how he sighed as he bent over your hand—no, madam, I did not say he kissed it! *Ma belle Rosely*, you may flirt with the Captain and you shall escape whipping as far as I am concerned, for we are all rogues together.

It is well we smile and deceive and keep our guilt heart-deep in our own bosoms. If we were to go about and reveal our private griefs and little wickednesses to public gaze, what a Golgotha of skeletons we would make of this pleasant world; but we rather imitate that Spartan youth, and if sharp-fanged Care is gnawing at our vitals, we but wrap our cloaks with a more dignified air about us—and smile!

You and I, my dear reader, will have no ordeals. *Ma chère Madame*—allow this little familiarity, look upon me as your Mentor, your friend—when your charming daughter Alice comes home from the ball, there shall be no inquisition, no inquiries about Will or Harry and a lynx-eyed eagerness to detect the trembling blush. You, Sir, will not call your son into the study and enquire too closely as to the ownership of that rather disreputable looking pipe you found behind a book in his bed-room yesterday. Are you innocent yourself, Sir? Do you not have your Havanna, you old rogue, and a glass of port too? And you, Madam, recollect that little *affaire de cœur* before you honored your husband with your hand and be merciful and loving to your children. No ordeals and tests; but the open communion of love between you and them.

*Venez*; pull down the curtain, the lecture is over. *Dormez bien.*

OBITUARY.

THE HON. JOSEPH HOWE, LIKUT.—GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Only a fortnight has passed away since we noticed the demise of Sir G. Cartier. It is now once more our painful duty to record the death of another prominent Canadian statesman. The Hon. J. Howe, late President of the Council, who within the last few weeks had been appointed to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Nova Scotia, died at Halifax on Sunday morning last. For some time past he had enjoyed very poor health, and at the time he relinquished his portfolio in the Cabinet was looking forward with much enjoyable expectation to the *otium cum dignitate* which he would be able to enjoy in his new position. Unfortunately, the new-found leisure came too late. The bow had been too long bent, and broke in the loosening. Little over a fortnight had elapsed since the new Lieut.-Governor entered upon the duties of his office when death overcame him. To say that he died regretted by all who had an opportunity of making his acquaintance, would convey but a poor idea of the sorrow felt by his friends in all parts of the country when the news of his death became known. Mr. Howe's political career has been something more than an ordinary one, but to the last he preserved—old man as he was—the singular freshness and geniality of manner which had won for him friends even among his political opponents. The history of "the old man eloquent," as his friends delighted—not without reason—to call him, would require very much more space than could be given in the columns of a weekly paper. *As reser* his story has already appeared in the columns of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

His course on the question of Confederation gave a tinge of inconsistency to his public life—in fact, to the eyes of many people, a shade on its evening, which, we believe, a more minute examination would dispel. A little too much confidence in his own influence led him to believe that he could, when backed by his Province, defeat the delegates in the Imperial Parliament, but he found, as probably he had learned on former occasions, that colonial influence had to give way to Imperial policy. In this plight, and seeing that the Union would certainly be maintained, he went to work to obtain better terms for his Province, in which he was so far successful that a large party in Ontario has since tried, through the Local Legislature of that Province, to invoke Imperial action against similar proceedings. With Mr. Howe's successful negotiations between himself and the Ottawa Cabinet, came the not unreasonable stipulation that he should accept office, and thereby take his full share of the responsibility for the attempted pacification. The course then followed was in exact imitation of that adopted at Quebec in 1864, when the Hon. George Brown entered the Government; Ministers wisely refused to assume for the measure a responsibility that all the parties to it did not share. Thus it came that Mr. Howe entered the Cabinet, first as President of the Council in succession to the late Mr. Blair, and latterly as Secretary of State for the Provinces, which office he held until he accepted the Lieut.-Governorship of his Province.

From Mr. Morgan's "Parliamentary Companion" we learn that Mr. Howe's family emigrated from the South of England, and in the days of the "Pilgrim Fathers" settled in one of the New England States. His father was a loyalist during the revolutionary war, and at one time conducted the *Massachusetts Gazette and Boston Letter*; but in the triumph of rebellion he removed to Halifax, where his loyal devotion to the Crown was recognised by his being made King's Printer and Postmaster-General. Mr. Howe was born in Halifax in 1804, and at the time of his death was in his seventieth year. After the completion of his education he, like his father, devoted himself to newspaper life, and in 1827 became editor of *The Acadian*. His association with the press of Nova Scotia, saving a slight interruption, continued from that date until 1856, when he finally retired from journalism. The papers he conducted during that period were, *The Acadian*, *The Nova Scotian*, and *The Morning Chronicle*. His Parliamentary career commenced as far back as 1836, when he was elected for Halifax County, for which he sat until 1841; from that year to '55 for Cumberland, and hence for Hants until 1863, and from that year until the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1866, he held the Imperial office of Commissioner of Fisheries. During this long public career, Mr. Howe was frequently in Ministerial office; almost from his first entrance into public life he was the acknowledged leader of the Nova Scotia Reformers; and to him was due, to a very large extent, the concession from the Imperial authorities of "Responsible Government" to the British American Provinces. He was also one of the earliest advocates of British American Union; and though the plan of Confederation did not at first meet his approval, he gave his adhesion to it when he had secured from the Canadian Government an alteration in the financial basis of the Union equal to a capital sum of about two millions of dollars in favour of Nova Scotia. Mr. Howe was not only an active public man and prolific newspaper writer, but also a pamphleteer of considerable note. Some of his productions under the last named head, as probably many under the other, will hardly sustain the character of consistency, but they all bear the impress of earnest thought and warm desire for the good of his fellows, and especially for the glory of the little Province of which he was proud to be a representative man. He also established his title to honourable rank on the roll of British North American poets. In fact he was, in the fullest sense of the terms, *littérateur*, journalist, politician, statesman, and diplomat; and we believe in the latter capacity only he achieved the chief failures that mark a career of unusual duration and brilliancy. On questions innumerable, and at various times, he visited the Province and the Seat of Empire; but when he attempted to thwart the efforts of the Colonial Conference in London, he found his influence totally inadequate to the task. Even this failure he handsomely atoned for by his successful negotiation with the Dominion Government for Nova Scotia's "better terms."

That the Nova Scotians are not unmindful of his patriotism and the love he bore for his country has been abundantly proved by the almost universal grief which was manifested throughout the Province on the announcement of his death.

In that grief the whole Dominion shares. The trite saying is—"We could have spared a better man;" but the truer saying in this case would be—"We have lost a man whom we cannot replace."

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO. IX.—ARTIST.

I esteem it an old precept of artistic culture that we must make a study of external nature. The lesson is especially opportune at this season, when the glories of summer are budding around us. We are environed in this country with all that is mighty and majestic in creation, and we need not seek elsewhere the external sources of inspiration. We shall never become poets or artists, with hearts keenly alive to all the impressions of the sublime and beautiful, unless we become thoroughly acquainted with the works of Nature—Nature in the magnificence of her great scenes and in the inconceivable perfection of her minutest details.

The most salient natural feature of our creation are the forests. Grand and majestic in its very outline, fraught with all music and fragrance, teeming with infinite varieties of most beautiful existences, an American forest is the amplest field for the walks of the student of Nature. A few steps from the dust and noise of the city and off to the breezy woodlands as the rising sun peers over the eastern slopes, and darts his golden lances into the leafy avenues. Deep and deeper still into the recesses of the wood—and there, separated from the outer world, you hear at your feet, over the snowy pebbles, the rippling of the brook; under the moist lichen-stained rock, the buzz and stir of insects; and above, on every branch, the wild, unfettered song of birds—the chirp of the robin, the twitter of the restless black-bird, the long, quavering note of the mocking-bird, the querulous cry of the plover as he wheels over the water, and the lamentations of the cushat-dove piping clear among the fox-grapes. Flowers of every hue and sweetest fragrance, animals of most interesting habits, fruits of delicious flavour, giant trees and dwarf shrubs, shelves of fantastic rocks clothed in luxuriant vegetation, moist valleys filled with long grasses—these are the treasures of the virgin forest. The naturalist is the true poet who penetrates, as it were, into the secret places of Nature, and studies the perfection of the minutest flower, insect, and shell.

I must not be understood as referring to gardens or cultivated grounds—let our sentimental young ladies roam through these, and grow ecstatic over all their charms. Off, off to the deep, dark woodlands, where Nature is displayed in all her rugged beauty. The wild winds that blow through the forests and toss the branches of the trees are more genial and balmy than the languid zephyrs which creep through my lady's bower in the depths of the garden; and the big rain-drops that glisten on the broad waxen leaves of the fern are as beautiful as the dew pearls which quiver in the snowy chalice of the lily.

American writers and artists have been strangely wanting in their study of the scenery and natural beauties of their country. They almost invariably invoke European traditions, European legends, and describe European landscapes, and it not unfrequently happens that where their judgment is not equal to their fancy, they slip into laughable blunders. Thus they sometimes talk of the sky-lark, the nightingale, the thrush, and of daisies, which are never heard or seen in this country, strangely forgetting that we have birds which soar as high as the lark, the mocking-bird which sings almost as sweetly as Philomel, and violets and anemones which carpet our prairies as gorgeously as the red-eyed daisy. Irving has set a bad example in this respect. He was more an Englishman in his tastes than an American, and his master-piece, the "Sketch Book," is wholly composed of descriptions of English and Continental scenes. Buchanan Read, who once bade fair to become a real American poet, followed in the same train; and I remember how, a few years ago, he was laughed at by the *London Athenæum* for it. Longfellow, who gave in to this spirit in some of his earliest works, inaugurated a reaction in his "Evangeline," his "Hiawatha," and his otherwise dreary "Miles Standish." Americans still greatly lack specimens of a national literature—the characters chosen from their midst and the scenes there of the American woodland and plain.

