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Vol. XIV. - No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1876.



THE INSPECTORSHIP QUESTION:

In view of recent developments, the familiar subject of the above sketch is confidently recommended to the City Council, as an eligible candidate for the Inspectorship of Side-walks.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHO-BRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—\$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post, masters in advance.
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We are constantly receiving letters and messages for back numbers or extra numbers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Our friends should remember that, in every case, a sufficient sum should be enclosed to pay for the price of the paper and the postage.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 5th August, 1876.

THE VALUE OF LUMBER.

The Government in a new country like Canada can hardly be expected to be as economical of the resources of the cou try as an old country like England. England is respectable, wealthy, long past middleage, and while she spends on a very large scale, yet she knows every penny that she spends, and keeps almost as anxious an eye to the resources of the coming decade as she does to that through which she is passing. Canada, on the other hand, has a tendency to believe that her resources are unlimited, and while she does not spend more than a fraction of what England spends, yet it is not spent with more than a moiety of the care.

Perhaps the weakest spot in this way in the history of the past and of the present Governments is the reckless extravagance with which one of the principal means for raising ready cash followed by us has been unfortunately already almost exhausted.

The country back of the Ottawa is almost an unkown land to the vast proportion of the population of this Province. What has been going on there has been done, so to speak, in a corner, and its folly and improvidence requires care and research to bring it to light. Unfortunately, in a new, prosperous country, people are too busy making money to devote much care and research to patriotic investigations which will only issue in odium and (so far as action is concerned) in failure.

In passing through the outskirts of the great forest district we find chance farmers alluding with indignation to what is going on. The limits they say are rented to "big men." There is no fair chance for competitors to obtain any rights even at higher rates than those paid by the Government favorites. They do not accuse the administration of dishonesty or of direct obvious mismanagement. But, it is said that they ought to be told by "somebody" what is going on. The forest trees are cut down, and because they pay the same price for all logs, big and small, they find it pays to take only the first one or two chips and leave the rest of the logs to waste. No precautions are taken to prevent the spread of fire. The and marriage. best trees are cut down and enough trees left to yield a large profit if were got out when the winter roads were cut to bring out their neigh- the Doctor gives that name to anything, bours; but not sufficiently valuable to repay the expense of making arrangements to get them to market alone.

The subject has been investigated with very great care by Mr. James Little in a recent pamphlet which lies on our table.

He is an acknowledged authority on the subject and his views, which seem at first sight sensational, are acknowledged timber region we have, worth giving a forth thousands upon thousands of her further facts that transpire,

information I have obtained on the subject, from those whose lives have been mostly spent in the territory, I have every reason to conclude that, at the rate of consumption going on, a single decade will be sufficient time to totally exhaust its resources."

As to the supply generally in the Dominion he says, "in five years, lumber will be higher on this side the Atlantic, with the above exception, than it is now or will then be in Great Britain."

Its value there may be estimated from the following fact, the truth of which may be vouched for-"sale of 300 acres of timber grown by the Earl of Cawdor on the mountains of Scotland, brought 16,000 pounds sterling, about 80,000 dollars, and that after it had undergone repeated thinnings which realized large additional sums, and." Mr. LITTLE remarks, "I will venture to say that there are not 300 acres of the timber which the lumbermen of New Brunswick are now recklessly throwing away but what would be worth as. much in five years time if left un-

We would call the attention of all who own woodlands in the townships to the consideration of these facts. Let no more trees be burned as incumbrance to the farmer. On the contrary, we hope to see every prudent landowner retain or even plant out at least forty acres in wood which is enough to supply the wants of each homestead for ever.

INCREASE OF INSANITY.

In a paper lately read before the Medico-Chirurgical Society of this city, 1)r. HENRY HOWARD, Medical Superintendent of the Longue Point Lunatic Asylum, treats of the increase of insanity and inquires into its cause. It will be allowed that no man in Canada, either through careful study, or long experience, is more competent than Dr. Howard to handle this important subject, and although, from a merely metaphysical point of view, we may not entirely endorse some of the incidental principles which he invokes, we regard his lecture as sufficiently useful and interesting for a brief analysis.

The author begins by denying most positively that drunkenness is a cause of insanity, and, by consequence, that the increase of insanity is due to the increase of intemperance. He affirms, from an experience of sixteen years, that the number of inebriates is a very small minority of the insane and that, of 210 treatable cases admitted into the insane hospital at Longue Pointe since August, 1875, only 29 were accused of being drunkards.

This point being disposed of, the Doctor lays down two causes for the increase of insanity, the remote and the immediate. The remote is hereditary disease; the immediate may be summed up in one word-suffering.

Insanity is set down as a hereditary disease, like phthisis, cancer or gout, and no man can go mad from any cause unless there is in him an insane neurosis. This and other hereditary diseases may die out and become extinct by time and circumstances, but our author doubts this, having never seen any proof in corroboration. The most that he allows is that the insane neurosis may be modified by time

The exciting or immediate cause of into the hereditary neurosis is suffering, and no matter what, though pleasurable to the person, that diminishes vital power, or nervous force. There are curious views enunciated in this connection which we have no space to discuss, but the two main causes of this suffering which Dr. Howard lays down are curious enough. They are emigration and education. "So great have been the facilities offered for

moment's consideration to, in discussing | people, to some promised land. Now it the question of supply, and yet from the is impossible to conceive any human being leaving the land of his nativity, his parents, the home of his childhood, and his numerous friends, and for him not to suffer, and suffer acutely. Our insane hospitals contain insane of all nations, and one of their everlasting cries is, 'my own country, my own home.'" With regard to the other cause-education. we may direct notice to this bit of generalization: "I point to the neglect of agriculture, the neglect of that very thing upon which all, each, and every one of us, are depending for our daily bread. Let the agriculturalist fail, the professional man, the mercantile man, tradesman and all, must suffer, and because of its neglect, is due at the present day nine-tenths of all the suffering the world is passing through. Still, young, strong healthy men, lured by false appearances, will persevere in forsaking the land, and crowding into towns and cities, destroying the legitimate callings of others, and bringing ruin on themselves."

THE ICELANDIC COLONY.

We have kept our readers informed of the progress of Icelandic settlement in Canada. It may assume large proportions. The number of 760 Icelanders passed through this city a few days ago en route for Gimli—the name of the Icelandic Colony on the West Shore of Lake Winnipeg, immediately north of the Province line of Manitoba. This party came by the Austrian from Glasgow, to which port they sailed from Iceland; and we understand that another party of about 400 more will likely arrive by the Phoenician before these lines can pass through the press. These numbers, added to the nearly 400 souls who went to Gimli last autumn, will make a respectable nucleus of settlement. The Icelanders who came by the Austrian are a very fine-looking lot of men and women. Healthier and stronger men never came to these shores. The women are especially strong-backed and strong-armed, for the most part dressed in home-spun woollens, and all very cleanly and simple in their attire. They appear to be in excellent spirits. Everything they saw was new to them. The railways were especially a surprise. These they saw for the first time in Scotland. One of the most respectable of the party informed our reporter that they were prepared to meet with hardships, and cope with them. Many of them in fact left the prospect of hardships at home. The cod which was the main reliance on a part of their native island, has scarcely at all visited them for nearly a year; and the terrible volcanic irruptions which took place last summer have rendered a considerable portion uninhabitable. The population of Iceland is about 60,000, and the island boasts of a civilization of a thousand years. It is particularly rich in legendary lore; and its inhabitants are pre-eminent in literature of this nature. They boast that the tongue spoken on the island is much purer Scandinavian than the forms now spoken in Sweden and Norway; and they can appeal to high authority in support of this view. If the colony of Ginli should prove successful, it is the beginning of a large movement; and a very considerable portion of the whole population will emigrate. We shall therefore watch its progress with interest. It is remarkable that the Icelanders very soon sanity, or that which gives development learn to speak the English language with purity; and they very soon acopt manners of the country. Those who have obtained Icelandic servants find them very valuable. If the wilds on the West of Lake Winnipeg can be settled with this interesting people, it will not only be a historic fact of great interest, but it will greatly add to the prosperity of Canada. It will further be a gratification to Lord Dufferin that it comes during his vice-regal term, from the inby experts to be true. As to the Valley of the Ottawa he says "it is the only pine that there is no country that has not sent shall keep our readers informed of any

-The Hon. John Young has published a pamphlet on the origin of the Victoria Bridge. He proves conclusively that it was he who first suggested in print the idea of a bridge across the St. Lawrence, a little below Nuns' Island. His claim to this merit appears incontestible from the evidence adduced. He shows, on equally good proofs, that he was the first to move practically in the fulfilment of the great scheme. The engineering he attributes primarily to ALEXANDER M. Ross. On this point, the evidence is strong, but not quite so conclusive. Notwithstanding the charge of egotism which Mr. Young feels may be urged against the vindication of his rights in the premises, we think he is perfectly justified in rectifying the historical facts of the case. The Victoria Bridge was, in its time, and is still a stupendous work, and there is a degree of glory attached to its initiation which Mr. Young is right in attaching to his name.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

PRINCE MILAN IV., OBRENOVITCH, is now only twenty-one years of age. He succeeded to the throne in 1868, upon the assassination of his father, the State being ruled until his majority in 1872, by a Council of Regency. During the past year Prince Milan has done his best to comply with the advice of the Powers, and to restrain his subjects eager to encour the best to comply with the advice of the Torner, and to restrain his subjects eager to succour the Herzegovinian insurgents and wage war with the hated Turk. But popular feeling has, in the end. proved too strong for him. The Printer of the transfer of the the end, proved too strong for him. The Princess Nathalie Petrovna, to whom Prince Milan was married last October, is the daughter of a very wealthy Russian officer, Colonel Keschko, and his wife, the Princess Stourdza. cess is only seventeen years old; but, during the short time she has been on the throne, she has fairly won the hearts of her subjects, and is universally popular. She is said to be very pretty and exceedingly graceful, and to possess considerable tact. The Commander-in-Chief is considerable tact. The Commander-in-Chief is General Tchernaieff, a Russian officer, who has fought bravely in the Caucasus under General Kauffman. Owing to some misunderstanding with his superiors, however, he left the army, and practised as a notary at Moscow until last spring, when he accepted a command in the Servian army. His colleague, General Francis Zach, chief of the Servian staff, and first aide-de-camp of Prince Milan, is a Croatian by birth. He is an officer of some renown, having commanded the Slovacs in Hungary, in 1848-49, during their revolt against the Magyars. He has organised a College of Artillery at Belgrade and a cannon foundry, is the author of several well-known topographical works on European Turkey, and a short time since was raised to the rank of General by Prince Milan, being at that time the only officer of that grade in Servia. Colonel Tikomir Nikolitch is the Minister of War. He is related to Prince Milan by his marriage with a lady of the Obrenovitch family. Colonel Milankovitch, the first administrator of the War Office, may also be termed his col-league, as this post at the present time exacts very hard work, and needs an immense amount of talent and devotion. Colonel Milankovitch was educated in Austria, and, speaking numerous languages, has several times been despatched on diplomatic business to the Foreign Powers.

BOYS' HOME, HAMILTON.

The Hamilton Boys' Home was started in October, 1870, under the suspices of the Y. M. C. A., with four inmates. At present, there are sixty-seven boys in the Home, the greatest number of the inmates at one time being seventytwo. The president is Mrs. R. Thomson; Vice-President, Miss Russell; Treasurer, Mrs. J. Stuart; and Secretary, Miss Bickley. The fifth annual report showed the Home to be in a flourishing condition, and, owing to the munificent bequest of the late Albert Bigelow of \$17,000, the Committee were able to decide upon erecting the magnificent building, the corner-stone of which was laid on the 19th ult., and of which we publish a sketch to-day.

LITERARY.

MAURICE SAND forbids persons holding letters from his mother publishing them under penalty of prosecution.

ALPHONSE KARR, the French novelist, has a flower and vegetable garden at Nice, from which he realizes more per annum than from his pen.

THE whole of Bayard Taylor's Centennial ode was published on the 8th of July by the London Times among its cable despatches.

HARRIET MARTINEAU's autobiography, though it has been in print fifteen years or more, is not to be published for a few months, as it is to be accompanied by a supplementary volume, in which a friend will re-count the later history of her life.

THE late Prosper Merimée published, some fifty years ago. a volume of Servian songs. of whose authenticity only Goethe expressed doubts. In a second edition, Merimée confessed that these lyrics, so primitive in character and Servian in color, which he had entitled "La Gusla," (the gusla, a sort of mandoline or guitar, leing the Servian instrument), were his own invention, as also was a Servian bard of very individual sort, who was supposed to have recited them. The French author had intended to visit Servia to study its poetry, but he hadu't the money, and to get it he wrote such ballads as he was sure must be sung there. Having succeeded so well in his object, he never undertook the formal journey. THE late Prosper Merimée published, some

HEARTH AND HOME.