The lessons of books are good—the precepts of teachers are also good, but they will not avail much unless Nature directly teaches. The imagination must be furnished with images, and the heart warmed into emotion by the immediate agency of Nature herself. Mere cabinet studies will not suffice. No amount of reading of the poets can train an original poet—just as no amount of sketching from public galleries can develop the original genius of an artist. This process brings out the tribe of copyists in literature and art. The great model must be directly studied. All the illustrious men whose names are an authority and a glory in their national literature have caught their imaginations from the breath of the wild wood, the heath, the sea-shore, and the mountain. Walter Scott lay on his back in the meadows when the thunder-storm roared and the shower battered his forehead and drenched his hair, he crying all the while, "Bonnie, bonnie." John Wilson—the great Kit North—roamed over all the Highlands on foot, climbing the crags even to the eagle's nest. Byron confesses that it was the sight of the sea in Scotland that first expanded his mind. Schiller could never have written "William Tell" unless he had trudged through such scenery with his alpenstock. And Wordsworth would have been nothing but for Grasmere and the Cumberland hills. It is he also who tells us so beautifully:—

"That Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgment, nor the sneers of selfish men

Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings."

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S IMPRESSION OF CANADA.

MONTREAL.

The lady-correspondent of the *Queen*, whose impressions of Quebec have already appeared in these pages, thus discourses respecting Montreal:

"Montreal, a name modified from the Mont Royal which forms the most picturesque feature of its landscape, is a large and very handsome town. It has not the quaint old appearance of Quebec, and will naturally please less the searcher after novelty, but its houses and shops of hewn limestone, its various costly and ornamental buildings, its two cathedrals, its very numerous churches, its colleges, university, and other public institutions, as well as the forest of masts to be observed at its quays, give indications not merely of solid comfort, but of great wealth and prosperity; and, undoubtedly, the seeker after a well-appointed home among a numerous body of wealthy, refined neighbours would much prefer Montreal to any other city outside of the British Isles, and under the sceptre that governs them. Nor, as compared with most cities, is Montreal by any means wanting in the beauty of its site and its surroundings. It is sufficiently level for comfortable locomotion; the long and wide reaches of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa give the water scenes which are always necessary to a very good landscape, while within a reasonable distance there is no lack of hills and mountains and precipitous cliffs.

"If we add that the island on which Montreal is built is one of the greatest fertility, that it is cultivated with extreme care, while on the mountains and hills are small and large patches and immense tracts of woodlands, beautified by an autumn foliage such as no Englishwoman who has not travelled extensively abroad can fully realise, we shall have a picture very pleasing at first, and likely to be still more appreciated on longer and more intimate acquaintance. Montreal is about two-thirds the size of Bristol; it is more regular, and its streets less hilly; but the *Queen of the Avon* is the city of which it most readily reminds me. It has not the squalid quarters to be found in Bristol, nor has it the rich and wonderfully beautiful suburb of Clifton; but the former are not very desirable, and it has boundless capabilities in the direction of the latter—capabilities which are being so rapidly utilised that already there are few cities which can boast of more numerous picturesque villas than those which thickly stud the landscape in the neighbourhood of the Canadian metropolis; and we have to go but a few miles to find the counterparts of the poor Indian squaws whose unskilled hands planted maize near the bark-covered wigwams of Hochelaga, whose site is now covered by the city, and whose beautiful liquid name has given place to the white man's appellation of unmeaning flattery. Then, as now, Fashion reigned the queen of this beautiful place; the tawny bride of a prince of a tribe adorned herself with as much care as the delicate lady who now parades the city in her silks and velvets, and in furs which, however costly, can scarcely equal those of the squaw who preceded her. The law was different, but it was the same queen. Instead of diamonds, pearls, and jewels of gold, she then enacted many coloured trinkets which we now despise—the claws of animals, stained in many ways and fantastically arranged, then held the places of our bracelets and brooches and other ornaments. There were no corsets on the feet of the beauty then; the rear-end of her pretty moccasin was not placed upon stilts, and her weight did not crowd her toes forward and downwards into a narrow crevice smaller than their natural size. No long skirts trailed on the ground; they would have been out of place when the tribe migrated, and even the princess waded the stream with her pappose on her back. But the folds of fur were ample for comfort, and the ornaments were picturesque, those of the *Queen of Beauty* causing as much envy among others as is now felt in assemblies where jewels of great value are plentiful. Then a beautiful bride of Hochelaga might become the *Queen of Fashion*, the arbiter in matters of head-gear and all sorts of tags and trinkets; now the many thousands of Montreal obey the despotic sway of a queen they have never seen; they confine their feet in her stilted shoes; they at one time wear her steel-ribbed garments, at another her more graceful trains, and at another adorn their backs with a burthen as large and prominent as the pappose of the Indian squaw. In all things they copy their European sisters, trying if possible to go just the slightest touch farther. Nor was the man-milliner then wanting any more than now; the medicine man was as much a creature of costume as the priest, to whom effect is as vital as life itself. The former appealed to the grotesque and horrible; the latter tries to reach us through many channels; but the one was as cunning, and his arts as well contrived to the constituency around him, as the other is skillful; and his labour adroitly adapted to catch the unwary by the thousand and one little weaknesses which have thus far been found inseparable from civilisation. The Jesuits here are no unworthy members of that great fraternity; their skill has been consummate, their zeal untiring; and they have never for a moment lost their predominance in and over the minds of the Catholics of the province. There is a college of the fraternity in Montreal, and a church, the beauty of whose frescoed interior is unequalled by anything of the kind in England. Powerfully delineated scenes in the life of Christ and his Apostles adorn its walls from one end to the other, and the eyes of the worshipper cannot be lifted anywhere to the ceiling without perceiving there representations which surpass the efforts of any but the finest imaginations. One lingers on the spot fascinated by these gigantic images of beauty, and is very much tempted to become a sister or brother of those whose religion and zeal give them such wonderful power. There are a dozen confessionals in this church, and the fair penitents were numerous on the day of my visit. The Jesuits are building another church in the town, for which they are taxing the zeal of their followers to the utmost; they boast that it shall be surpassed by but one other in the world—that at whose high altar presides the sovereign Pontiff himself."

The writer is hardly correct here. The new Cathedral of St. Jacques, which is now in course of erection, is being built by subscription under the auspices of Bishop Bourget. When completed it will be, on a small scale, an exact counterpart of St. Peter's at Rome. (Ed. C. I. N.)

Kamouraska, it is expected, will be unusually well filled this year. Intending visitors will do well to consult Mrs. Smith's advertisement of the Albion House in another part of the paper.

We have learnt with great satisfaction that the manuscripts of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Discourses," together with the correspondence referring to his resignation of the Presidency of the Royal Academy, which were sold the other day, have been secured for the library of the Royal Academy, the most suitable place for such documents. The "Discourses" being in Reynolds' autograph, with his own alterations, corrections, and peculiar spelling, are invaluable, as proving that neither Johnson, Burke, Malone, nor any of the other persons to whom Sir Joshua's detractors have from time to time ascribed them, had any share in their composition.—*Athenæum*.





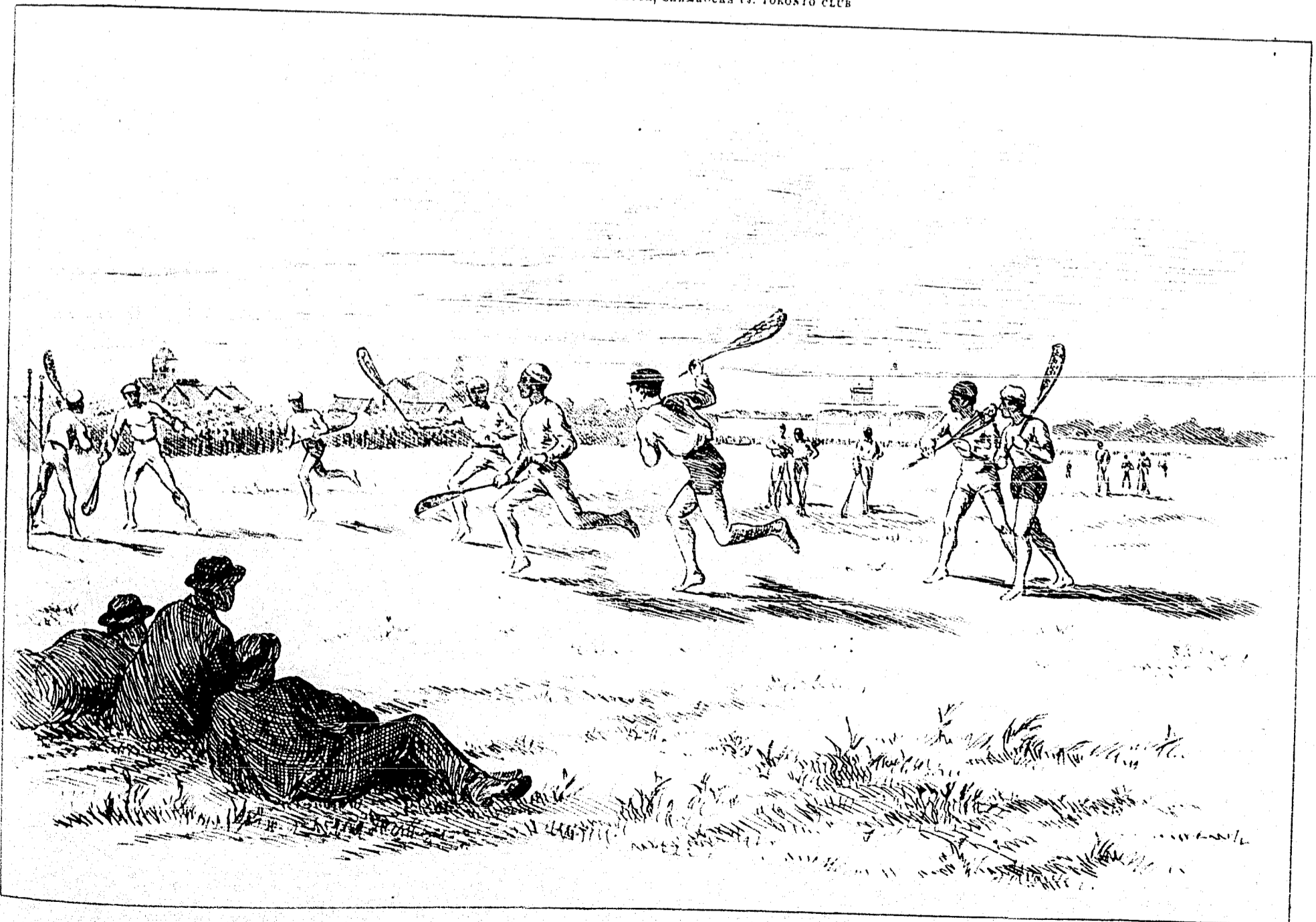
THE GODS OF MIRTH AND LOVE.