Thurth salways consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon your lips, and is ready to drop out, before you are aware whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man' invention on the rack, and one trick needs a good many more to make it good. Truth can live in all regions, flourish in all soils, and become naturalised in all climes.

Poetry, ... In poetry we require the miraele The bee flies among the flowers, and gets mint and marjoram, and generates a new product which is not marjoram, but honey. The chemist mixes hydrogen and oxygen to yield a new product, which is not these, but water; and the port listens to conversation and beholds all objects in Nature, to give back, not them, but a new and transcendent whole

RURAL WALKS. If we wish rural walks to do our children any good, we must give them a love for rural sights, an object in every walk; we must teach them - and we can teach them to find wonder in every insect, sublimity in every hedgerow, the records of past worlds in every peoble, and boundless fertility upon the barren shore; and so, by teaching them to make full use of that limited sphere in which they now are, make them faithful in few things, that they may be fit hereafter to be rulers over

Consens. "Corners have always been popular, The chimney-corner, for instance, is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hour of existence. The corner employed! What stores of sweet things has it contained for us in youth with what luxuries its shelves have ground in manhood! A sung corner in a will! Who ever objected to such a thing! A corner in a woman's heart! Once get there, and you may soon command the cutie domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame. Arrive at that, and you become immortal.

THE FIRST LESSON OF CHULDHOOD, -If a man loves any one thing say, rare books, or pretures, or objects of art of any kind, or music, or science so well that for the sake of the one thing in which he would be rich he is willing to be poor in everything else, no matter though his choice be an unwise one according to the best standards of choice, he will yet have a motive which will belp to keep him upright. But for those who love none of these things, but simply desire them because it is the habit of the time ... because, like compered children, they must needs ery for whatever they see just out of their reach - for them is needed the wholesome self-discipline which shall teach them to let alone whatever is not theirs. And the begin-ning of this self-discipline is in the home. Parents must teach their loys and girls the great lesson of doing without whatever cannot be fitly theirs.

THE SAVINGS BANK OF LIVE. Sunday is God's special present to the working man; and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and to preserve efficient his working tone. In the to preserve emerent his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigour, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding. In the economy of life it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings-bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day, and another pound text month, and who, in a quiet way, is always putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientions man who husbands one day of existence very week who, instead of allowing the Sunday to be trampled and toru in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devontly up will find that the "Lord of the Sabbath" keeps it for him, and in length of days and a hale old age gives it back with usury. The savingsbank of human existence is the weekly Sunday.

THE VANITY OF DRESS. The reliculous and ruinous passion for over-dressing, or dressing beyond their station, which prevails, especially among the female sex, and which has been for many years an increasing mania, never received a better relate than was once bestowed by the celebrated Dean Swift. It would be well for society at targe if the folly and vanity so generally displayed in regard to apparel were continually exposed to similar sareasms; the consequence would be the young would not be intinually exposed to similar sareasus; the consequence would be the young would not be incited to that undue expensiveness and risible development which now so generally appear. The following is the ancedote referred to. The Dean having once honoured a tradesman with his company to dinner, and observing the wife in an expensive manner, he pretended not to know her; and gravely inquired when he should have the pleasure of seeing his wife. Being informed she was in the room, and sitting opposite him, he said, " That Mrs. Reilly impossible; She is a discreet woman, and would never dress herself in such a manner.' Reilly, being a woman of sense, took the hint, withdrew, changed her dress, and returned to the parlour in her common apparel. The Dear, taking her hand, said, "I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly. Your husband would fain have palmed a lady upon me, dressed in silks, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so.

Force or Harress H was a quaint and singularly wise temark, by a modern essayist, that no one's example is so dangerous to us our own.

For when we have done a certain thing once, it s so much easier to do it again. It is the first step which counts in evil, as well as in good. The tendency of human nature to form habits, to run in grooves, is one of its most marked characteristics. Fortunately for us, it has its good side, as well as its bad side. If we can only too easily form a habit of petulance, or illtemper, we can also, by trying, form a habit of self-control; and each fresh victory over ourselves is easier than the first. A habit of application is, it would be safe to say, of as much importance to any great man as is his genius. Not that any amount of application can make a dull man brilliant; but that without steady application a brilliant man might almost as well be dull, as far as anything that he is likely to accomplish is concerned. "Perseverance is genius, 'several great men have said, in slightly varying phrase; but this is not true. Persevernuce is only the right hand of genius. Something is breathed into a man at his birth a divine fire, a gift of the gods—which makes great things possible to him, while to his brother in the next cradle they would be impossible, for But having received this divine fire, he must give it fuel. It is the sign that he must work more, and not less, then his fellows; and so there is no one thing so remarkable in the history of almost all our great men as their habits of proligious application.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE chief use of an old bachelor is, to count one in a census.

THE ladies of 1776 wore pinafores, while those of 1876 wear 'em pinned behind.

A WELL moulded arm is prettier without bracelets, besides they are liable to scratch a fellow's car.

THE nearest approach that an old bachelor ever makes to real happiness is when he dreams or imagines himself married.

Ir is singular how early in life a child gains the reputation of resembling its richest and bestlooking relations.

Why are country girls' cheeks like French calico? - Because they are warranted to wash and retain their colour.

"Tom, who did you say our friend B. married?" "Well, he married forty thousand pounds; I focget her other name."

GARTY GAINER, a woman's rights advocate, thinks the best young men are unappreciated. We have been painfully conscious of the fact for

A was, having married a young lady named Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did in

As old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them, "You are small potatoes!" "We may be small potatoes," said one of them, "but we are sweet ones!

It is supposed that the reason staduates of female colleges are called bachelors of arts instead of maids of arts, is that the former is a higher degree. At least the maids are always after the bachelors.

A JOKE at the expense of these Yankee ladies who are perpetually striving to gain a hearing in the press has been going the round of literary circles, to the effect "that they look much better in muslin than in print.

An exchange remarks - "It is said there are more creditors unmarried than any other class of professional men. For this reason, we suppose, the majority of them are men of time sentiment and do not wish to starve anybody's sister.'

A DETROIT woman refused to live in the house chosen by her husband, because the backyard was not satisfactory. She said the fence didn't contain a single knot-hole, and she wasn't going to break her neck by climbing on the dust-bin to see what was going on in the

"How, my dear fellow, can't make a girl love no, who is constantly devoured by love of herself! Asked a young gentleman of his friend.—"Oh," replied the latter, "that is the easiest thing in the world; just minister to her self-love until it overflows; all that runs over

it all down and comb it out. Then go up on the roof and stand still while the wind plays (whatever is appropriate) with it. Then catch up the back with a bow of ribbon, and allow the front to stay as it is."

The motto for the week on a little girl's Sunday-school card was, "Get thee behind me, Satan." There were gooseberries in the garden, but she was forbidden to pluck them. Pluck them she did. "Why didn't you," asked her mother, "when you were tempted to touch them, say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan' did," she said, earnestly, "and he got behind me, and pushed me into the bush."

WHEN the Honourable Mrs. Norton was appealed to, on the death of Hood, for a contribution to the found which was being raised for his destitute widow, and which was headed by Sir Robert Peel with lifty pounds, she promptly sent a liberal subscription, but could not resist the perpetration of a pin-

To choor the widow's bentt in her distress. To make provision for the fatherless, Is but a Christian's duty; and none should Resist the heart-uppeal of widow Heest.

A certain member of Parliament, who owned extensive estates, and possessed considerable celebrity, was spending a few days at the resi-dence of a noble family. There were several in-teresting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honourable member, as in duty bound, showed every attention. Just as he was about to take leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him in a matter which, she alleged, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the Countess, "that you are to marry my daughter Lucy, and what shall we do? What shall we say about it?"-"Oh." quietly responded the considerate M.P., "just say she refused me!"

Whatever else they do, all prudent unmarried men who visit the French metropolis at this senson of the year should provide themselves as soon as possible with a nicelooking carriage in some way or other, whether by purchase or hire; for it is related on unimpeachable authority that a rash young man who had neglected this precaution was made to feel his lack of caution pitiably. He had received an offer from the notary of an enterprising family of nice young ladies, and was presented to the very prettiest of them for natrimonial purposes, when the damsel artlessly inquired if he went courting upon wheels. "Why, no," answered the unhappy man, taken by surprise. "Ah, then," observed the nice young lady with a reflective look, "never mind; you had better not call again till November. You are, I see, only a winter hus-

THE GLEANER.

A philosopher in Paris has learned that people who have an extraordinary long first joint on their thumbs are born with homicidal instincts.

DOM PEDRO is reported to have left behind him orders for American manufactures, mostly machinery, to the amount of over two million of dollars.

The health of "Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress of India," was proposed for the first time by General Elinburst at an entertainment recently given at Bangalore to the retiring Chief Commissioner.

"THE Democrats," says the London Saturday Review, in an article discussing American politics with a semblance of great profundity, "have no hope of carrying Massachusetts or Phlladelphia: and the interests of the great agricultural States," &c.

It is stated that before the prorogation of Parliament the Prime Minister will recommend Her Majesty to raise several members of the House of Commons to seats in the Lords. A number of other members will receive the honor of a baronetcy.

KASSAS is complaining that her crop of cereals is year is too enormously heavy for utilization. Millions of bushels of wheat will have to be lost the farmers say, because it ripens too fast, and cannot be got to market; and as to corn, the yield is so great that vast quantities will have to be used as fuel during the winter.

Behm and Wagner, in their annual review of the population of the globe, state that Europe has an area of 2,700,000 square miles, and a po-pulation of 303,000,000. Asia, 13,000,000 quare miles; population, 799,000,000. Africa, 700,000: population, 206,000,000. America, 12,000,000 square miles : population, \$4,000,000. Australia and Polynesia, 2,500,000 square miles : population, 1,500,000.

THE French transatlantic mail boats are occupied, experimenting with carrier pigeons; every twelve hours, a pair of birds will be liberated with an all well despatch, the bearings of the vessel, and the state of the weather. The object is to test how long the birds can remain on the wing, without rest or food. The captain does not expect they will return to the ark, but that they will remain where they can pluck an olive branch.

The New York Herold speaks very doubtingly as to the success of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Two things (the Herold says) are evident, as we predicted from the beginning there will be no increase in travel to this country, and no diminution in the travel to Europe, on account of the Centennial. Foreigners will hardly care to cross the stormy seas to

been tried at Enghien, in France. The inventor has worked on the principle by which an acrobat slides down a cord by winding it about his legs. Here, the rope is passed round an iron tube in such a way that it can be unrolled only very gradually. One end is tied to a window or a piece of furniture, and the other fastened round the waist, and the individual descends as gentle as he would step off a stool.

seriously engaging the merchants of France, and has been brought before the Ministers of Finance and Public Works. The course of this important highway would be by the Seine and Yorne, then utilising the Burgundy canal, which unites the Young and the Saone, and following the Saone to the Rhone, at or near Lyons, and thence by the R one to the sea. It is estimated that the work could be accomplished in six years, and would cost about £2,500,000. The financial obstacle is the only one, for the great commercial value of the work to France is obvious.

Ir anybody can give any better "signs" of a tip-top state of things than the following, let us see the list:

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull; Where jails are empty, and where barns are full; Where church paths are with frequent footseps worn; Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn; Where doctors foot, and where farmers ride; Where age abounds and truth is multiplied; Where these signs are, they clearly indicate A happy people and well governed state.

THE LATE MR. JOHN PRATT.

Mr. Pratt was born at Berthier, en hant, on the 20th July, 1812. Mr. Pratt, senior, was a merchant at Berthier, and in 1833 his sons, Charles F. and John, left the paternal home, to open in Quebec a house of business under the name and style of C. F. Pratt & Co. Having succeeded almost beyond his expectations in Quebec, Mr. John Pratt started a branch establishment at Three Rivers, and, as in Quebec. success did not fail to attend him. Soon the brothers found that their sphere of action was too limited, and so in 1839 they founded in Montreal the well-known leather house of John Pratt & Co. In 1852 the Quebec house was closed, both brothers devoting their energies to the conduct of the Montreal business, out of which they made colossal fortunes, that of Mr. John Pratt amounting to close upon a million of dollars. The tanneries at Roxton Falls were started by the Pratts, who for many years stood at the head of the leather business. In 1869 the brothers retired from business, but John, actively engaged in the conduct of several joint stock companies, with which he had identified himself. At the time of his death he was Tresident of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, over whose Board he had presided since 1867; of the Banque du Penple; of the Rubber Company, &c., and Vice-President of the Citizens' Assurance Company, a position which he also occupied in connection with other joint stock concerns. He was on the Board of Directors of the Valleyfield Cotton Company, an undertaking which he had done much to pro-mote. He was also on the Board of Harbor Commissioners.

REVIEW.