"Erycina ridens,  
 Quam Jocus circum volat et Cupido."  
*Horace, Ode I. 33.*  
 "Eryx, laughing queen,  
 Ringed by the hovering play of Mirth and Love."  
*Lord Lytton's Odes and Epodes of Horace.*

TORONTO.—SCENES AT THE LACROSSE MATCHES ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY.—FROM SKETCHES BY F. M. BELL SMITH.



THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH, SHAMROCKS VS. TORONTO CLUB



THE MATCH BETWEEN THE ST. REGIS AND CAUGHNAWAGA INDIANS.

## Miscellaneous.

A "Life Saving Society" has been organized in New York with the same object as the Royal Humane Society in England.

The Countess Teresa Spaur, in whose company, in 1848, Pius IX. fled in disguise from Rome to Gaeta, died a few days ago at Vienna.

A lady lately ordered of a London firm a silver cross, with five long sharp points on the inner side, for purposes of mortification, but when it was finished she did not like its looks, and it now forms part of a shop stock, and is a mortification to the maker.

The price of season tickets to the Vienna Exhibition is 100 florins (£10) for gentlemen, and 50 florins (£5) for ladies. On the opening day the admission was 25 florins (£2 10s.). On Sundays half-weekly tickets admit at a charge of 5 florins (10s.), while the daily admission is a florin (2s.).

A charming bit of gossip has been going the rounds about some of the amenities of the "Upper Ten" in Calcutta. The story runs that a lady called at a house, sent up her card, was admitted, paid the usual visit, and enjoyed the usual amount of small talk with the lady of the house. Returning home, she informed her husband where she had been, when that distinguished member of society at once wrote off to the "Occupant of the house No. — street," saying that his wife had called by mistake, and requesting the return of the card she left on visiting the lady of the said house. The husband of the lady visited, however, was equal to the occasion, for he replied that, on returning home and finding the card, he had looked at his wife's visiting list, and, not finding the name of the visitor, he had torn up the card, and was therefore unable to return it.

Considerable interest has been excited in Paris by the announcement of two Oriental marriages which are about to take place. One is between the Vicomte Charles de Thouais and a young Chinese lady, a convert to Christianity, and the adopted child of a French merchant of Canton. This gentleman brought his fair daughter back with him to France, and had her educated at a first-class school in Bordeaux. The young lady's name was In-Tse, but on her baptism she added that of Marie. The other projected marriage is still more remarkable. A Japanese dignitary, attached to the embassy now in Paris, Lakana by name, young, rich, and handsome, has asked and obtained the hand of Madlle. Hébert, the daughter of a wealthy coal merchant, now retired from business, and living in good style. The *fiancée* appears only to have stipulated that her suitor should embrace Catholicism, to which request he made no demur. The Japanese are naturally a religious people.

The Rev. S. W. Payne, chaplain, R.N., writes to the *London Guardian* that the Rev. W. J. Ancient was once a sailor on board H.M.S. Mars. He says: "I had a bible class for the men at night, and he was always there. On 'the paying off' of the ship he left the service to become a Scripture-reader for the R.N.S.R.S., and ultimately received Holy Orders. It is well for the realm to have before them the examples of the self-denial and indomitable pluck of young Denison and Bishops Selwyn and Patteson; but I can assure you that, taking into account all the difficulties he had to encounter on the lower deck of H.M.S. Mars amongst his shipmates, many of whom were ruffians from the slums of London—bounty men instead of men brought up in the service—considering all the difficulties and want of advantages, I say it is my belief that the Rev. W. J. Ancient deserves to be classed with our brightest modern saints, as well as to get the Royal Humane Society's medal."

The *Mémorial Diplomatique* gives the following interesting account of the density of population in the great centres of humanity throughout the globe. There are nine cities having a population exceeding one million souls, viz.: London, 3,251,000; Soochow, 2,900,000; Paris, 1,825,000; Peking, 1,648,000; Yeddo, 1,554,000; Canton, 1,235,000; Constantinople, 1,075,000; Shanghai, in the Province of Hunan, 1,000,000; and Tehan-tchao-foo, in the Province of Fokien, 1,000,000. It will be seen that although London holds the first place, the Chinese Empire can still boast of possessing more populous cities than all the civilized States of the West. The number of cities possessing a population ranging from above half a million up to a million is twelve, viz.: New York, Vienna, Berlin, Hang-kaow, Philadelphia, St. Petersburg, Bombay, Calcutta, Fowchow, Teh-bing, Bangkok and Kioto. Twenty cities have a population of from 300,000 to 400,000 inhabitants, thirty-three of from 200,000 to 300,000, and ninety of from 100,000 to 200,000 inhabitants. Europe alone possesses one hundred and seventy-one cities containing more than 50,000 inhabitants, at the head of which stands London, Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

The *Cologne Gazette* says that it has now been definitely settled to carry out the long contemplated project of a canal between the North Sea and the Baltic. This canal forms an essential element in the Government proposal for the development of the German naval forces, as one of its branches is to proceed to Kiel, and it is the chief means by which the Admiralty hopes to restrict the number of ships of war; for if the canal is not constructed it will be necessary to have two fleets instead of one. The canal is to begin at St. Margatthen, and pass by Rendsburg to the bay of Eckernförde. The Kiel branch will be partly formed of the old Eider canal, and terminate at the bay of Wyk. The depth of these canals will be 30 feet, or 1 foot more than is necessary for the largest ironclads. The works will not be begun until the year 1875, and it is believed that it will take eight years to construct the main canal. The cause of this delay is said to be that the naval harbour of Wilhelmshafen and the fortifications on the Elbe, Weser, and Jade will not be completed until 1883. The project of making naval harbours at Oxhoft and in the islands of Rugen and Alsen has been abandoned, but the harbours of Swinemünde and Danzig are to be improved. They will, however, not be more than 20 feet deep, so that a large ironclad will not be able to enter them.

The approaching 17th of June will be, according to Marquette's journal, the two hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi. In St. Louis, and possibly elsewhere on the line of that historic river, it is proposed to commemorate the event in some suitable manner. On the 10th of June, 1673, it is said, Marquette and Joliet, priest and merchant, attended by five other Frenchmen and two Indians, left Green Bay for the south-west. They ascended the Fox River in canoes to the dividing ridge between it and the Wisconsin. Carrying their light canoes on their shoulders across the "divide," they launched them upon the Wisconsin. All but Marquette and Joliet returned to Green Bay. The heroic priest and merchant descended the newly discovered river, and on the 17th of June, 1673, they glided out of the Wisconsin upon the bosom of the Upper Mississippi, "with a joy," says the discoverer, "that I cannot express." Thence they pursued their explorations to the mouth of the Arkansas River, and returning by the way of the Illinois River, arrived at their settlement on Green Bay on the 1st of September. "And now," says the St. Louis *Republican*, "after a lapse of two hundred years, after the wilderness they found has been converted into fields and gardens, after the wigwam villages have faded away, and the shadows of mighty cities

fall upon the waters of the stream they found flowing through trackless wilds, it is proposed to revive the half-forgotten memories of Marquette and Joliet, and erect some suitable memorial which shall preserve their fame until the latest times."

His Majesty the Shah of Persia, who is now visiting Europe, was born in the year 1829. His name is Nasir-ed-Din, or, as given more phonetically some years ago, "Nasir ud Deen Shah, Kajar, Es Sultana el Khakan;" and he succeeded to the throne of Persia, September 10, 1848, when only eighteen years of age. He is a son of the late King, Mahommed Shah, grandson of the famous Prince Abbas Mirza (the Crown Prince), whose premature death in 1833 was a great loss to his country and people, and great-grandson of Fetteh Ali Shah. His mother is a Princess of the Royal Family of Persia. According to the *Statesman's Year Book*, his Majesty has two children, Muzaffer-ed-Din, heir apparent, who was born in the year 1850, and Djilal-ed-Daulah, born three years later. When, however, we call the former "heir apparent" it must be remembered that it is within the power of Persian monarchs to alter or overrule the existing law of presumable succession, and disregarding the natural heir, to bequeath their crown to any member of their family. The Shah, or, to call him by his full formal title, "Shah-in-Shah" (that is, "King of Kings"), is absolute ruler within his dominions, and sole master of the lives and goods of all his subjects, both high and low. The whole revenue of the country being at their disposal, recent sovereigns of Persia have been able to amass large fortunes. That of the present occupant of the throne is estimated by Mr. Martin, as amounting, if reports be true, to four millions sterling, one half of which is represented by diamonds, the largest of which, of 178 carats, and known as the Derya-el-Noor, forms, with other precious stones, part of the crown jewels.

## Art and Literature.

"Ginx's Baby" has been translated into Italian.