The various departments in the August num-The various departments in the August number of Lippincott's Magazine are well and aldy sustained. The eighth illustrated article on "The Century; its Fruits and its Festival," embraces the concluding chapters on the Exhibits in the Main Building, and is marked by the same ability as was displayed in its predecessors. Mr. Edward King's illustrated account of Magazine are residulted to the same ability as was displayed in its predecessors. of Montenegro is especially interesting and timely. of Montenegro is especially interesting and timely. Besides the continuation of Lady Barker's enjoyable letters from South Africa, there is an essay on the "Age of Kniek-Knacks," by Lady Blanche Murphy; "Cross Purposes," a pleasantly told tale, by Margaret Vandegrift; and the first of R. Davey's papers on George Sand, which is a pleasing tribute to the character and monterer of the great authorses. "Phantasma." memory of the great authoress. "Phantasmagoria," by Emma Lazarus, and "By the Water's Edge," by W. S. Phillips, are the poems of the month, and are of marked merit. The new serial tale, by Ellen W. Olney, "Love in Elleness" corresponded in this number, gives Idleness," commenced in this number, gives promise of a literary treat, and we venture to predict that the tale will rank high in modern fiction. The usual editorial gossip and book reviews complete this number of the popular Lippincott:

HUMOROUS.

Bisnor Monney was fond of a joke. Once, when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the cohehman to fetch some water frum the well, to which the coachman made a grumbling objection that his business was to drive, not to run errands, "Well, then," said Morley, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and drive to the weil,"—a service which was several times repeated. was several times repeated, to the great amusement of almost all the village.

almost all the village.

Could anything do better than the following "improvement" of a minister of Arran, who was discoursing on the carelessness of his dock! "Brethren, when you leave the church, just look down at the duke's swans; they are vera bonny swans, an'they'll be sooming about an'aye dookin' doon their hends and laving thersels wi' the clear water till they're a drookit, then you'll see them sooming to the shore, an'they'll gie their wings a bit than and they're dry again. Now, my friends, you come here every Sabbath, I lave you a' over us' the Gospel till you are fairly drockit wit. But you just gang awa' hance, and sit doon by your fireside, gie you wings a bit thap, an've re as dry as ever again.

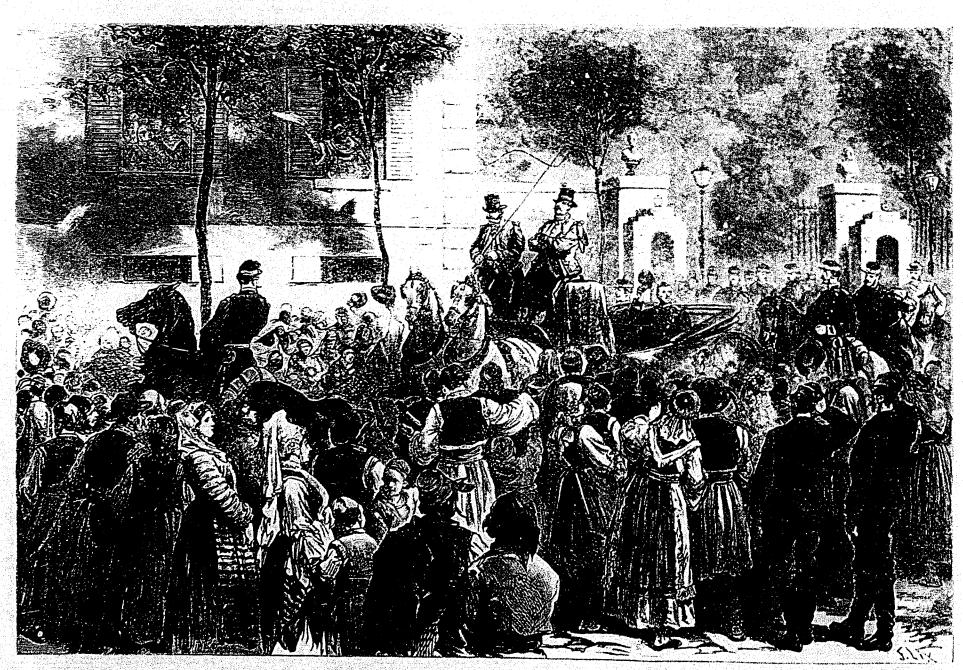
"Editing a paper." declares a Transathatetic

A society has recently been formed in Patis, the members of which declare, by a special cause in their will, that they do not wish to be interred after death, but they desire their bodies to be delivered to the amphitheatres to be dissected. Their object, they state, is to contribute to the progress of this important science, without which a profound study of the healing art is impossible. They would also remove existing prejudices against dissection of bodies. A society of the same kind, it appears, already exists in Authority and the British Channel with the Mediterranean by a system of cauals is

THE EASTERN WAR



CONSTANTINOPLE: -THE IMPERIAL CAIQUE SALUTED BY THE FLEET ON ITS ARRIVAL AT THE DOLMA-BARTCHE PALACE.



BELGRADE :- DEPARTURE OF PRINCE MILAN FOR THE FRONTIER.

THE EASTERN WAR.



Col. Nikolitch, Servian minister of War.



COL. MHANKOVITCH, FIRST ADMINISTRATOR OF THE WAR.



MILOTKOVITCH, MINISTER OF INTERIOR



GROUITCH, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.



GENERAL ZACH IN CAMP: UNIFORMS OF THE SERVIAN ARMY.

MY FIRST INDIAN ENGAGEMENT.

A YARN OF 1868.

11.

The twilight faded into night; the moon rose high in the heavens; the stars peeped forth in sparkling clusters, and the Arkansas river lay spread in front like a broad silver belt-the di viding line, as it were, between us and the civilized world. The games of bluff, monté and poker were almost discarded, Johnny Mulgrove and Joe Wheeler being the only two persons who seemed to care about "going it blind."

Some of the Mexicans had started a fire, for

the sweeping breeze from the bluff made the air somewhat chilly. In these regions, gentlemen, it is necessary in certain parts of the prairie to kindle a fire even in the hottest weather, in order to neutralize the effect of the sickening miasma which rises from adjacent swamps. Having made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, the whiskey was brought out and the teamsters, soldiers and traders broke up into groups, stretched upon their buffalo robes and protected themselves from musquitoes by a muslin curtain secured by four upright sticks driven into the ground. Our revolvers were in our belts and our rifles within arm's length. Snatches of songs were sung by some of the party. The most jarring discords of so-called harmony mingled with more frequent sounds of the cowardly coyote; a species of wolf which lives upon the carcasses of mules and buffaloes that die along the well-worn trail. Now and then the soldiers would sing of some Mexican fandango; the only part of the legend which could be heard distinctly, ran thus-

"Old Johnny Cox loves his aguardiente, He lives in Alberquerque, and he keeps an Adobe shanty."

Finally the sounds died away, and one by one the party, tired and weary, sought repose beneath their buffalo robes. The melody soon gave place to long and continued snoring, and I think I rather preferred the nasal performance of the two. It was certainly more uniform and regular in its measure. As for myself I couldn't sleep for the life of me. Memories of home, father, mother, sisters and brothers would break in upon my restless attempts to sleep. A stranger in a strange land, hundreds of miles away from the softening influence of domestic affection, a gradual feeling of settled depression stole over my mind. A weight of some impend-ing danger would obtrude itself upon my imagination. I tried in vain to shake off this feeling of despondency, but the more I tried the more visible would the outlines of those dear ones at home rise up before me. Would you believe it? I sought relief in tears I could not check. It was very foolish of course, but it was

About one o'clock Johnny Mulgrove came to my side and asked for a share of my blanket. I was only too glad to offer it with a right good will, for never did misery sigh more longingly

for company than I. Yer see," he observed, "I didn't wanter make my bunky, and I knew yer was a kinder lonesome, 'cos yer got up onct or twice as if yer didn't feel well. What's the matter, old man? Is the chills a bossin' yer?'
'No, Johnny, I feel a little rough here,' and

I touched my heart.

"O, shucks, that ain't nuthin'; I had hum sickness when I first cum out to these parts; sickness when I first cum out to these parts; but that's played out long ago. Here, man, take a horn. I'd a pal onct wot used to take on awful at times and he'd cry just like a two year-old papoose; but I guess I cured him o' that sort of thing. You bet."

"How was that, Johnny?"

"Wa'll, I'll tell yer. His name was Pete Green, 'broken-nosed Pete' the boys at Harker used to call him. Pete had a wife and a couple

used to call him. Pete had a wife and a couple o' children killed by the Apaches in '55, and Pete never got over a thinkin' bout it. So one day he got a fit of the moral jim jams in the worst way, and you just, bet when Pete got a hump on a mule was nowhere compared with him for cussedness. Wall, I didn't know what to do, but a thought struck me—I'd go over to be will transport but he had been a support to the support of the sup the military contract butcher" and kind'er ask his advice. Thinkin' he'd got the chills likely, his advice. Trinkin ned got the chills inkely, he giv me some stuff in a paper, and a little glass bottle, and told me to give it to Pete just before meals. Hum I goes and I found Pete a sittin' with his head between his hands a cussin things round and the Injuns very much so. After a night o' trouble I told Pete I'd got some new number one tangle-foot from Denver, so mixing the stuff in a horn of straight rotgut I mixing the stuff in a norm of straight rotgut 1 give it him right off, 'cos I thought it wasn't no use waitin' for meals seein' as how our grub had give out. Besides I'd kinder forgot what the contract butcher told me. Wall, Peter was just mad enough for anything, but he wasn't curious about the quality of his licker when there was any round. Pete drunk it off. Two hours after Pete lay like a dead man. His blinkers sat deep and stiff, and his face, that he used to run so much on, looked like a tangled clothes line. I felt a kinder scary seein the shape things tuk; but there wasn't no more cryin', you bet. Why Pete was too weak for that, and all he could do was to look at me re-proachful like, and raigin' his finger he beckoned me towards him. He'd only just strength to say very soft, 'What tarnation foolishuess have yer been at?' I says nuthin', but I felt a lump about the size of a doughnut rising up in my throat, and away I goes to the Post, sees the doctor and tells him how things was; put-

ting a twenty-dollar bill in his hand, he got a long box and comes back with me, and the fust thing he does was to shove a glass stick down Pete's throat and he works away pumpin' at Pete's stomach like a Bowery fireman trying a new engine.

Doc, says I, 'how many feet does she draw?' 'Fact is,' says he, 'your pardner got a full hand and I'm goin' to order him up.' That feller'd have euchered the best hand as ever was.

"I stood lookin' on thinkin', as how Pete might be on fire insides: but after working on him for about an hour, he pumped a little more color into Pete's face who said he felt a little easier; but I couldn't help thinkin' he looked a kinder wicked at me. But, howsumever, Pete got round in about ten days, and I guess that laudanum and quinine didn't work well together. I didn't say nothin' about the medicine, but I blamed the whiskey like blazes. When Pete got well he wanted to shoot the man that sold me the whiskey in the worst way. But I never see Pete humsick after that, though he felt a kinder cool towards me for several days. But bless yer, he didn't bear malice to anyone, except the Injins. He was one of the boys he was, and when he got strung up by the Vigilants for hoss stealing, them of the boys as got one, put on a biled shirt out o'respect to his mem'ry. Though I don't believe he ever stole a hoss in

his life except from a greaser or Injun."

This novel form of drowning sorrow, told as it was in the rough phraseology of Western lan-guage, was so indescribably ludicrous that I couldn't help laughing, until the tears, which had been flowing a short time before from another cause, rolled down my cheeks.

Johnny looked pleased that his attempt at putting me into better spirits had succeeded so well. He was one of those strange problems in human nature which the greatest philosophers have never yet succeeded in satisfactorily solv-Here was a man who would cheat, lie or steal with the utmost coolness and deliberation. and yet George Washington's love for pure and simple truth was not more strongly developed than Johnny Mulgrove's towards those to whom he took a liking. No merchant prince ever guarded his honor more jealously than he among certain individuals of a class with whom he as sociated on terms of fraternal fellowship, and whose good opinion he valued more than his life. No man could play a squarer game of poker when he knew his man was playing squarely too. Johnny gazed thoughtfully at the burning embers. Something, evidently, was on his mind, and as he cast furtive, curious glances towards me when he thought I wasn't looking, I charged him with being "humsick" on account of his silence. He looked at me keenly with

"I guess you're square, ain't yer?"

The abruptness of the question startled me, and I responded,
"I hope so. Why?"