A movement has been made by the friends of Mr. G. Cruikshank, the artist, to procure for him the honour of knighthood.

It is stated that the present Lord Lytton, better known by his name in literature, Owen Meredith, will probably write his father's life.

Professor Vambery intends shortly to visit London, and will probably give public lectures while there on "Khiva and the Turkomans."

Mr. John Stuart Mill, it is said, has left several completed works ready for the press, including an autobiographical memoir brought up to a late date.

A new professional weekly newspaper will be issued very shortly in England. It will devote itself exclusively to naval subjects, and will be called *The Navy*.

It is announced by the *Echo* that Mr. Charles Reade has brought an action against the proprietor of the *London Figaro* for an article published in that journal last May.

According to the Florence correspondent of the *Journal de Bruxelles*, M. Emile Olivier is now at Florence, where he is engaged in the task of writing a history of Machiavelli.

The Empress of Germany has offered two prizes of 2,000 thalers each, on the occasion of the opening of the Vienna Exhibition, for the best handbook of military surgery, and the best work on the Geneva Convention.

A portrait of Cromwell, by Gays, was purchased recently by M. Thiers, at the sale of the collection of the late Count d'Espagnac, for the moderate sum of 5,500f. The President had given orders to his agent to go as far as 15,000f.

The copyrights of all the published and unpublished works of the late Lord Lytton have been purchased by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, who are about to issue an entirely new uniform edition of them in monthly volumes. Among the unpublished works are a novel and a play.

Mr. Motley has in the press a biographical-historical work, "The Life and Death of John of Barneveldt," including the history of the primary causes of the Thirty Years' War. Barneveldt was the chief of the mission who came over from the Low Countries to beg Queen Elizabeth to help the Protestants there.

The new volume of the Duke of Wellington's correspondence will deal with one of the most important periods in the political career of the great duke, including the war between Russia and Turkey, the agitation about Catholic Emancipation, the election of O'Connell, the duel between the duke and Lord Winchelsea, and the affairs of Portugal.

A proposal has, it is stated, been made to issue the works of Mr. Dickens in Welsh, and Messrs. Chapman & Hall have provisionally accepted it. The first issues are to consist of "Oliver Twist" and "David Copperfield," with illustrations.—Messrs. Chapman & Hall have since published a card, stating that they know nothing of the arrangement.

The *Guardian* states that it is in contemplation to issue an illustrated edition of the "Christian Year." A similar project was more than once proposed to Mr. Keble, and he strongly objected to it; in fact, he disapproved of the publication of a small volume of pictures which had been prepared as illustrations of some of the single verses of his poems.

It is reported that during the recent quarrel between rival sects in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the Greeks destroyed two of Murillo's most celebrated pictures—"The Nativity" and "The Adoration of the Magi." There is reason to fear that, as they were sent to Bethlehem as soon as they had been painted, no copies have ever been taken.

Mr. Moncreux Conway is preparing for publication a work of very considerable interest. It is an Anthology of Sacred Literature. It will consist of extracts from the sacred writings of various nations, such as the Vedas, and the books of Menu, Zoroaster, and Confucius, and also selections from the Bible. The whole will be contained in one volume, published by Trubner.

A London clergyman, a book-collector, two or three years ago, had the fortune to pick out of a heap of volumes, "all for fourpence," a Greek Testament, presented by John Newton, of St. Mary Woolnoth, to William Cowper. This interesting volume bears Newton's name, an original verse of his and Cowper's, with plate. The same gentleman was fortunate enough, still more recently, to purchase from a lot of books, "all for two pence," the copy of the Latin translation of Aristotle's *Politics*—"Jovichtno Perionio Benedictino Cornartaceno interprete," Lugdun, MDLVI, which belonged once to Queen Elizabeth, and which still bears marks in the penning of careful reading.

Mr. Browning's new and heavy poem, the "Red Cotton Night-cap Country," is based upon a recent tragic incident in Brittany. Its language is less crabbed and hazy perhaps than that of some of the author's previous works. A young Frenchman becomes passionately in love with one of those ayrens whose home is Paris, by name Clara de Millie-deurs. His life has before been

quiet, respectable, and even marked by devotion to religion. He had a mother whom he revered, and who had trained him with the utmost care. She tries to win him back to her, but the spell is too strong. His mother dies with grief. Then follows a struggle between remorse and the influence of the consuming passion. At last the man becomes a narrow, gloomy dwarf, and throws himself from the tower in a fit of fanaticism and despair.

A collection of antiquities, of far greater value than those which were recently found at Cyprus, has been in part deposited in the British Museum. The collection consists of 21 pieces of sculpture in marble or stone, 173 bronzes, 108 terra-cottas, 100 vases, 11 ivories, and 22 ancient ambers. Among the marbles is a head of Hera, found at Agrigento, of colossal size and of Greek work, meriting a place beside the head of Eusebius, that unsurpassed type of ideal beauty now in the Museum. The bronzes include a seated male figure from Tarentum, of matchless beauty, worthy of comparison with the Thesous of the Parthenon, which the attitude of the figure strikingly recalls. Another bronze, of exquisite beauty, is a strigil from Preneste. The terra-cottas include several new types of very graceful female figures, and four very remarkable actors of the ancient Roman stage. A further collection is on its road to England. It includes a bronze head of Venus, of heroic size, in the noblest style of Greek art—probably the finest work, next to the marbles of the Parthenon, yet known; it was found in Thessaly, and dates from a period lasting, perhaps, from Phidias, but not later than Scopos. There is also an Etruscan terra-cotta sarcophagus from Cervetri, a pendant to the celebrated one in the Louvre, from the Campana collection, but having a long Etruscan inscription. Mr. Newton has reported to the Museum trustees and the Government in favour of the purchase of these valuable relics.

## Music and the Drama.

Edwin Booth is studying "King Lear."

Lille Eldridge will not play during the summer.

Lord Lytton's posthumous play is entitled "The Captive."

Mlle. Arnal is studying the part of *Schiz* in the "Africaine," in Paris.

It is said that Miss Minnie Hauck will return to America this year.

Mr. Sothern has been playing during the week at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Signor Mario is now in London, and it is said that he will again appear on the stage.

The Seguin English Opera Troupe has returned to New York and disbanded for the season.

The Welsh Festival at Mold will be held on the 5th of August and three following days.

The success of the Cincinnati Festival was so great that another is announced for 1875.

A machine for stereographing music as it is played on the piano, is being exhibited at Vienna.

The nightly receipts for the Patti performances at the Vienna Opera House averaged 20,000 francs.

The fourth Gospel set to music has been found among some fourteenth-century relics in Holland.

The statement that M. Gounod will produce his opera, "Polyeucte," at Vienna, is contradicted.

Boucault's new piece, "Mora, or the Golden Fetters," opens the summer season at Wallack's Theatre, New York.

A new opera in five acts, entitled "Raphael," by M. Gounod Bellini, has been brought out at the Athénée at Paris.

Mme. Adelina Patti gave nineteen performances at Vienna, the aggregate proceeds of which amounted to £11,000.

On account of the failure of "A Business Woman," Olive Logan has decided not to write for the stage any more.

Buckley T. Benton, owner of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, committed suicide last week by shooting himself through the heart.

Mme. Schneider made her rentrée at the Paris Variétés early last month in M. Hervé's new opera, "La Veuve du Malabar."

A new music school is to be established in London under the title of the "National Academy for the higher development of Pianoforte playing in England."

M. Gounod is engaged on the music for a new drama, having "Joan of Arc" for its subject. The music will consist of twelve choruses, two marches, three songs, and a dance piece.

A Milan correspondent, speaking of the representation of Wagner's "Lohengrin" in that city, relates that Mme. Krauss and Edelsberg were terrified at the clamor, whilst the famous orchestra of the Scala showed too plainly their dislike of the music.

The *Gazette Musicale* states that the Messrs. Strakosch will take the following artists to America in the autumn: Mmes. Nilsson and Torriani; Signors Campanini, Caponi, Buonfratelli, Maurel, Del Puente, Mannetti, and Scobari; chef d'orchestre, Signor Arditi.

Here are the prices for thirty-five subscription opera nights at the Drury Lane Theatre, London: Boxes on Second Tier, for four persons, 80 guineas; ditto on First Tier, 180 guineas; ditto on Grand Tier, 220 guineas; ditto on Pit Tier, 200 guineas; Orchestra Stalls, each 30 guineas; Dress Circle seats, reserved, 15 guineas.

Mellhae and Halevy, the well-known authors of "La Grande Duchesse," "La Belle Héloïse," etc., have a piece ready for rehearsal at the French Comedy, Paris, and are writing a three-act comedy for the Gymnase, a three-act play for the Variétés, a three-act farce for the Palace Royal, and a five-act drama for the Ambigu.

A number of admirers of the great tenor Mario, at St. Petersburg, Russia, have formed a fund, the interest of which is to be devoted to a Mario Scholarship for young tenors at the Conservatoire de Musique. Mario, being touched by this compliment, has presented to the founders two original life-size paintings, one of himself as Don Juan, the other of Julia Grisi as Donna Anna.

Mme. Adelina Patti made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, London, as *Rosina* in "Il Barbiere," in the week ending the 17th ult. On the Monday of that week "Masaniello" was produced for the first time in London for six years. At Her Majesty's Nilsson has been appearing in "Faust" and "La Traviata," and Madlle. Tithens and Hma de Murska in "Les Huguenots."

Corrier des James.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

THE FASHION PLATE.

We copy Figs. 1 to 7 from the Queen, the English Ladies' Newspaper.

FIG. 1.—POINT LACE FAN.—This fan is of modern point lace and lined with mauve silk. The sticks are ivory and gilt; the tassels mauve silk and gold thread.

FIG. 2.—WHITE SILK PAINTED FAN.—The sticks are ivory and gold. The white silk leaves are painted with a wreath of bright flowers. Tips of marabout feather border the leaves.

FIG. 3.—WHITE SATIN FAN.—The sticks are black and lacquered, and the leaves are decorated with gold and silver rings. Black lace is added round the edge of the fan.

FIG. 4.—THE MARQUISE SASH.—This sash is made of rich grosgrain, striped with white and maroon alternately; the four ends—two long and two short—are cut in pointed points. The traverse at the top is composed of the same ribbon; a white and maroon mossy fringe edges the ends.

FIG. 5.—HAIR AND THROAT BOWS.—The air bow is composed of three loops of green faille, one above the other, and two narrow-plaited traverses, one horizontal and the other diagonal. The neck bow corresponds.

FIG. 6.—BOWS FOR HAIR AND THROAT.—The bow for throat is composed of two shades of blue ribbon. The single fringed end is embroidered with a spray of roses in natural colours. The hair bow is likewise made with two shades of blue ribbon, and a hair pin is inserted in the stiff net on which the loops are mounted.

FIG. 7.—WAIST HOOK FOR UMBRELLA OR PARASOL.—This small instrument is very useful both for an umbrella and a parasol, but more especially for the former, as during the winter the hands are usually encumbered with the muff. The hook is inserted in the waist-land, and the chain attached to it terminates with a snap. These chains are made in gilt, steel, and silver.

FIG. 8.—BUFF PONGEE DRESS.—This dress is made of buff pongee. The trimming consists of a kilt-pleated flounce and gathered ruffles of the material, and of tabs, folds, and revers of brown gros grain. Tucked Swiss muslin collar and sleeves.

FIG. 9.—GROS GRAIN DRESS IN TWO SHADES OF BROWN.—This dress is made of gros grain in two shades of brown, and consists of a skirt and basque-waist. The skirt is trimmed in front with box-pleated ruffles of dark and light material and with bows of the latter. The back of the skirt is trimmed with wide gathered ruffles of dark brown gros grain edged with narrow ruffles of the same, which are bound with light gros grain. The waist of dark brown gros grain is trimmed with ruffles to match the skirt, and with revers and bows of light material. Tucked Swiss muslin fraise and under-sleeves.

ON ARRANGING PHOTOGRAPHS.

Some little time ago, when the monogram mania was at its height, several ingenious and very pretty designs were invented for the arrangement of crests, &c.; and I think a few of these, with a slight alteration, might be adapted for photographs. This idea may have occurred to anyone possessing a collection of this kind; but if not, it will be found useful for giving hints and aiding the imagination. I had a large collection, and have found it very lucrative in providing me with ideas for the arrangement of my cartes, &c. For instance, pages containing military monograms had often groups of banners, swords, guns, and other warlike emblems, and naval ones, anchors, cables, &c.; and what could be more appropriate for these sort of photographs than designs like these? I may add that for a naval or military carte it looks very well to arrange it in the centre of a page, as if it was lying on a flag, with the pole on one side, and the flag furling down on the other side. Several flags might be arranged much in the same way. For naval ones, shells, coral, seaweed, &c., look well. For large cartes, cabinet or otherwise, it has a good effect to outline the frame in strong broad lines, and draw a flower or a group of flowers on one side, a large rose with buds and leaves, a spray of lilies or convolvulus, or jessamine, a cluster of currants, or a bunch of grapes. A few leaves might wander along the outline, or it is apt to look hard and stiff. Or again, the photograph placed in the centre of the page, but rather high up, with long leaves and stalks surrounding and emerging from underneath it, and below a little sketch of some kind, or even figures in miniature. Long stalked leaves are very graceful and effective if well grouped, and a foreground of weeds, wild plants, and a few stones add to the general effect. Arum lilies can be arranged in the same way, or bullrushes and other tall water plants, with water in the foreground, and perhaps some water lilies. Wreaths and sprays of flowers always look well, whether

in water colours or pen and ink. A most effective way of etching round a carte is to imitate lace. It is not very difficult, though requiring patience (for it takes some time) and delicate penmanship. Place the photograph in the centre, leave a space of card between that and your etching, and the effect is as if you have thrown it down on a lace pocket-handkerchief. Peacocks' feathers, in ink or colours, look well, and other sorts of feathers may be made use of; a few thrown down carelessly, or tied together with a ribbon bow. Cartes cut into small ovals or rounds, and arranged in a circle, with twigs twisted in and out, and a spray of small flowers between each, look well; so they do, cut into the shape of a locket, surrounded by some sort of fancy setting, and suspended on a ribbon or chain. Several might be arranged thus, as it is now so fashionable to see many large pendants on a velvet round a lady's neck. A brooch in the centre, and a pair of earrings, all having faces set in them, would complete the suite, and make an effective page. A fan looks very well in an album, and is particularly suitable for cartes the corners of which may be damaged in any way. It should be more than half opened, with the larger cartes arranged first in ovals or medallions, with the smaller ones lower down in little patterns designed for them, and one or two very small ones inserted in ovals in the outside stick. The best way to arrange this is to open a real fan before you and copy from it, colouring it in sepia or Indian ink, as you please, and adding Chinese white to mark out the pattern and give brilliancy to the picture. Sepia is very effective, and shows up photographs well. I have seen a few cartes, each one a little over the other, arranged fan shape, with a real bow of ribbon gummed on, and as flat as possible; also small feathers in the same way. There is a very original and amusing way of arranging cartes by cutting off the heads and etching bodies to them; also of cutting out the whole figure, arranging them in groups, and etching on painting in neutral tints a background. A great deal of originality and ingenuity may be brought out in this way. Croquet parties, drawing-room gatherings, and groups of all kinds can be designed. Very pretty hand screens can be made with cartes arranged and gummed on. I once saw a large screen composed entirely of cartes. There were, as far as I can remember, four divisions—one for friends and family, another for acquaintances, one for royal personages, and the last for notoriety and celebrities of all kinds. It was not exactly pretty, but it was curious, and had been a great source of interest to the collector. Little labels for inserting in the apertures for cartes are very desirable. They are simple to make, and can be cut out in various shapes and sizes. An edging of gold or colour, or both, finishes them off, and then you write the name in the centre. You take a piece of paper, mark the length and breadth you require, and then draw the shape, which you afterwards cut out with a pair of scissors. You then double it, and insert the plain half into the aperture, leaving the little label outside. These labels can be removed of course at will if the carte is moved; whereas, if the name is written on the page under the carte, there it must remain always, unless scratched out. These labels are to be bought now, I believe, at stationers in packets and of various shapes; but it is so very easy to make them, that it is a pleasant occupation; and even if they are simply cut out in paper, and not coloured or ornamented at all, they are neat little additions to a page. For cabinet photographs they should be larger.—Queen.

ON DINNER PARTIES.

Eating is a necessity of life; beasts also eat; but man, civilised man, alone dines. The main argument for a dinner party I think consists in the fact that, as everybody must necessarily eat to live, it is as well to make the operation as pleasing as possible. In this alone consists the *raison d'être* of a dinner party. Well then, granted that dinner is a necessity in civilised society, if dinner can be rendered a pleasure, it needs no philosopher to tell us that by extracting a pleasure from a necessity we are doing our best to make life pleasant. Therefore, it is because we wish to make life pleasant that when we eat we prefer, if possible, to enjoy one another's society, i.e., we dine. There is no one who does not think but that it would be very nice if he could ask three or four friends to dine with him at his house occasionally. My remarks must be taken to apply only to small houses.

"Have a dinner party! well I never," replies Mrs. Blank; "good gracious, what are you thinking of? With such servants as we have too! Well, I never!" Consequently, poor Blank shuts up, sighing over the departure of the phantoms of enjoyment which Mrs. Blank has so cruelly exercised. Poor Mrs. Blank generally eats at home, but occasionally he dines, that is when he is at his club or is staying in some hotel. There is no earthly reason why visions of untold extravagance should rise in the mind of poor Mrs. Blank on the suggestion of a dinner party, the thing is the simplest thing in the world. Mr. Blank's friends may be *bedded* like princes, and without

any great extravagance, if only Mrs. Blank would be reasonable and not become frightened at the very idea of the thing; but Mr. Blank must not expect such a dinner as he could get at his club.