"I hope so. Why?"
"Wall, I have been thinkin' that Joe
Wheeler ain't to be trusted. There's something about that galoot that makes me cave in. ain't got no pertickler reason for thinkin' he ain't reliable; but he takes too much religion in his whiskey to suit me. That man ain't square, and I guess my head's purty level about an opinion o' that sort. I won seven hundred dollars from him to-night, and I've got 'em in greenbacks in my boots. He's had one or two of Satanta's braves loafing round hyar a couple of days past, and them Kiowas mighty pesky critters. They ain't reliable neither. And 'tween you and me I think the three on 'em's critters. purty well balanced. P'haps yer noticed or p'raps yer didn't, that Joe seemed mighty keerful about keepin' the boys outside his shanty to-night. Gen'lly he's always agreeable like with the sojers, and when the officer ain't lookin' he sometimes takes their canteens and fills with tangle-foot for some trifle or another in the shape o' cartridges, and the sojers'll do anything to get whiskey as yer well knows. To-night he didn't giv'em any, and the officer (who was asleep in the ambulance), didn't go inter Joe's shanty onet. I was just a thinkin' it might be well to let old shoulder straps know my opinions, and if yer'll come along with me so as not ter 'larm the sentry, I guess I'll feel easier, besides there's no knowin' what them greasers'll do, yer can't place no dependence in the varmints for they'd sooner run than fight

as yer ought ter know by this time."

There was a good deal of sense in Johnny's remarks, and, as he intimated, it would be well to be prepared for an emergency. Cautiously approaching the sentry I told him briefly our intentions, and proceeded to the ambulance. Lifting up the cover cautiously, I said softly:

Captain Mason, are you asleep?" The Captain was sound asleep—and beastly drunk. He lay like one in a stupor overcome with liquor. I saw it was of no use appealing to him under the circumstances, so we went and roused up Corporal Fagan. Fagan always slept, to use a homely phrase, with "one eye peeled." He aroused himself instantly, and we held a council of war. One by one the soldiers were awakened. Fagan told each man what to do. The soldiers' instructions were first to look after the Government stores, and in case of attack, the civilians were to be pressed into the service. The traders—men who had a large quantity of valuable goods—would be sure to take sides with us, and, as for the Mexicans, if they chose to act as cowards, why that was their own look out. In any case, as Johnny said, they were

"oureliable." All except the soldiers and ourselves were fast asleep. It was about half-past two, as near as I could judge, and there were no signs of any other human beings except ourselves and the party in the vicinity. Owing to the small detachment of soldiers none could be be spared to scout the surrounding country. Johnny, however, volunteered to act in that capacity. Before mounting his mustang, a

small but powerful animal, he called me aside.

"Look hyar, I guess I'd better give yer my
pile 'cos none of us knows what might turn up. I feel a kinder suspicious that things ain't right, and if the red-skins go for me afore I come back, the money'll be o' no use to me, and if things turn out all right yer can giv' it me again. You bet, boy, if there's no muss, why'll I'll treat all

hands and call Joe Wheeler a white man."

He handed me a roll of bills wrapped up in old army blouse which I deposited in my belt. There was no reason for apprehending trouble. The Sioux were far away buffalo hunting, and the Kiowas, of which tribe Satanta was Chief, were supposed to be many miles south of the Platte river. But we were, nevertheless, anxious. I must confess, gentlemen, the prospect of Indian warfare was not encouraging. I had heard many stories of their extreme cruelty, and I firmly resolved, should I be taken prisoner, to follow out the general instructions which were given to the soldiers to die by my own hand rather than be taken alive. The events in my past life from the earliest days of memory flitted through my mind in rapid succession. But there was no time for vain regrets for what could not be recalled, only a sort of ill-defined resolution to do better in the future should I be spared. A hasty discon-

nected prayer went up from my lips.

In three quarters of an hour Johnny Mulgrove returned. His mustang was covered foam and trembling in every limb.

"Boys, for God's sake, wake up the camp "Boys, for God's sake, wake up the camp there's 'tween two and three hundred on 'em about five miles yonder " pointing north of the bluff. "They're a comin' just as fast as their darned critters can go. Yellow Bear's in command and darn me, you bet there's going to be a

In ten minutes the camp was alive with excitement. The animals were corralled and firmly secured to the wagons which were arranged in the form of a square, behind which we were en-trenched. But Joe Wheeler was nowhere to be seen. Inside this hastily formed breastwork we were comparatively safe. About half a dozen cowardly Mexicans were on their knees counting their beads and muttering their pater nosters against time. To prevent their escaping in the fray the soldiers gagged and tied them to the wagon wheels. The horses were snorting and trembling with fear, and if the truth must be told, gentlemen, I kept them company, only in a less demonstrated way. I hope none of you will ever need to have your courage tested in a similar manner. Recollect it was my first experience, and please pass over my failings with your ac-customed generosity. The drunken captain still lay fast asleep. In his sober moments, there was not a braver man under Gods heaven, but an inordinate passion for whiskey had drowned out nearly all the manhood there was left in him. It was thought better to let him remain where he was. There he lay a complete wreck of all that was noble in humanity compared to which the most stubborn brute in harness was a gentleman. Bad Spanish, broken English and prairie slang was carried on in a low tone. Corporal Fagan took command, and like a true Irishman,

he was equal to the crisis.

"Bhoys when yez fire, make yer carthridge count one, and if yez aint shure ye can hit the divils, fire at their horses. Hit somebody, and dont be throwin' away yer ammunition till I tell yez; and moin me yer greasers if I find yez skulking 1'll put a head on yez. D'ye moind that now ?' that now

"Bully for you, old man, I guess y'ill be Major General afore that cowardly galoot in the ambul-

"Shut up" observed the Corporal, to the Major General yez 'll have a moighty poor chance

of being an army conthracter." "Whist boys they're a comin."

The position of our wagons hid a large portion of the surrounding prairie from sight, but the dull, rapid thud of the horses' feet could be heard advancing with lightning speed.

In less time than it takes to tell you, a party

of their advanced guard, about eighty men as near as we could judge, came in sight on the top of the bluff. Our gallant and thoughtful Corporal had chosen his position wisely, which was, at best, extremely disadvantageous to our small force. He had calculated that the Indians would fire at us from the Bluff, and had, accordingly, arranged our corral, which was about twenty feet long by about twelve feet wide, so as to allow as much shelter as possible below the line of fire from the enemy's rifles. The Indians' tactics were simple enough; they fired a volley and were out of sight in a moment. They evidently wished to kill as many as they could, and then make a general charge on our little company. Our Fagan gave the command. Their first volley was harmless. But the bullets rattled somewhat too ominously about the wagons for my peace of mind. The party returned and gave us another dose and two mules passed to the happy hunting grounds of futurity.

In twenty minutes the foe arrived in full strength, numbering, I should say, about two hundred men. A constant fire was kept up for

fully a quarter of an hour before we returned a single shot. The Kiowas, for such they proved to be, soon got tired of this sort of thing and divided their forces. About ninety of them formed a circle, and making a considerable detour to get upon the level prairie, charged at us with full speed. They advanced within thirty feet of our wagons, when Fagan shouted. "Fire."

Seven of the number fell from the saddles but in a moment the bodies of the dismounted savages were caught up by their comrades and they were beyond fire. We hadn't lost a man up to this time, although seven animals were among the casualties. Finding that we were too well sheltered from the bluff the fight began to assume more serious proportions. The whole force of the Kiowas, yelling and hooting and fairly aroused by the loss of their leader's son Yellow Bear, junior, a well-made but repulsive looking barbarian, charged down upon us shout-ing the war whoop of their tribe. Our thirty rifles belched forth destruction; this time with good effect, and ten Indians fell to join the mules who had gone before. In the meantime Captain Mason had at last been awakened from drunken stupor and had become sufficiently sober to take command. The addition of one man was welcome enough for we had lost three in the last fire. But two of them were Mexicans who had been released on their personal recognizances for their good behaviour, and the loss therefore only counted as one. It would be useless to tire you, gentlemen, with a detailed description of each charge, for my memory does not serve me with sufficient exactness to recount all the circumstances. Our little force was getting fati-gued, but we held out bravely for two hours. The Indians finding we were so well protected aimed at us from under the bodies of their ponies; killing two of our soldiers and wounding three civilians. This loss had arisen from thoughtless exposure. The enemy's loss as near as could be ascertained must have amounted to at least twenty men, for our shots generally were well expended. But there was yet another disaster in store for us. The Indians, however, were not yet discouraged and in a final attack which lasted fully ten minutes they hacked away at the wagons with their tomahawks, endeavouring to open a breach in our corral. In a reckless attempt to kill an Indian, Johnny Mulgrove received a revolver shot in the throat. The poor fellow heeled over, the blood spouted from his wound in a stream and his last words were go-o-d-bye. Jo-e Wh-e-l-er."

The shrieks of the animals, wounded and dying; the low compressed curses of our own men; the yells of the red demons, mad with disappointment and revenge for the loss of their comrades, and the continual whizz, whizz, of the bullets would take too long to tell you about. The only word which I can think of just now which would fittingly describe the scene is

After three hours hard fighting the Indians suddenly rode off, carrying with them their dead and wounded and leaving only their dead ponies in the field. We counted forty animals in all. Our own loss was six men, and five wounded; its smallness may be attributed to the fact of the unerring accuracy of the aim of our party.

In about a quarter of an hour four companies of the 10th Cavalry en route to Fort Union, New Mexico, came to our assistance. The Indians had doubtless been advised by their own scouts of their advance; thus accounting for their abrupt departure. Never were friends more joyously received. Our dead were decently buried and poor Johnny Mulgrove had a grave all to himself. His natural impulses were good, but unbappile leaked at the the leaked at the state of the state of the leaked at the leaked at the state of the leaked at th but, unhappily lacked strength. It finally transpired that Joe Wheeler had made an agreement with the Indians to capture our stores. This we were informed of by a wounded Kiowa whom we discovered under the shade of Joe's ranche. He was one of the two braves who had been seen by Mulgrove two days before. Joe came back next day and was arrested by the soldiers. But his coolness and fondness for his favorite author couldn't save him. He was tried under martial law for murder and hanged with becoming ceremonies amid the execuations of the assembly. Everybody got drunk, in honor of the occasion.

Poor Johnny's legacy did n't prove of much service to me, inasmuch as the seven hundred dollars were counterfeit money, won from honest Joe Wheeler. And now, gentlemen I'll trouble you to hand me a glass of that excellent beer—if there's any left.

Montreal.

NOTE.—Joe Wheeler was a noted character in 1868 and it is to his artifices that several cruelties were attributed. He was a cruel, crafty rascal, and concealed his purpose in the assumed frankness and congeniality of his manner. His fondaces for Watt's hymns is a singular but truthful fact to connection with his history.

DOMESTIC.

HODGE-PODGE.—The following is an excellent way of warming cold mutton. Mince your mutton—it is better rather under-done—and cut up one or two lettuces and two or three onlons into slices. Put these into a stew-pa, with about two ounces of butter, pepper and salt to taste, and half a cup of water; simmer for three-quarters of an hour, keeping it well-stirred; boil some pages separately, mix them with the mutton, and serve very hot.

Chowchow.—Boil in one quart of vinegar a quarter of a pound of inustard, mixed as for table use, two ounces of ginger, two ounces of white pepper, a very little mace, with a few cloves. Take one dozen large cucumbers, peeled and sliced, place in a sive with a handful of sail, let them stand ten minutes, and then put in jars. When the vinegar is cold enough, pour it over, and the down tight. This chowchow will be fit for use in one week, and will keep good a year. Сноwсном.—Boil in one quart of vinegar a

[¶] A "greaser" means a Mexican of the Jower orders. They are, as a rule, cowardly fellows, inveterate gamblers, and superstitious.

^{*} A Western cognomen for an army surgeon

"WANTED A YOUNG LADY."

"But, Charlie, dear, are you sure you will not forget me amidst the amusements and gaieties of London?"

'You may rest satisfied, my darling Nell, I shall never forget you; and let us hope the time is not far distant when I may be able to return, and claim my little treasure for my dear wife."

The last speaker was a young barrister, Charles Malden, who, while on a visit to a country annt, had endeavoured to allay the canai arising from the dulness of a rustic village, by talling in love, or making believe to, with pretty Nellie May.

Nellie was one of the numerous olive branches of a hard-worked curate, and her fair, graceful form and unsophisticated country manners had proved irresistible attractions to the rusticated

They were now op the platform, waiting for the train that was to carry Mahlen away from love and beauty,

Nellie's innocent eyes glistened with joy and hope, as, fondly pressing his arm, she responded. "And you will be sure and write very, very often, Charlie, dear?"

"Of course, my darling! And now one kiss, and then good-bye!"

The desired embrace was given and returned as the train came pulling and wheezing into the small station; and in five minutes Charles Mablen was whirling along on his road back to the modern Bubylon.

He wrote prefty regularly for the first three weeks after he reached town; and then, as time wore on, his letters became notes; and then even grew few and far between ; until at length, after the auxious Nell had received no reply to three successive epistles, the correspondence ceased altogether.

Upon his teturn to town, Malden had pro-ceeded to his usual chamber in the Middle Temple, and, for a few weeks, had kept to the many good re-olutions made while away from transtation.

But by degrees he had drifted back into the asual inegularities always open to a student if

he chooses to adopt them.