A leg of mutton and a rice pudding would not do for a dinner party. True; but then it is easy to have such dishes as would be suitable, and a leg of mutton and rice pudding are not the sole *plats* which are within the cognisance of even the most unsophisticated *ordon bleu*. Let Mrs. Blank not attempt too much, and confine the *menu* to simple but elegant and *recherché* dishes, and I warrant Mr. Blank's friends will find no fault with the dinner. For instance, soup, perchance, is beyond the capacity of that embodiment of culinary ignorance, Mrs. Blank's cook; buy it in a tin already made. A little fish may surely without danger be attempted. Then we will have the proverbial leg of mutton; it will be found as toothsome as the best of venison, if Mrs. Blank will hang it in her cellar for a few days after it comes from the butcher's; and the rice pudding, too, we will utilise, only instead of baking we will boil the rice till it is smashesy, then we will put it into a mould, and turn it out on a dish, proceeding to adorn it with two different coloured jams, and surrounding it with a sea of boiled custard. Perhaps Mrs. Blank will make a rhubarb tart, or the confectioner will supply one. Mr. Blank will see to the wines. Where is the difficulty in a little dinner party of this description? But it must be truly a little dinner party; large dinner parties are a grand mistake, and of course can never be attempted by Mrs. Blank. The theory of the art of dining is simple, and its development practically is remarkably facile, as I hope eventually to be able to explain. The grand idea of the mistress should be not to attempt too much, it is not necessary; for badly served and badly cooked elaborate dinners are not so pleasing as simple, plain, good food, selected and prepared with refinement and taste. A just appreciation of the necessary qualifications of a good dinner would rather suggest a simple, but elegant repast, than a costly grandiloquent *menu*, unaccompanied by the necessary accessories of wealth and state.—*Land and Water*.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The names of Lieut.-Colonel Masson, M.P. for Terrebonne, and of Lieut.-Colonel Bellrose, M.P. for Laval, are mentioned in connection with the vacancy in the Cabinet, caused by the death of Sir George Cartier. The fifth annual sitting of the Catholic Provincial Council took place at Quebec on the 25th ult. The terms offered to Prince Edward's Island on entering the Union have been accepted by the Legislature of the Province. A Committee of the Dominion Rifle Association met at Ottawa, Tuesday, for the purpose of selecting the marksmen who are to compose the next Wimbledon team. As previously announced, Lt.-Col. B. L. Peters, of St. John, N. B., will command the team. Major Otter, of the Queen's Own, Toronto, being second in command. The team will assemble in Quebec on 29th June and sail for their destination by the "Prussian," on the following day. The Rajah of Kolapore's challenge cups, won by the Canadians at the last match, were sent to England last week, in order to be competed for at the coming match. The Ontario Synod met at Kingston on Tuesday. The By-law granting a bonus of \$10,000 to the Montreal, Chambly and Sorel Railway has been unanimously approved by the tax-payers of the Corporation of Chambly Basin. Nearly \$9,000 have been subscribed in Halifax, Pictou, and New Glasgow, for the relief of the widows and orphans of Westville. The Government having abandoned the intention of sending volunteers from a distance, to attend Sir George Cartier's funeral, the officers of the Guards have tendered the services of the splendid band of the regiment to be sent at their own expense. A proclamation made on Saturday provides that the Act for the establishment of the Department of the Interior shall come into force at the expiration of a month from the publication of such proclamation. Hon. Joseph Howe, Lt.-Governor of Nova Scotia, died on Sunday morning at Halifax. A telegram from Gaspé announces the death by drowning of Captain Leblanc and three men of the Government schooner "La Canadienne."

THE UNITED STATES.—The pioneer party of the Oriental Topographical Corps from New York, for the exploration of the Bible Lands, have gone from Egypt to Syria and Asia Minor. A scale photograph of the Nile, devised by one of the corps, has been taken, which it is claimed will definitely settle the vexed cubit question. The New York Sun gives details of an alleged scheme for annexing to the United States Chihuahua and Sonora with 243,000 square miles and 300,000 of a population, adding that the scheme was projected by General Butler and Colonel Thos. Scott, and that it is favoured by the President. Four thousand immigrants arrived in New York on Wednesday week. A Newfoundland despatch to New York says the Newfoundland Government have notified the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Co., that they will abandon their pre-emptive right if the Company will abandon their monopoly of landing the cables on Newfoundland, if not, they will exercise

their pre-emptive right.—Friday last being Decoration Day of the soldiers' graves, it was generally observed as a holiday throughout the country, all banks and post offices being closed. A special says the Counsel for the defendants in the Credit Mobilier suit will, in a few weeks, file a demurrer to the bill in Equity taking the ground that the Act under which the bill is drawn is unconstitutional, and that Congress cannot enact for the benefit of the Government what is denied to individual suitors. This will carry the case to the Supreme Court where the whole question will be argued, and the validity of the Act determined. Those familiar with the case think that this objection of the defendants may quash further proceedings.—President Grant has been sent for to see his father, who is dangerously ill.—Boston has been visited by another devastating fire which has laid in ashes a rich and populous portion of the city, and caused a loss of many millions.—George Francis Train left on Saturday for Europe, after instituting proceedings for fifty thousand dollars damages each against Surgeon-General Hammond, Doctors Clymer, Parsons, Andrews, and Cross, for malicious libel. He also begins suits against William E. Dodge, Morris K. Joseph, Anthony Constock, Judge Davis and others, whom he charges were instrumental in keeping him in prison.—Whitlaw Reid acknowledges subscriptions, through him, to the Greeley statue fund of \$10,683.—An effort is being made to effect a settlement with the creditors of the late banking house of Bowles Bros., by the payment of 50 per cent of indebtedness, free of expense, to the creditors.—A reward of \$300,000 is dependent on the extradition of MacDonnell, the alleged Bank of England forger, and in whose behalf two writs of *habeas corpus* have been obtained.—The investigation into the frauds said to have been committed by the American Commission to Vienna, has ended in the acquittal of the accused commissioner and his reinstatement in his office.—The United States Government approves, it is said, of Colonel Mackenzie's pursuit of an Indian band on Mexican territory, and will propose an arrangement to put a stop to Indian depredations on the frontier.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.—In the House of Commons on the 26th ult., in Committee of Supply on the item for the payment of the Alabama award, Mr. Bentinck declared the Government policy on this question had been humiliating and degrading. The Government should have broken off negotiations at the time when no sense of shame would have been left England. This arbitration, was the greatest monument of human folly. It could not be considered otherwise than as a national degradation. Sir Stafford Northcote admitted that during the negotiations of the treaty he had not examined the consequences for British subjects of fixing the end of the war at Lee's surrender. Mr. Gladstone said the advancement of the indirect claims by the American Government was a gigantic error. In all other respects he defended the course the arbitration had taken. The debate here closed, and the item was agreed to.—The House adjourned on the Derby Day (the 5th) notwithstanding a vigorous protest from Mr. Thomas Hughes.—Austin Bidwell, the alleged forger, was brought up at Guildhall, last week, and formal testimony was taken establishing his identity, and he was remanded to jail.—In the libel case of O'Keefe vs. Archbishop Cullen, the plaintiff was awarded one farthing damages.—A bill has been filed in Chancery against the Anglo-American Cable Company to prevent the amalgamation of its stock with that of the Newfoundland and French Atlantic Telegraph Companies.—The manufacturers of Wolverhampton are importing iron from the United States, in consequence of the exorbitant rates at which native productions are held.—At the dinner of the Royal Literary Society in London, last week, the toast: "The Literature of the United States" was proposed and duly honoured. Mr. Motley, in responding, said he considered the literary men of both countries as fellow-citizens of the great English-speaking Republic.—Sir James Duke, Lord Mayor of London, in 1848, and for many years member of Parliament for Boston and London, died on the 28th ult., aged 83 years.—The run for the Derby stakes took place on Wednesday week, and was won by "Doncaster," "Kaiser" and "Gang Forward" coming in second. Immense crowds were present. Numerous accidents were caused by the running away of horses, falling of stands, and pressure of great crowds. Three persons were killed, and several others quite seriously injured.

FRANCE.—The new French Government has resolved to adopt a free trade policy, and also to reduce the military expenditures.—M. Thiers will resume his literary labours.—The opinion prevails in Berlin, that President McMahon will prove a counterpart of General Monk, the restorer of the House of Stuart to the English throne, and that his election heralds Legitimist restoration in France.—The new Government of France proposes to abandon the Commercial Treaty with England.—It is reported the Bank of France will advance the funds necessary to complete the payment of the war indemnity, and the evacuation of the French Territory by the German troops will follow immediately.—The Orleanists having refused to coalesce with the Legitimists and, also, with the Bonapartists, are said to have made propositions to the party of the Left-Centre, or moderate Republicans, but without success.—It is reported that Marquis de Bonneville, Ambassador of France at Vienna, will be recalled.—The Assembly on the 30th ult., voted to rebuild the column of Vendôme, and adjourned until the 5th June.

GERMANY.—The reception of the Shah of Persia in Berlin was the occasion of a great popular and military demonstration.

ITALY.—The Pope in a recent speech declared

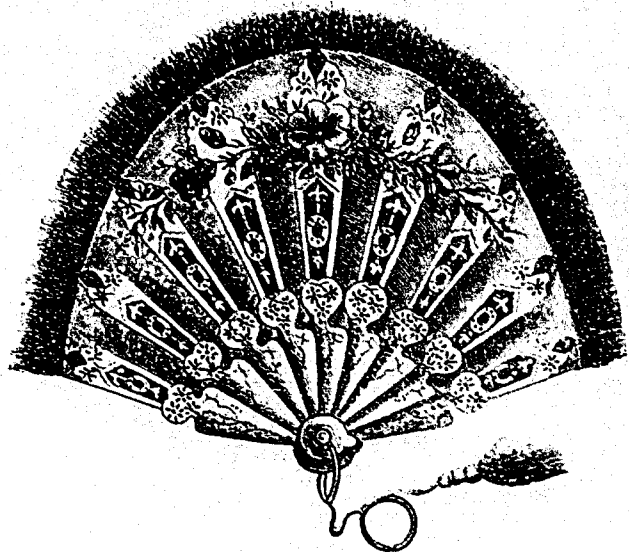


FIG. 2.—White Silk Painted Fan.



FIG. 1.—Point Lace Fan.

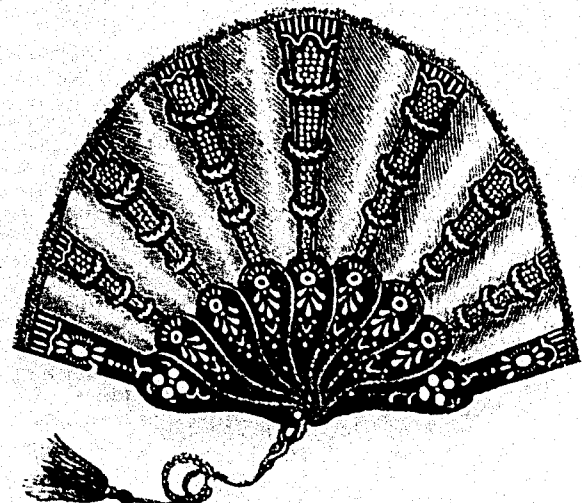


FIG. 3.—White Satin Fan.



FIG. 5.—Hair and Throat Bows.



FIG. 4.—The Marquise Sash.

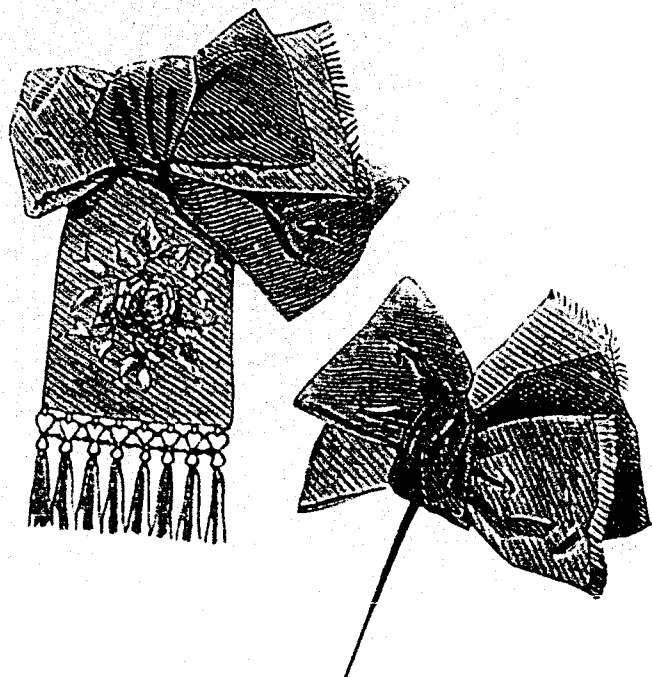


FIG. 6.—Bows for Hair and Throat.



FIG. 8.—Buff Pongee Dress.

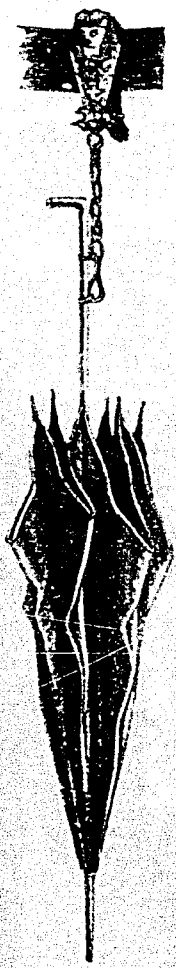
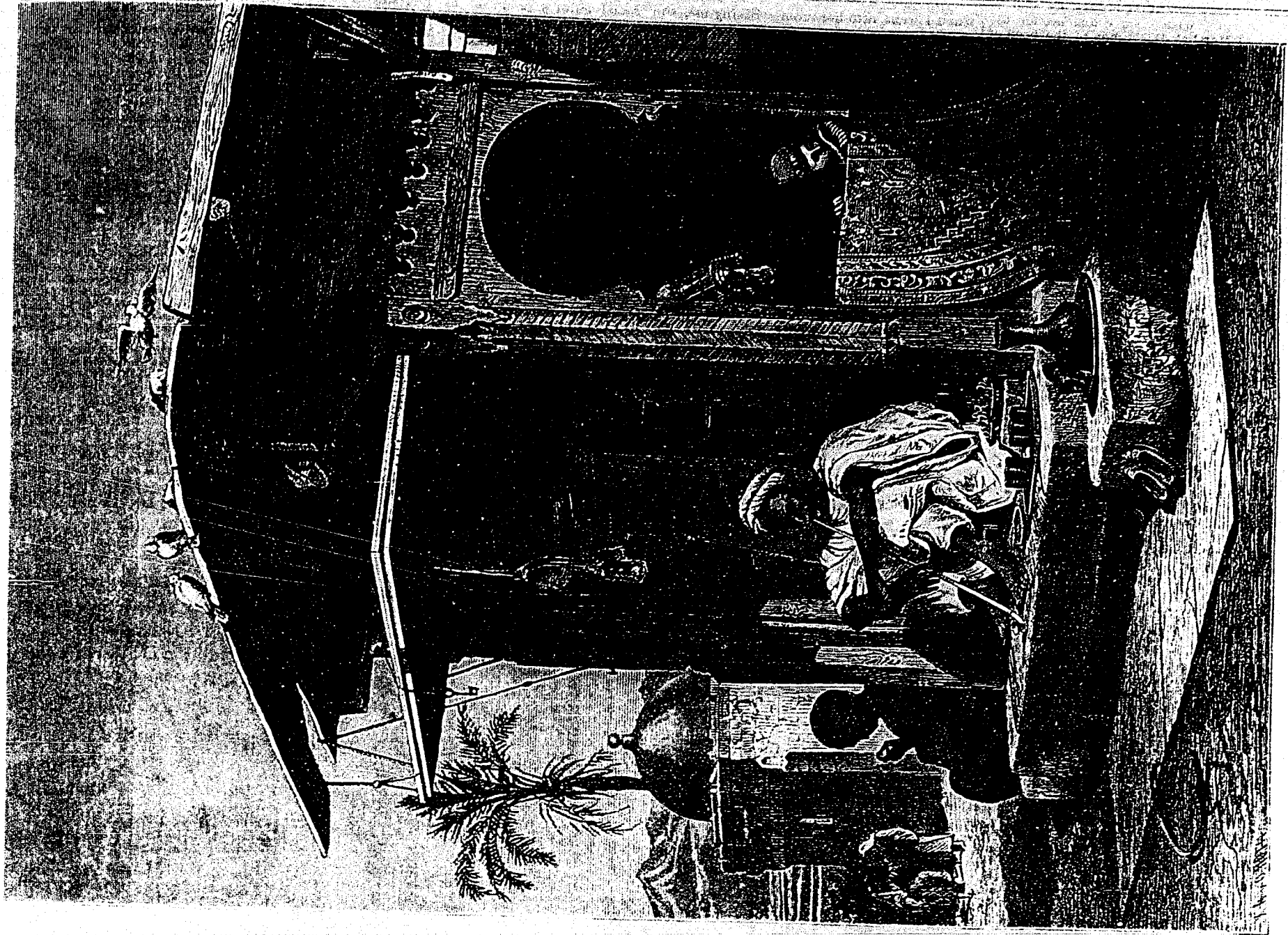


FIG. 7.—Waist Hook for Umbrella.



FIG. 9.—Gros Grain Dress in Two Shades of Brown.

SUMMER FASHIONS.



A MONEY CHANGERS STALL IN UPPER EGYPT.



"CAN'T DO IT!"

that he had ever prayed for France, but that he would now pray with great confidence for the election of Marshal MacMahon to the head of that country; it was a guarantee of order and justice and a safeguard to civilization, which was menaced on all sides.—The Chamber of Deputies has finally passed the bill for the abolition of religious corporations.

RUSSIA.—A correspondent with the Russian expedition against Khiva says the two columns of General Kaufman's command, proceeding from the east, are about to meet in the Boukan Hills. The Orenburg and Mangishlaki column have approached near enough to each other to establish communications.

TURKEY.—Two serious conflagrations have taken place at Constantinople.

SPAIN.—Bradlaugh has again been seized by the Carlists and released.—The *Gaceta* promulgates a decree which prohibits the granting hereafter the use in official documents of titles of nobility.—The Republicans have sent deputations to Espartero urging him to accept the Presidency.—The Spanish Government has authorized the creation of another society for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico.—The Constituent Cortes assembled at Madrid on Saturday. A policy of order was promised. Spain was not concerned with any revolution in other European States, and did not seek territorial aggrandizement. The abolition of slavery in Cuba was also promised, and the separation of Church and State advocated.—Advices from the vicinity of Lograno represent that a great battle between Carlists and Republicans is on the point of taking place.—Admiral Topete has been released from imprisonment.—The tax-payers of Nubiu, Catalonia, have refused to pay the contribution levied on them for putting fortifications in the State's defense. The authorities have taken energetic measures to compel them to pay, and threaten to expel all who refuse from their homes, and wall up the doors and windows.

The Government Army of the North, commanded by General Moukilas, have received reinforcements and marched for Calaf, a town 46 miles north-west of Barcelona, in pursuit of the Carlists, under Tristany.—The Carlists are blockading Manresa in the Province of Barcelona. Work is suspended in the manufactures of the town, the insurgents having cut the canal which furnishes water power.

MEXICO.—Mexico city advices report that the people are dying off like sheep with small-pox, in the State of Hidalgo; 190 deaths are reported in the small village of Liqueña alone.

CUBA.—The Cubans claim to have won another substantial victory on the 5th ult. over a Spanish column near Puerto Principe, Col. Abriel commanding, and a number of his men were killed.

SOUTH AMERICA.—The budget of the Brazilian Minister of Finance reports a surplus of \$3,143,750.—A revolution has broken out in Entre Rios, a Province of the Argentine Republic. Lopez Jourdan was at the head of the rebels. He took possession of the towns of Zulequay, Vittoria and Calon, but subsequently met with a check at the hands of the Argentine forces. At last accounts the Government was concentrating the troops to crush out the insurrection.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868.]

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—Mablethorpe House.

EPILOGUE.—(Concluded.)

FOURTH EXTRACT.

"I have met with the man for my purpose—an old college friend of mine, now partner in a firm of shipowners, largely concerned in emigration.

"One of their vessels sails for America, from the port of London, in a fortnight, touching at Plymouth. By a fortunate coincidence, Lady Janet's ball takes place in a fortnight. I see my way.

"Helped by the kindness of my friend, I have arranged to have a cabin kept in reserve on payment of a small deposit. If the ball ends (as I believe it will) in new mortifications for Mercy—do what they may, I defy them to mortify me—I have only to say the word by telegraph, and we shall catch the ship at Plymouth.

"I know the effect it will have when I break the news to her; but I am prepared with my remedy. The pages of my diary, written in past years, will show plainly enough that it is not she who is driving me away from England. She will see the longing in me for other work and other scenes, expressing itself over and over again, long before the time when we first met.