Shortly after his return he had been introduced to Arthur Harcourt, a wealthy commoner, whose triends had desired him to "eat his terms," and get called to the bar, and who had taken chambers in Essex Court for that pur-

ered the friendship might be made conducive to his benefit.

So he had exerted himself to please, and with so much success, that for some weeks they had been nearly constant companions.

One morning Harcourt was scated in his hambers, endeavouring to allay the pangs of an acting local by copious librations of soda-

Malden had just come, and had been seated on the sofa for a couple of minutes, when Hara culti speke.

"Upon my word, Charlie, I'm tired to death I wish you could think of something that would

relieve the monotony of existence."
"I'm sure I hardly know what to suggest," replied Malden, reflectively. "Let's see; fishing is in season; what do you say to having a day at West Drayton?

"A fool at one end of the rod, and a worm at the other. Too slow," replied Harcourt, An with Johnsonian brevity.

"What do you say to hiring a skiff, having a pull up the river, and dining at Richmond?" "Don't care about making a toil of pleasure;

rowing, this weather, is only fit for galley-

For a few minutes there was silence, and both the students pulled contemplatively at their

At length, Mahlen eried out, "Eureka! I have it, Arthur! Suppose we put an advertisement in the paper for a young lady to take charge of a gentleman's establishment. applicants come here; if we offer the inducement of a high salary, we shall have a couple of hundred, and the necessary examinations will be great fun!"

which Malden was doing his best to spoil.

"Not a bit of it," replied the other. "If the younger. you feel any scruples of conscience, you can pay them their expenses, and then it will be a good

morning's work for some of them. 'I don't altogether like the idea, Charlie; it

doesn't seem manly to me, you know, to---"Nonsense!" interrunted Malden. "For goodness sake, Harcourt, don't begin preachinterruited Mulden. "For ing! Let's decide that it shall be done. I'll draw up the advertisement, and if we put it in to-morrow, why we can let the people call the following day, which will be Friday. Will that

suit you!"
"If you really think it's right, Friday will suit me as well as any other day; but-

"All right there, that's settled! Now, I'll go and have the advertisement inserted. By the bye, you may as well let me have five pounds if you have them handy, for I want to pay the newspaper people, and I'm rather short.

Malden generally was short; nevertheless, Harcourt handed him over the required sum, and with a careless " An revoir!" he took him-

The next day, the following appeared among the "Wanted" in the leading daily papers:

"Wenten a young lady, amiable and accomplished, and of prepossessing appearance, to take the entire charge of a gentleman's household. References exchanged. Salary, £80. Apply, Friday, between 11 and 2, ground floor, Essex Court, Middle Temple.

On Friday morning, the friends had break-fast together, and the laundress had just cleared the table, when Malden said, "There's eleven striking! We shall have a rush of them di-At that moment, a faint tap was heard at the

door of the room.
"Hallo, there's one of them! The baundress

must have left the 'oak' open! Come in! The door opened, and in walked a young lady,

dressed in a neat black stuff costume, with a small felt hat, from under which felt a quantity of golden hair. As she entered the room, her gaze was timidly

directed towards the carpet; but she had scarcely arrived at the table in the centre of the room when Malden suddenly exclaimed, " found it! Nellie May, by all that's unfortunate

Nellie looked up in astonishment at the speaker.

For a moment she was unable to utter a word, and then, recalling her energies, she said, "Mr. Malden, what does this mean! I came here in answer to an advertisement. I neither expected me to take my leave. I wish you a good morn-

And, with a dignified bow, Nellie passed from the room.

Scarrely, however had she reached the front door ere a mist seemed to come before her eyes, and, losing all her strength, she would have fallen to the ground, had not Harcourt, who had followed her from the room, supported her

The fresh air and the knowledge of her position brought her to herself at once.

Colouring deeply, she gently removed his arm fround her waist, but, as she did so, staggered, and almost fell again.
Offering his arm, Horcourt said, "Allow me to see you to a cab, Miss May."

"Thank you," replied Nellie, grateful for his assistance. "I have not been very well lately, and the sight of Mr. Malden recalled some unpleasant recollections.

Calling a four-wheeler in Flect street, Har-Now Malden was very poor, and his new account carefully handed her in, and still more quaintance being exactly the reverse, he consider carefully did he note down the address which

she gave the driver.

About a fortnight previous to the insertion of the advertisement. Mrs. Richards, a widowed and tears, to hide her confusion, Arthur exsister of Mr. May, wrote and invited Nellie to plained matters satisfactorily to her aunt. spend a few weeks with her.

hed lost her colour, and had not appeared very cake and toasts, well lately, he accepted his sister's invitation with gratitude, and Nellie was despatched up to wife home from

Mrs. Richards' advice, had determined to apply for the situation, with the results related.

The next morning, about twelve o'clock, as Mrs. Richards was employed with some needlework, and Nellie was at the plane, the servant-of all-work opened the door and said, "Please, marm, here's a gentleman as wants to see Miss

And closely following his announcement, in walked Arthur Harcourt, who, bowing to both ladies, turned to Nellie with a smile, and said, "You must pardon my intrusion, Miss May; but I could not resist calling to inquire after your health, and also to explain and apologize for the cruel hoax of which you were yesterday the victim."

He then proceeded to relate how Malden and himself had fabricated the advertisement, that had attracted her.

Before Harcourt had finished his confession, Nellie had glanced more than once at his handsome person; and when he finished, she deter-mined that it was her duty to forgive.

By the time he had brought his visit to a conclusion, Mrs. Rielands had discovered that she had formerly been acquainted with Mrs. "It's not a bad idea; but won't it be rather curelly disappointing to them?" remarked Harcourt, Arthur's mother; so, when he rose to take his leave, he received an invitation from the elder lady to repeat his visit, which, if eyes speak the truth, was certainly not negatived by

On his return to Essex Court, Harcourt found Malden seated in his arm-chair, enjoying a cigar, to which he had helped himself from a box on

Walking up to the fire-place, Harcourt leant against the chimney-piece, and steadily observing the smoker, observed, "I have but now returned from Miss May's, where I have been to

apologize for yesterday's business."
"Oh! been to see little Nellie, have you!" replied Malden, with indifference. "Ah, she's not a bad sort, but an awful fool. I had great fun with her down in the country, but I soon got tired of her : she's much too attentive, you know. She---

Harcourt sprang forward, and, with his expressive features working with excitement, ex-claimed. "Silence, sir! If you say another word against the girl, I'll pitch you neck and erop out of that window."

For a moment Malden gazed at his companion in astonishment; but he looked so thoroughly in earnest, that he saw he was not to be played with; so, with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone, he quietly observed, "Really, Arthur, I at Bristol; the lady went on board the same,

was not aware the fair one had so vehement a champion. I should have been more careful in what I said."

"And I advise you to be more circumspect in future, Mr. Malden. If, as I suspect, you have ver behaved in an ungentlemanly manner to that young lady, I tell you plainly that I shall not be too anxious for the pleasure of your

of be too analysis, ricely,"
"Ha, ha, ha !" laughed Malden, as he slowly that ha, ha ha !" laughed Malden, as he slowly that had been something to the slowly the slowly that had been something to the slowly that had been something the slowly that had been something to the slowly that had been some tose, and putting on his gloves. "How the fellows at the club will laugh at the idea of-

Harcourt frowned, and interrupted him, saying, "I warn you once for all, Malden. If I hear you have been uttering a word respecting either Miss May or myself, I'll give you the soundest thrashing a man ever had!"

"Upon my word," replied Malden, adjusting his hat, "the young lady in question ought to feel herself highly bonoured! Fancy the exclusive Arthur Harcourt becoming engatured with

sive Arthur Harcourt becoming enraptured with a country parson's daughter!

Harcourt, clenching his fist, advanced a step towards him; but Malden, considering discre-tion to be the better part of valour, had left the room.

It was about three months after Harcourt's first visit to Mrs. Richards', that Nellie and he were seated alone in the drawing-room.

Harcourt had only just arrived.
"I am so sorry, Mr. Harcourt," observed Nellie, "but my aunt has gone out shopping, and will not return for a couple of h urs."

And I, on the contrary, am pleased to hear it, Miss May; for it gives me an opportunity of asking you a question, and one to which I require an answer."

"Indeed!" replied Nellie, innocently. shall be most pleased to reply if it be in my

"It is in your power," said Harcourt; and then, seating himself beside her, he took her hand, and continued. "Ever since I first saw you, Nellie, I have loved you, and my affection has increased day by day; and now I want to ask you if you can reciprocate the feeling sufficiently to give me this dear little hand-to become my wife! You do not reply," continued he. "May I take silence for consent?"

he, "May I take silence for consent."

"But will you take me after what I told you

"At the and mysolf?" passed between Mr. Malden and myself?"
"Yes; undoubtedly I will?" exclaimed he.

Only say that you love me!"
"I do!" replied Nellie, softly; "and-and on have made me very happy?"

When Mrs. Richards returned from shopping,

she was not a trifle scandalized to discover her

As Mr. May had noticed that his daughter the usual accompaniments of bridesmaids, tears,

Arthur Harcourt has not yet brought his wife home from the south of France, whither they went for their honeymoon; but, judging While staying with her aunt, she had observed the announcement, and, acting upon vertising for a "Young Lady." P. F. H.

A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE.

A merchant in Jamaica, originally from London, having amassed a princely fortune in that island, concluded with himself that he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it unless he shared it with a woman of merit; and knowing none that would suit his fancy, he resolved to write to worthy correspondent of his in London.

He knew no other style than that which he used in his trade; therefore, treating affairs of love as he did his business, after giving his friend, in a letter, several commissions, and reserving this for the last, he went on thus:--

hand, which must be provided against as much as possible, considering the great dangers of the sea. If she arrives well-conditioned, as afore-said, with the present letter endorsed by you, or an attest copy thereof, that there may be no mistake or imposition, I hereby oblige and engage myself to satisfy the said letter by marrying the bearer at fifteen days' sight. In witness whereof, 1 subscribe, &c.

The London correspondent read over, and reread, the odd articles which put the future spouse on the some footing with the bales he was to send to his friend; and after admiring the peudent exactness of the West Indian, and his laconic style, in enumerating the qualifications which he insisted on, he endeavoured to serve him to his mind.

After many inquiries, he thought he had found a lady fit for his purpose in a young person of respectable family, but with no fortune, good humoured and politely educated, well shaped,

and more than tolerably handsome.

He made the proposal to her as his friend had directed; and she, having no subsistence but from a fretful old aunt who gave her a great deal of uneasiness, accepted it.

A ship bound for Jamaica was then fitting out

together with the bales of goods, being well provided with all necessaries, and particularly with a certificate in due form, and endorsed by the correspondent.

She was also included in the invoice, the last article of which ran thus :--

"ITEM . A spinster, twenty one years of age of the quality, shape, and conditioned, as per order, as appears by the affidavits and certificates she has to produce."

The documents which were considered necessary to so very exact a business man as a future husband, were an abstract from the parish register, a certificate of her character signed by the curate, an attestation of her neighbours, setting forth her general character and bearing; and, lastly, the goodness of her constitution was certified, after consultation, by four emineut physi-

The letters of advice, the bales, and the lady, came safe to the port; and our merchant, who happened to be one of the foremost on the pier at the lady's landing, was charmed to see a handsome person, who, having heatd him called by his name, said to him, "Sir, I have a bill of exchange upon you; and, as you know that it is not usual for people to carry a great deal of money about them in such a long voyage as I have now made, I beg you will be please to pay

She then give him his correspondent's letter, on the back of which was written, "The bearer

of this is the spouse you ordered me to send you."
"Ab, madam!" said the West Indian, " never yet suffered my bills to be protested, and I swear this shall not be the first! I shall recken myself to be the most fortunate of all men if you

will allow me to discharge it."
"Yes, sir," replied she; "and the more willingly since I am apprised of your character. We had several persons of reputation on board who knew you very well, and who, during my passage, answered all the questions I asked relating to you in so satisfactory a manner that they raised in me a sincere esteem for you.

The first interview was, in a few days afterwards, followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent.

tented with their union made by a "bill of exchange;" and it was the more formula. The new-married couple were perfectly con-' and it was the most fortunate one that had happened in the island for many years.

If you intend taking Quinine Wine, do not be induced by over-advertising and bill-posting to try any of the so-called preparations that are spread over the country. Make up your mind to and get one that you know something about. Now DEVINS & BOLTON'S Quinine Wine has received the approval and sanction of the Medical In two months, the wedding took place, with Faculty, and with just merit, as it is a pure Wine scientifically prepared, possessing the medicinal properties of this valuable tonic in a simple, pleasant and reliable form. Now, what other pre-paration of the kind can show such flattering testimony in its favour!

HYGIENIC.

A treatment for lung and blood diseases, practised in Mi'an. Italy, consists in putting the patient into an apartment containing compressed medicated air.

FRUIT should be eaten as food, not as a mere r RVIT should be eaten as lood, hot as a mere pastime; it should be eaten at the table, as a pertion of the regular meal, but sparingly at late meals. All cooked food impairs the power of the stomach to digest uncooked substances; therefore, so long as we are accustomed to cooked food, we must be careful in regard to the times when we eat truits in their natural state. Hence, so long as we are accustomed to cooked food, the stomach will always digest fruit in its natural state better in the early than in the latter part of the day.

MANY curious notions prevail respecting the use and properties of the warm bath. To many persons the blea of submersion in warm water, on a amanor's day, wend be preposterous; but if it be rationally considered, it will be found that the warm butternay be taken "ITEM: Seeing I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send me, per next ship bound hither, a young woman of the qualification and form following: As for portion, I demand none; let her be of an honest family, between twenty and twenty-live years of age, of middle stature, and well proportioned; her face agreeable, temper mild, character blameless, health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the changes of the climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second, through lack of the first soon after she comes to hand, which must be provided against as much

WHEN we talk about exercise we are very apt forget that it is a many sided word. We use it as if it to forget that it is a many sided word. We use it as if it referred merely to the movement of the massles. It is necessary to health that all our powers should be exernecessary to health that all our powers should be ever eised, and the continued disuse of any one of them results in its partial or total loss. If one should lie in bed for years, without the slightest ailment, still one would lose the use of the limbs; and this is equally true of quite different faculties. All our powers grow by use. If we neglect to entitivate the habit of observation, we might as well walk through the world blindfold. We lose our faculty—what artists call our "touch"—by neglect of practice on other things besides the piano. The man who seldom reads, reads slowly; the woman whose writing is confined to an infrequent letter to some absent child spends more time over that than does a practised writer over a dozon pages of manuscript. In the realin of the conotions it is the same. Benevolence is largely a matter of habit. So is affection, self-control, gentleness. If, then, exercise, in its largest sense, is of so great conmatter of habit. So is affection, self-control, gentleness. If, then, exercise, in its largest sense, is of so great consequence, we at once see the importance of apportioning it to our own personal needs. If our occupation is so dentary, we need to plan for walks and rides and active games to keep our muscles lithe and serviceable. But if our employment give us enough muscular action, it is not one whit less important to our health of body that we should plan for mental exercise—for employment enough of our memory and our reasoning powers to keep them from rusting. And, in either case, that life must be a dwarfed and unhealthy one that does not provide exercise for our spiritual faculties—for worship, and charity, and patience, and magnanimity. Exercise of soul, mind, and body can alone bring us to the stature of the perfect man. the perfect man.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



PRINCE MILAN OBRENOVITCH,



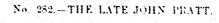
PRINCESS NATUALIT PETROWNA.

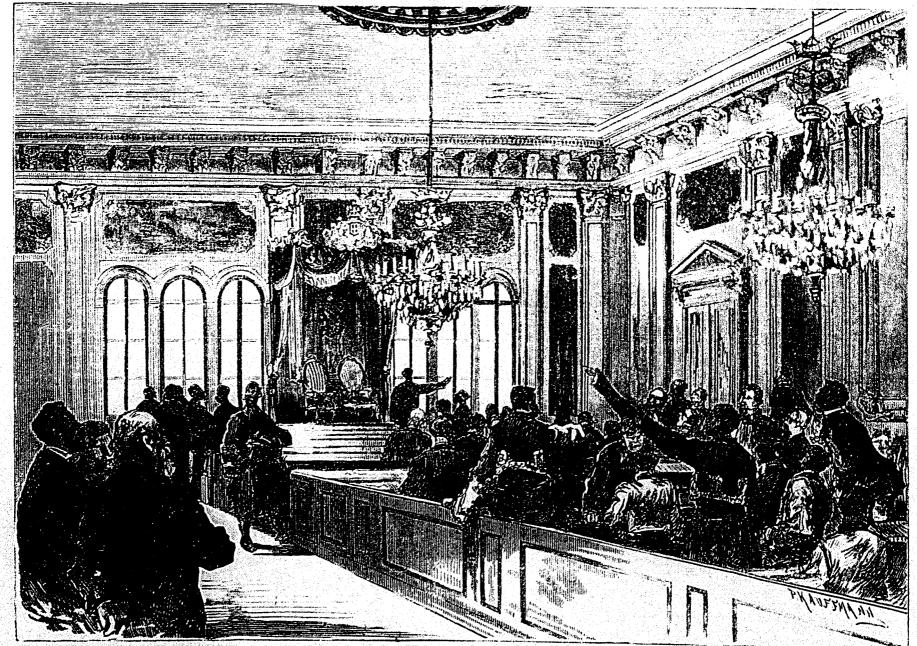


GENERAL TORERNAYETT, COMMANDER IN CRIEF OF THE SELVIAN THOOPS.

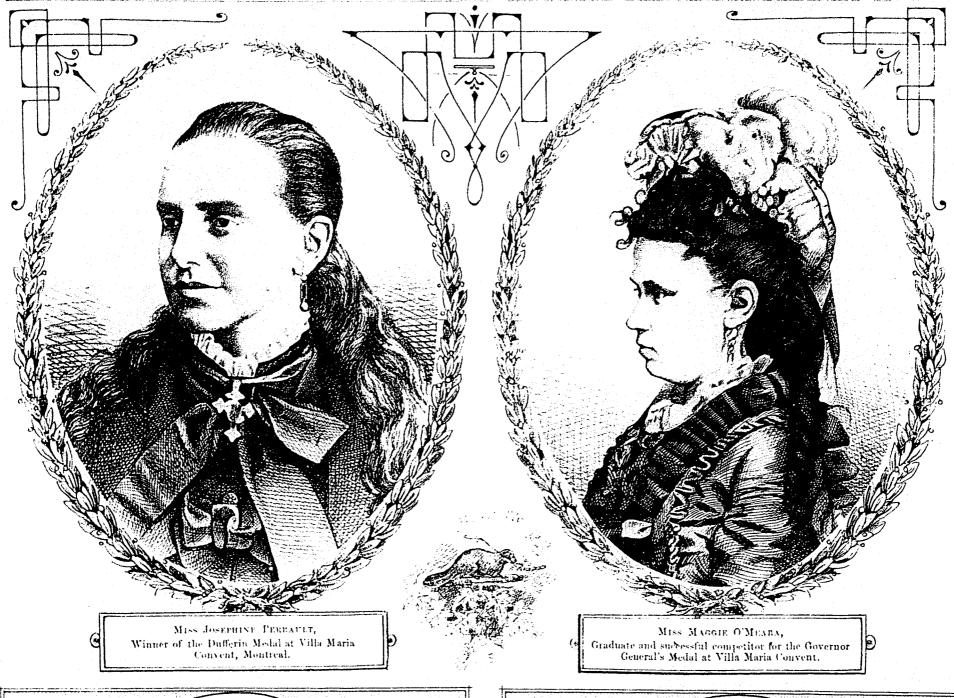


GENERAL ZACH, AIDE-DE-CAMP TO PRINCE MILAN.

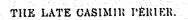




THE SECTIONAL ASSEMBLY OF THE SERVIANS.









THE LATE HARRIET MARTINEAU.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNA

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK III.

THE BURSTING OF THE TEMPEST.

XVI.

PAINFUL MEETING-(Continued.)

M. Belmont instantly complied. As Batoche signified his intention of going along, in order to see them safe within the walls, Zulma earnestly demanded permission to accompany him. M. Belmont, Pauline and Cary tried their best to dissuade her, but the old soldier silenced their objections by at once according his consent. The wounded officer having received the last attentions for the night, the party took their departure They reached Quebec without incident, and Batoche readily found an opening for them into the town from a ravine in the valley of the St. Charles.

Zulma and Pauline embraced each other fer-

Zuma and Taurille
vidly.

"Before we separate, I have a dreadful secret
to tell you," said Pauline.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Do you know who pointed the gun that
wounded the Captain?"

"I do not."

"Can't you guess?"

"Can't you guess?"
"No."

"It was Roderick Hardinge"

The eyes of the two friends exchanged sparks

On the return journey, Zulma inquired of Batoche :-"Do you know who fired the fatal gun against

you from the walls?"

I do.'

"Does Captain Singleton know it?"
"He does not."
"Why did you not tell him?" "On account of little Pauline."

XVII.

NISI DOMINUS.

Quebec was the centre of missionary labor for years before our Atlantic coast was thoroughly settled. The church of San Domingo is older, having been founded in 1614. That of Mexico dates from 1524, and that of Havana was established at an earlier epoch still. But none of these can be said to have exercised the same influence which distinguished the city of Champlain. From Quebec came forth nearly all the plain. From Quebec came forth nearly all the missionaries who evangelized the west and north-west. The children of Asisi and Loyola, whose names are immortalized in the pages of Bancroft, all set forth on their perilous wander-ings under instructions issued from the venerable college whose ruins are still seen beneath the shadow of Cape Diamond. In the list of priests who resided at Quebec, on the 1st October, 1674, is found the name of Jacques Marquette. Little did that modest man then dream of the glory which was soon to be attached to his labors and explorations. By the discovery of the Mississippi not only did he add a vast terri-tory to the realms of his King, but he opened an immense field to the zeal of his Bishop, and extended the boundaries of the diocese of Quebec by thousands upon thousands of miles. Thus it happens that Chicago, Milwaukie, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Louisville, and all our Western cities, though they did not then exist, now occupy ground which was under the jurisdiction of the great Bishop, François Laval de Montmorenci, who was first raised to the See of Quebec two Irundred years ago. It is no stretch of fenory but the literal touth no stretch of fancy, but the literal truth-and the picture is a grand one—that when Laval stood on the steps of his high altar, in that vener-able fane which has since been raised to the a whole continent, from the Gulf of the St.

Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Red River of the North to the waters of Chesapeake Bay. Time has passed since then; and religion has progressed in such astonishing rates that sixty-one dioceses are at present said to have sprung from the single old diocese of Que-

The sixth successor of Laval was Briand, the last French Bishop of Quebec under British domination. All those who succeeded him were Canadian born. It was to him that M. Bel-mont addressed himself for final counsel. He found the prelate alone in his study, calmly reading his breviary, while a pile of documents, letters and other papers lay on a table at his side. He wore a purple cassock, over which was a surplice of snow-white lace reaching to the On his shoulders was attached a short violet cape. A pectoral cross hung from his neck by a massive chain of gold. The tonsured white head was covered by a small skull-cap of purple velvet. A large amethyst ring flashed on the second finger of the left hand. Monseigneur sat there the picture of serene force. While all around him was uproar, within his apartment the atmosphere of peace reigned with a visible, tangible presence. The Seminary where he resided was within a stone's have no difficulty in making your adhesion.'

throw of the barracks in Cathedral Square, but whereas the one was the continual theatre of anxiety and excitement, the other was the scene of perpetual confidence and repose. And yet this lonely man was a principal actor in the events of 1775-76. His influence had been, and was still, omnipotent and all pervading. From his quiet retreat, he had sent forth a pastoral, at the beginning of hostilities, commending loyalty to Britain, and exhorting all his followers to obey the teachings and example of their curates. And his voice had been heard. But for him, there is no telling how different the circumstances of the invasion of Canada would have been. If Guy Carleton was Knighted for his successful defense of Quebec, surely Monseigneur Briand should have received some token of favor from those whom he so faithfully served. Without the spiritual power, the ma-terial force could not have have availed, and the sword of the commander would have been lifted in vain but for the Bishop's crook that scat-

tered the initial obstacles of the contest.

The prelate received M. Belmont with the utmost kindness, for they were old friends. Placing his thumb within the closed leaves of his breviary, he asked his visitor to unfold to him freely the object of his coming, although there was an expression in his countenance which showed that he divined that object. M. Belmont, who was agitated at first, gradually acquired sufficient self-possession to give a full explanation of his case. He detailed his grievances, his apprehensions, and explained the radical change which he had undergone in his political opinions. He ended by pointedly asking the Bishop whether he was not justified in taking a decided stand.

Monseigneur had listened unmoved to the

whole history, occasionally smiling languidly, occasionally looking very serious. His reply was given in the kindest tones, but there was the conscious authority of the chief pastor in every word which he uttered.

I too am a Frenchman, my friend," he said. "I have my feelings, my prejudices, my aspirations, like every other man. If I consulted only my heart, I believe you can guess where it would have led me. But I consult my head. remember that I have a conscience. I am I am reminded that I have stern duties, as Bishop, to fulfil. The responsibility of them is something terrible. The cardinal doctrine of our theology is obedience to legitimate authority. The whole logic of the church is there. This principle permeates every department of life, from the highest to the lowest. It shipes out through all highest to the lowest. It shines out through all our history. In the present instance, its application is plain. The English are our masters. They are such by the right of conquest—a sad right, but one which is thoroughly recognized. They have been our masters for sixteen years. In that time, they have not always treated us But there was ignorance rather than illwill. Of late, they have guaranteed the rights of our people and of the church. The Quebec Act is a standing proof of a desire of justice on the part of the English Government. And how do these Boston people regard the Quebec Act? Judge for yourself."