FIFTH EXTRACT.

"Mercy's ball dress—a present from kind Lady Janet—is finished. I was allowed to see the first trial, or preliminary rehearsal, of this work of art. I don't in the least understand the merits of silk and lace; but one thing I know—my wife will be the most beautiful woman at the ball.

"The same day I called on Lady Janet to thank her, and encountered a new revelation of the wayward and original character of my dear old aunt.

"She was on the point of tearing up a letter when I went into her room. Seeing me, she suspended her purpose and handed me the letter. It was in Mercy's handwriting. Lady Janet pointed to a passage on the last page. 'Tell your wife, with my love,' she said, 'that I am the most obstinate woman of the two. I positively refuse to read her, as I positively refuse to listen to her, whenever she attempts to return to that one subject. Now give me the letter back.' I gave it back, and saw it torn up before my face. The 'one subject' prohibited to Mercy as sternly as ever, is still the subject of the personation of Grace Roseberry! Nothing could have been more naturally introduced, or more delicately managed, than my wife's brief reference to the subject. No matter. The reading of the first line was enough. Lady Janet shut her eyes and destroyed the letter.—Lady Janet is determined to live and die absolutely ignorant of the true story of 'Mercy Merrick.' What unanswerable riddles we are! Is it wonderful if we perpetually fail to understand one another?"

SIXTH EXTRACT.

"The morning after the ball. 'It is done and over. Society has beaten Lady Janet. I have neither patience nor time to write at any length of it. We leave for Plymouth by the afternoon express.

"We were rather late in arriving at the ball. The magnificent rooms were filling fast. Walking through them with my wife, she drew my attention to a circumstance which I had not noticed at the time. 'Julian,' she said, 'look round among the ladies, and tell me if you see anything strange.' As I looked round the band began playing a waltz. I observed that a few people only passed by us to the dancing-room. I noticed next that of those few fewer still were young. At last it burst upon me. With certain exceptions (so rare as to prove the rule) there were no young girls at Lady Janet's ball. I took Mercy at once back to the reception room. Lady Janet's face showed that she, too, was aware of what had happened. The guests were still arriving. We received the men and their wives, the men and their mothers, the men and their grandmothers—but, in place of their unmarried daughters, elaborate excuses offered with a shameless politeness wonderful to see. Yes! This was how the matrons in high life had got over the difficulty of meeting Mrs. Julian Gray at Lady Janet's house.

"Let me do strict justice to every one. The ladies who were present showed the needful respect for their hostess. They did their duty—no, overdid it, is perhaps the better phrase.

"I really had no adequate idea of the coarseness and rudeness which have filtered their way through society in these later times until I saw the reception accorded to my wife. The days of prudery and prejudice are days gone by. Excessive amiability and excessive liberality are the two favourite assumptions of the modern generation. To see the women expressing their liberal forgetfulness of my wife's misfortunes, and the men their amiable anxiety to encourage her husband—to hear the same set phrases repeated in every room: 'So charmed to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Gray; so much obliged to dear Lady Janet for giving us this opportunity!—Julian, old man, what a beautiful creature! I envy you; upon my honour, I envy you!'—to receive this sort of welcome, emphasised by obtrusive handshakings, sometimes actually by downright kissings of my wife, and then to look round and see that not one in thirty of these very people had brought their unmarried daughters to the ball, was, I honestly believe, to see civilized human nature in its basest conceivable aspect. The New World may have its disappointments in store for us—but it cannot possibly show us any spectacle so object as the spectacle which we witnessed last night at my aunt's ball.

"Lady Janet marked her sense of the proceeding adopted by her guests by leaving them to themselves. Her guests remained and supped heartily notwithstanding. They all knew by experience that there were no stale dishes and no cheap wines at Mablethorpe House. They drank to the end of the bottle, and they ate to the last truffle in the dish.

"Mercy and I had an interview with my aunt upstairs before we left. I felt it necessary to state plainly my resolution to leave England. The scene that followed was so painful that I cannot prevail on myself to return to it in these pages. My wife is reconciled to our departure, and Lady Janet accompanies us as far as Plymouth—these are the results. No words can express my sense of relief now that it is all settled. The one sorrow I shall carry away with me from the shores of England will be the sorrow of parting with dear warm-hearted Lady Janet. At her age it is a parting for life.

"So closes my connection with my own country. While I have Mercy by my side, I face the unknown future, certain of carrying my happiness with me, go where I may. We shall find five hundred adventurers like ourselves when we join the emigrant ship, for whom their native land has no occupation and no home. Gentlemen of the Statistical

Department, add too more to the number of social failures produced by England in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-one—Julian Gray and Mercy Merrick."

THE END.

No one who knows it will be without Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid.

Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. C., Toronto.—Would it not be better to adopt some short "nom de plume," instead of fictitious initials?

J. A. R., Toronto.—Your last three-move problem received and will appear soon.

W. H. P., St. John, N. B.—Correct solution of problem No. 53, received.

INTELLIGENCE.

The "New Dominion Monthly," published in Montreal, has commenced a Chess Dept.

The June No. contains two problems and begins an analysis of the openings.

The "Chess Record," a newspaper devoted to the game, has recently made a successful debut in Philadelphia.

The contents are varied and interesting, well printed on clear paper, and the diagrams are neat and pieces readily distinguished.

Yearly subscription, \$1.12 (Amer. ex.) in advance. The address of the Editor and Proprietor is Mr. G. Reichhelm (Room No. 7) 323 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S.

Game played by correspondence between Messrs. J. A. Russell (Toronto) and J. Henderson (St. Louis) P. Q.

Our readers will find in the following, (which was one of series not yet finished,) some novel and interesting positions.

ALL-QUIET GAMBIT.

- White.—Mr. Russell. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. P. to K. B. 4th. 3. K. to B. 3rd. 4. P. to K. R. 4th. 5. Kt. to K. 5th. 6. B. to Q. B. 4th. 7. B. takes P. (a). 8. P. takes Kt. 9. Q. to K. 2nd. 10. P. to Q. 4th. 11. B. takes P. (c). 12. B. takes P. 13. B. takes Q. B. P. (d). 14. K. takes Q. 15. B. to K. 5th (e). 16. K. to K. sq. 17. K. to B. sq. 18. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. 19. P. takes Kt. 20. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 21. R. to K. 2nd. 22. R. takes B. 23. P. takes B. 24. Resigns.

(a) The authorities are divided in opinion, as to whether this, or P. to K. R. 4th, is the best. (b) Here, again, it is a question whether P. takes P. is not better. (c) The attack prefers giving up a piece to retreating, which was probably the best course; for if—

White. 11. Kt. to Q. B. 4th. 12. K. takes Q. Black. 11. Q. takes Q. ch. 12. B. to K. 3rd.

And the defense seems to have the better game.

(d) Kt. to Q. 2nd instead, having in view afterward Kt. to K. 4th, strikes us as better; but, as that line of play probably received examination, there may be some objection to it, the move made leaves white with only two pawns, (which will be difficult to support,) against a piece.

(e) We are inclined to prefer B. to K. B. 4th, as Black has now an opportunity of forcing exchanges to advantage.

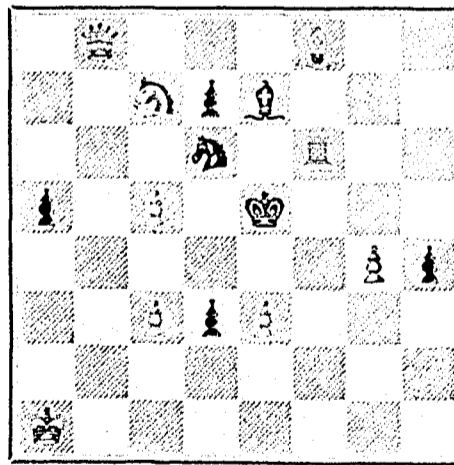
(f) The position turns in favor of the defense which is played throughout with great accuracy.

(g) Black's victory is now secure, as he must win the K. P. and remains with a piece in advance, and no inferiority of position.

PROBLEM No. 84.

By T. C., Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 82.

White. Black.

- 1. P. to K. 7th. 1. R. to Q. R. 3d (best) 2. P. to K. 5th becomes Bishop.

If 2. P. Queen, Black can play 2. R. to Q. B. 3rd, threatening mate forcing the capture of Rook, which leaves a stalemate or draw; and if 2. White makes a R. or Kt., he will be mated in two moves by 2. R. to Q. B. 3rd, and 3. R. to Q. B. 5th.

- 3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th ch. 3. R. to K. R. 3d (or a) 4. B. to K. R. 4th. 4. K. to K. 5th 5. P. takes R. 4. R. takes B. (best) 6. P. takes P. wins. 5. P. to Kt. 6th

For White can, if necessary, sacrifice his remaining Bishop, and his two Pawns on King's side must win.

- (a) 3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th ch. 2. R. to K. 3rd 4. K. takes P. wins. 3. K. to K. 5th

Black has several other defenses, which somewhat prolong the game, but it is evident that the two Bishops must win eventually.

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SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this Office, until Monday, the 16th day of June instant, at noon, for the necessary Iron Fence Railing required for Fence Wall of the Public Buildings, Ottawa.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Machine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Wednesday, the 4th instant.

The signatures of two solvent responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 2nd June, 1873.

Grand Trunk Railway

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 5 30 A.M., arriving at MONTREAL at 9 10 A.M.

Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5 15 P.M., arriving at Richmond at 9 P.M.

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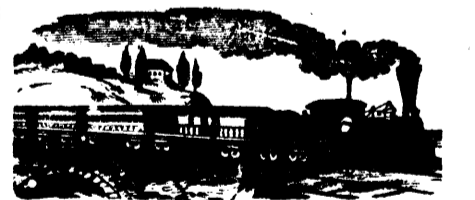
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