The Bishop here produced from among the papers on the table a pictorial caricature of the

"See," he continued. "This represents Bos ton in flames and Quebec triumphant, and the print explains that thus popery and tyranny will print explains that thus popely and typically triumph over true religion, virtue and liberty. Among the other personages, look at the kneeling figure of a Catholic priest, with cross in one hand and gibbet in the other, assisting King George, as the print again says, in enforcing his tyrannical system of civil and religious liberty. What do you think of that? Does it look like the real fellowship for us which they profess in their proclamations? Liberty and independence are fine words, my friend. I love them. But they may be catch-words as well, and we have to beware. Who assures us that the revolted Colonies are sincere? After all, they are only Englishmen rebelling against their country. Even if they are justified in rebelling, does that fact justify us in joining them? And what good reason have we to believe that they can better our lot? Will they respect our religion, language and laws more than do our present masters? Reflect on these things. Do nothing imprudent. Remember your family. Respect your reputation. You have a fortune, but it is not yours to waste by useless confiscation. It belongs to little Pauline. I respect your sympathies, and believe, that you will soon have occasion to display them, without premature action. This town will soon be attacked. Either the besiegers will succeed or they will not. If they do not succeed, you will be able to ease your heart by attending to the sick and wounded prisoners among them. If they do succeed, and Quebec is taken, then Canadatis theirs, and they will become our masters instead of the English. will become our masters instead of the English Then the duty of us all will be clear and you will

The Bishop smiled as he laid down this common-sense proposition, and so did M. Belmont who was thoroughly convinced by its logic. He thanked Monseigneur for his strong advice, and promised in most fervent language that he would

"Do so, my son," added the Bishop. "I am pleased with your submission. Before a fort-night has elapsed, you will have reason to thank me again for the counsel."

M. Belmont got down on his knees, and the prelate, rising, pronounced the episcopal benedic-tion over his bent brow, giving him at the same

the pastoral ring to kiss.

"Pray," said the Bishop, advancing a few steps with M. Belmont towards the door, "pray and ask your pious daughter to double her supplications that the right may triumph, and peace be soon restored. The shock will be terrible." "But the town is very strong," replied M.

Belmont.

The Bishop smiled again, and raising his finger in sign of warning, he repeated solemnly and slowly the grand lesson:

slowly the grand lesson:
"Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem. Unless the Lord keep the city, in vain they watch who stand guard over it.'

XVIII.

LAST DAYS.

Zulma spent the next morning in the exclusive company of Cary. Batoche bustled in and out of the cabin, while little Blanche was kept busy at household work. The wounded man had had a good night, and, thanks to the lotions and poultices of his old friend, felt much easier. About noon, the whole circle was most agreeably surprised by the arrival of Sieur Sarpy who drove up with his servant. He had come expressly to see Cary, and, while condoling with him on his accident, testified to his joy that he was on a fair way of recovery. He specially commended the conduct of his daughter under the circumstances, and, in a long conversation with Ba-toche, took occasion to declare his cordial ap-proval of the cause which he had thought fit to pursue in the war. This commendation was very precious to the aged solitary, and he stated that it would serve as an encouragement to persevere doing all in his power to keep his countrymen in the sacred cause of liberation.

Towards evening, Zulma returned to Charlesbourg with her father, but on the following morning they both came to Montmorenci again, and thus for several days, until Cary having been pronounced by Batoche quite able to travel, they prevailed upon him to pass the remainder of his convalescence at the Sarpy mansion. Batoche, who had been kept in idleness by the illness of his friend, favored the removal, as it gave him the opportunity of once more resuming his self-imposed military duties. For the same reason, he readily allowed little Blanche to accompany

Cary remained five days with the Sarpys and it is needless to say that the time rolled by as if on wheels of gold. What added to his enjoyment was that, through the medium of Batoche, Zulma managed to communicate daily with Pauline and to receive answers from her, in every one of which she tenderly inquired about the health of the young officer.

He would willingly have tarried longer in this delicious retreat, but at the end of the five days, having learned that stirr ag events were being prepared in camp, he decided that he was sumciently recovered to take part in them. Indeed, he declared that he would take part in them even if he had to go on crutches. Zulma did not attempt to detain him. There were tears in her eyes when she bade him farewell, but the beautiful smile on her lips was an incentive prepared in camp, he deiled that he was suffic-

to go and do his duty.
"If I fear anything, it is on your account,"

he said.
"Fear nothing," she replied. "I feel certain

that we shall meet again.

On reaching camp, where his return was acclaimed by all his comrades, Cary learned that the end was approaching. The great blow was at last to be struck. The whole month of December had been wasted in a fruitless siege, and cember had been wasted in a fruitless siege, and Montgomery determined that, for a variety of imperious reasons, he must attempt to carry the beetling fortress by storm. It was a desperate alternative, but the single gleam of success which attended it was all sufficient to cause its adoption

PRES-DE-VILLE.

Everything was in readiness. The only condition to be waited for was a snow-storm. It came at length in the early morning of the 31st December. The army fell into line at once, and December. The army fell into line at once, and by two o'clock, Montgomery's arrangements were all perfected. Ladders, spears, hatchets and hand grenades were in readiness. The plan of battle was this. Montgomery, at the head of one division, was to attack Lower Town from the west; Arnold, at the head of the second division, was to attack Lower Town from the east, and they were both to meet at the foot of Mountain Hill which they would ascend together, force the stockades on the site of Prescott gate, and pour victoriously into Upper Town. In the meantime, Livingston, with a regiment of Canadians, and Brown, with part of a Boston regiment, were to make false attacks on Cape Diamond Bastion, St. John and St. Louis Gates which they were to fire, if possible, with combustibles prepared for that purpose.

Cove, and thence marched up the narrow road between the river and the towering crag of Cape Diamond. The night was dark as ink, a blinding snow-storm raged, and the sharp wind heaped the way with banks of drift. Silently the heroic column moved on, in spite of the terrible weather, until it reached a spot called Pres-de-Ville, the narrowest point at the entrance of Lower Town. There it was stopped by a barrier which consisted of a log house containing a battery of three pounders. The post was under the command of two Canadians, Chabot and Picard, with thirty militiamen of their own nationality, and a few British seamen acting as artillerists under Captain Barnsfare and Sergeant Mc-Quarters. Montgomery did not hesitate. Ordering his carpenters to hew some posts that obstructed the way to the barrier, he pulled them down with his own hands, then drawing his sword, he put himself at the head of a handful of swort, ne put filmsen at the head of a handlin of brave followers, leaped over heaps of ice and snow, and charged. Sharp eyes were glaring through the loop-holes of the block house, the match was lit, the word trembled on tight-pressed lips. When the Americans were within forty paces, Barnsfare shouted "Fire!" and a volley of grane swort down the open space. of grape swept down the open space. Only one volley, but certainly the most fateful that was ever belched from a cannon's mouth. No shot was ever more terribly decisive. The air was heavy with the groans of the wounded and dying. Thirteen bodies lay stretched in a winding sheet of snow. Foremost among them was that of Montgomery. There was a moment of silence, then the guns and muskets of the block house poured forth a storm of missiles. But all to no purpose, as the assaulting column, stunned by this first disaster, fell back in confusion and retreated precipitately to Wolfe's Cove.

When daylight appeared, and news of the com-

bat reached the authorities of the Upper Town, a party under James Thompson, the Overseer of Works, went out to view the field. As the snow had continued falling, the only part of a body that appeared above the surface was that of Montgomery himself, part of whose left arm and Montgomery himself, part of whose left arm and hand stood up erect, but the corpse was doubled up, the knees being drawn up to the face. Beside him lay his brave aids, McPherson and Cheeseman and one sergeant. The whole were frozen hard. Montgomery's sword was found near by. A drummer boy snatched it up, but Thompson secured it for himself and it is kept to this day as an heisloom in his family.

Meigs, who served with him, pays this affecting tribute. "He was tall and slender, well-limbed, of a genteel, easy, graceful, manly address, and had the voluntary love, esteem and confidence of the whole army. His death, though honorable, is lamented, not only as the death of an amiable, worthy friend, but as an experienced, brave general; the whole country suffers greatly by such a loss at this time. The native goodness and rectitude of his heart might easily be seen in his actions. His sentiments, which appeared on every occasion, were frought with that unaffected goodness which plainly discovered the goodness of the heart from whence they flowed."

Montgomery had said: "We shall eat our Christmas dinner in Quebec." Alas!

XX.

SAULT-AU-MATELOT.

Arnold moved his division from the General Hospital in the St. Roch's Suburb, but not so The roar of secretly as Montgomery had done. cannon, the ringing of bells, the rattle of drums aroused and alarmed the slumbering town. His men crept along the walls in single file, covering the locks of their guns with the lappets of their coats, and holding down their heads on account of the driving snow storm, until they reached the point of their attack in Sault-au-Matelot street. This is one of the legendary streets of Quebec. It lies directly under the Cape, and is supposed to derive its name from a sailor who leaped into it from above. Creuxius has a prosier explanation. "Ad confuentem promontorium assurgit quod saltum nautæ rulgo vocant ab cane hujus nominis qui se alias ex eo loco praecipitum dedit. Of Arnold's followers the most notable were Morgan's brave riflemen, and the whole column consisted of five hundred men. He marched in advance of them, animating their courage by word and example. His impetuous bravery led him to needless exposure in the attack on the first barrier, in front of which he was at once struck down by a musket-wound in the knee, and carried off the field back to the General Hospital where, to his intense chagrin, he soon learned the defeat and death of Montgomery. The command then devolved on Morgan, who, after a gallant charge, carried the first barrier, taking a number of prisoners, and pushed to the second and more important one further in the interior of Lower Town. On the way, his men scattered and disarmed a number of Seminary scholars, among whom was Eugene Sarpy. Many of these escaped to Upper Town and were the first to acquaint Carleton with the grave condition of affairs. He instantly despatched Caldwell with a strong force of his militiamen, including a body commanded by Roderick Hardinge. Thus reinforced, the defenders of the second barrier made so stout a resistance that Morgan was completely baffled. In the darkness and confusion occasioned both by a murderous enfilading fire and the fury of the snow-storm, he could scarcely keep his men together. In order to recognize each other the Continentals were a band of paper around their Let us first follow Montgomery. Advancing Continentals were a band of paper around their from his quarters at Holland House, he crossed the Plains of Abraham, descended to Wolfe's Liberty for Ever, conspicuously written. But

even this device was of scant avail. For the the duties of reporter on most papers. Wages purpose of further concentration, Morgan decided on abandoning the open street and occupying the houses on the south side, whence he could keep up a telling fire on the interior of the barriende He thus obtained some shelter, but he could not prevent his ranks from rapidly thinning under the artillery and musketry fire of the enemy. His men fell on every side. Several of his best officers were killed or wounded under his very eye. The brave Virginian stormed and raged, but his most valiant efforts were futile. The brave Virginian stormed and There was a propitions moment when he might have retreated in safety. He chafed against the idea and his hesitation proved fatal. "Carleton sent out from Palace Gate a detachment of two hundred men, under Captain Laws, to march up Sault-au-Matclot street and take the Continen tals in the rear. The movement was completely successfully. Morgan was forced to under-The movement was completely stand his desperate situation and vielded bravely to fate. He surrendered the remnant of his shattered army, a total of four hundred and twenty-six men.

This was the dread culmination. The great stroke had been made and it had disastionsly failed. Quebec still remained standing on its granite pedestal. British power still stood de-fiant. The Continentals had broken their victorious campaignagainst this gigantic obstacle. Montgomery was dead. Arnold was defeated. One half of the army was captured. The broken snowbanks of the St. Foye road. Had Carleton been a great general, he could have annihilated it at one blow.

There never dawnest a gloomier day over an army than the 1st January, 1776, over the American baces before Quebec. All their chances were gone, and they had to confront a menar-Still gloomier was the fate of the ing future. four hundred brave fellows who were cooped up in the Seminary. These prisoners were well treated by the British, but the loss of liberty was a privation for which no kind offices could Among them, of course, was Cary Singleton, who was not only a prisoner, but greyrously wounded.

END OF BOOK THIRD

(To be continued.)

$THE = GRIEVANCES \cap OF\ THE$ PRESS.

Mr. Fred. Hamilton contributed to your last issue a paper devoted to the discussion of the ills to which the newspaper-men of Montreal are subjected in the matter of salary and social standing. I for one, a journalist of a good many years' experience, cannot see what end Mr. Handiton desires to serve by entering upon the subject as he has done; and it appears to me that the troubles which exist will not be brought any nearer a conclusion by writings of such a character. For Mr. Hamilton enters the field as the apologist of the employers of literary labour. He argues that men get just what the market rate affords, and less, if a lower rate can be agreed upon. If a reporter does not like his pay, let him fold up his tent like the Arabs, draw his board from the Savings Bank (what reporter ever had a bank account ty and Reporters should be economical too, and salt down a portion of their stipends for use when, in the course of human events, the well of employment runs dry. But he suggests no peterm. He forecasts no improvement. He simply says what has been reiterated time and again, and drops the subject, having added nothing to it.

The true fault of the newspaper system, as it xists in Montreal, is its lack of literary vitality. The public have learned to depend upon the city journals for immediate news, but nothing more. Cultivated people, from experience expect nothing but mediocrity, and they turn from the everlasting discussion of politics and City Council business to English and American periodicals The public is undoubtedly to blame in a measure tor this. It has not encouraged home talent and literary ability. It has steadfastly ignored genius growing up and going to waste in the dismal willerness of the Court House and the Corporation offices. Every effort of cultured, elever and brilliant writers to improve the literary tone of the people has met with decided repulse, and Quebec, Montreal turns out the flatfest and worst written daily papers of any city on the continent. The men engaged upon them have no heart for any but mechanical work, for they have been taught to believe that nothing else will be comprehended or appreciated.

The publishers of the daily papers are to blame also. They have had ample opportunities of doing what aspiring writers and thinkers have attempted to the full extent of their means, but they have never sought to rise above the dull humdrum level of the past half century. Indeed, it may be said that excellence in style and mate tial has been rather discouraged than stimulated by the immediate purveyors of newspaper literature. A servile desire to follow the public taste rather that direct it, to please rather than to elevate, to flatter rather than excite to high aspirations, a mercantile spirit keenly scenting advertising patronage, and eager to retain it at even the expense of principle, have unfortunately characterized the press and kept it at its present level. In obedience to forces like these strength

are low, because a low class of work is all that is expected, and they will remain low until the people demand something better than they are

There is abundance of material in the journalistic world of Montreal to turn out newspapers unsurpassed for excellence of style and richness of contents. Some of the men who are under literary extinguishers in the offices here turn out marvels for the periodicals; work, indeed, which they would be proud to contribute to a really first class paper paying living salaries. they will not, indeed they cannot afford to throw away their articles. They send them abroad and are paid for them, and when they are printed they enjoy the synical satisfaction of observing Montreal people reading and taking delight in productions which, had they first seen the light at home, would have been contemptuously tossed aside.

Of course, the day will come, however remote it may appear now, when the reading public will demand a far higher class of matter than that which is now being served out; when the people, having grown out of the apathy which tolerates mediocrity in political and commercial morning journalism and submits in the evening to concentrated hypocrisy, will arise from the mire and insist upon being as well provided for as other communities. Publishers will then be forced to employ the highest talent, and pay for it too, remnant shrunk back to its quarters amid the but it does not appear to me that this journalistic millenium is anywhere in the year future. The era of the literary depression is destined to be a far longer one than that of the commercial.

I have been unable to extract much meaning from Mr. Hamilton's reference to the social status of the reporter. A journalist, like every other member of society, is respected by the public pretty much in the same proportion as he respects himself, and his conduct, character and ability carn for him the regard of his fellows. 1 do not believe that the more fact of a man belonging to the profession of letters confers any distinction upon him more than following the practice of medicine or law clevates a doctor or an advocate above the rest of the world. The profession is a noble, if an arduous and thankless one. It is for its members to make it, with themselves, respected even more than it, and they are not by self assertion, but by the display of those qualities which always command admira-

Should Mr. Hamilton write again, I trust be will endeavour to put some practical suggestions before his fellows of the press. Thus far he has only opened the discussion, and left it exactly where he took it up.

TERENCE TYRWHYTUL.

AN OLD PROFESSOR.

A. SOUVENIE OF PARISIAN COLLEGE LIFE.

One afternoon, seated in my room busy with the morrow's work, I was disturbed by a knock; ing so faint, as to be hardly distinguished amid the distant hum in the street below. In answer to my repeated summons to come in, there appeared at the door a most singular specimen of humanity, who hesitated ere approaching as if anxious to see what his reception would be to my inquiry as to what he desired. He at length came up and handed me a note from one of my friends. "I send you a most unfortunate It read thus man, help him if you are able; he is deserving.

In reality, the man before me did present a most melancholy picture. Poor in appearance, even miserable looking, his clothes were worn and shabley, and his shirt was in threads down the front and at the sleeves, with the apology of a black string for a crayat. Shors that had seen many a day of rough wear and usage, carclessly sewn together, ready at any moment to fall in pieces, completed the nether man, while a white hat such a hat, stained black and red in colour, old and sadly worn -served as a cover to all. This was the fellow creature that my friend sent to appeal to my charity. And yet, with all his lattire and odd appearance the old man commanded respect as he stood there looking at me with his bright intelligent eyes, which met mine in a clear honest gaze. I was interested at once. Before I could ask him to be seated he had taken a chair, and addressing me in a pleasant voice said: "Sir, I beg you will excuse my low ever, despite many a brave struggle, its apparent want of ceremony in seating myself undark stream onward to the end where an intail but I fool quite exhauste ascent : remember five flights are no small undertaking for one of my years.

I regretted that economy obliged me to dwell

so high. He continued:

"I feel sure you are charitable like your friend. If you only knew how kind he has been to me. I owe him more gratitude than it will ever be in my power to repay. When I am sick he always attends to me in his hospital, and as soon as I am able to leave again, he does all he can to assist me in finding employment: failing in that, he serves me from his limited means to keep his old teacher from hunger and cold. But before interesting you in my behalf, let me tell you who am, and what circumstances conspired to

Here the old man gave me his name and said

· Having finished my studies at college, being then eighteen, without friends, fortune or prospects for the future, I was forced to leave Bordeaux, where I had resided since my birth. Like

me in these new and busy scenes. Recollect I made to carry a Blackboard, and by the simple was but eighteen, fresh from college with honours and a degree, and enthusiastic at the bright hopes of a young life just dawning. Alas! that these hopes were quickly to be dispelled, and the fact that misery haunts every city alike, I soon found out. After many months of poverty and struggle, I became usher in an institution near. Of my life there and the abject slavery I had to contend with, I will not speak; the subject is too painful. Enough to know that I soon became disgusted with the only asylum, where I felt sure of bread to cat or bed to lie on. I now turned my attention to the newspapers, and after much effort I found employment with a small remuneration, so small, that often enough I had to retire without a meal, hungry, ill, and almost paralyzed with the cold and fatigue. From one paper I changed to another, and finally assisted in bringing out a new journal, most radical in spirit and tendency. I wrote in the cause of the cople against the abuses they were subjected to, and endeavoured by so doing to work out some good in their condition. But it was useless, the liberty, the justice I asked in vain for them was denied to me as well; my pen's tracings were too bitter in exposing the vices and follies of those in power, and soon an imperial mandate was issued and the paper seized. once more out of employment and thrown into a sea of trouble and care."

When speaking of the rights heldesired for the country, the old man trembled with excitement his whole face was lit up and his eyes sparkled even. As I looked at him he actually appeared sublime, and it made me sad to think h a nature should be thrown away, shattered in body and mind by hardships and toil.

He then told me he had been professor in

Paris and the provinces, besides writer for the papers. As a proof of his statements, he handed me a small book in which were affixed, in order of date, the different certificates from the principals of the institutions where he had found emplayment. The methodical way in which he took care to arrange and classify these certificates and recommendations, excited my curiosity, and noticing it, he informed me they were the means of his getting a livelihood. "You see sir," he went on, "very few have the heart to refuse me some little help when they perceive I am honest, if a beggar, and that I really did work when able to do so. A few sons will get me some bread and soup, and with the rest I go to the Cafe where I stay until it is closed, after which, I retire to places known only to myself and a few other companions in misfortune, where we sleep away time until another day comes round," and he added solemnly, "may they speed quickly along until the last one appears to drift me away into eternity.

I felt it would be useless to try and console the old man in his trouble, and, as the only way I could be of any comfort was in looking to his needs, I begged him to accept the small sum I had to offer, hoping it would be found sufficient for his immediate wants. I then told him to return once a week and I would repeat the same service, if service he considered it. With a "God bless you sir for your kindness" he arose, and shaking hands with me left the room. Three weeks passing by without seeing the professor, and feeling auxious as to his welfare, besides having a scheme for his benefit I wished to look over with him, I called on my friend to know

whether he could tell me where to find him.
"His home," replied my friend, "the old man has no longer any earthly dwelling. Let us hope he lives with his father in Heaven.

The doctor with sorrowful voice related how the poor old Professor had come to his hospital sick and wretched, saying some one had stolen his references and that he could no longer get a living. "I come" said he: "to die by the side of the only sincere friend I have left," and truly have his words been fulfilled, for I closed his eyes this morning. His disease was consumption, and his demise hastened by exposure

and a want of proper nourishment.

Lasked my friend to allow me to share the expense of a simple burial, and wished him good Returning homewards, I felt sad at heart to think a creature of God, manly in bearing, bright in intellect, with pluck enough in him to have made life a success, should have been foreed so early into the current of adversity, to fol-

Yet, alas! how many have been, and still will e, doomed to such an existence.

IMPROVED MAP STAND AND ILLUSTRATOR.

This Stand supplies a want, long felt, in the shape of a simple and complete arrangement for carrying Maps, combined with a ready means of exhibiting illustrations of all kinds. It possesses the following great advantages:

The easy and simple means of raising or lowering the horizontal bar, and by so doing, bringing every portion of a Map or Illustration within the scope of the observer's eye. Accommodation is provided for Maps of all sizes. Maps not in use are kept rolled up and protected from dirt. By the sliding brackets and hooks on the horizontal bar, provision is made to receive maps mounted either on the Spring Rollers, or level. In obedience to forces like these strength and at the present moment it requires a man of but very moderate moment it requires a man of but very moderate powers and experience to satisfactorily discharge greater, fame and position, were alike awaiting with the ordinary way. Several Maps can be suspended from the horizontal bar tegether ready for use—each one independently of the other. Whilst being used for Maps, the Stand can be

addition of letter clips to the sliding brackets, can be used for exhibiting Drawings, Tracings, Photographs and other objects of illustration. Elegant in appearance; in construction simple and durable. It occupies but little space, and preserves the walls from damage and disfigurement by nails and unsightly and ineffisignification of the standard Gold.

OUR LAUREATES.

We gave public notice last year that we should be pleased to make the portraits of successful candidates for academic and collegeate honors, a feature of the CANADIAN LLESTEATED NEWS, towards the epoch of scholastic commencements. We received a few responses last summer, and we present a couple in the present issue.

Miss Josephine Perhault, daughter of H. M. Perrault, Esq., terminated her course of studies at Villa-Maria, on the 22nd June, 1876. and obtained the highest prize of the Institu-tion, the medal of His Excellency Lord Dufferin: together with the good wishes and congratulations of the Sisters and pupils of the Establishment.

Miss Maggie O'Meana, Pembroke, Ontario, was graduate and successful competitor for his Excellency's the Governor General's Medal, at the examination of Ville-Marie Convent, June 22nd,

CASIMIR PERIER.

This celebrated statesman was the son of the more famous Casimir Perier, who led the Patliamentary opposition under Charles X., previous to the Revolution of 1830. The son was in the diplomatic service till 1846, when he became one of the active Liberal party, and sat in the National Assembly after the Revolution of 1845, resisting the Coup d'Etat and opposing the Government of Napoleon III, in the period which followed. After the downfall of the Empire, he accepted the office of the Minister the Interior under the Presidency of M Thiers, but did not long retain it. He preferred to act as an independent member of the Moderate Liberal section in the Assembly, but was again in office, for a few days only, just before the tetraination of M. Thier's Government in 1873. He declined to join the Monarchist Fusion movement, though personally connected with the friends of the Count de Paris; and he was both prompt and consistent in his adherence to the Republic. He was nominated one of the members of the Senate for life.

OUR PICTURES.

The bulk of our illustrations, this week, have separate descriptive matter. The cartoon is a bit of humorous satire on the accessity of providing able men for inspectorships appointed by the Government. If ability is not required, as well might the old blind addler in the sketch, so well known about Nelson's monument and Bonsecours market, be appointed inspector of of the city sidewalks. We have also a page of fine views of scenery in St. Helen's Island, of which we have frequently written in these Beside what we have elsewhere printed about the Servian leaders, there are one or two views of Servian scenes.

Discounted Skin .- How disagreeable it is, after using some so-called remedy for aches and pains, to find that although it may have eased the suffering somewhat, yet it has left its mark, in discoloration of the skin. Stanton's Paix RELIEF cares all aches and pains, internal and external, and never leaves any stain, cannot do harm, and always does good.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ALBANI has, it is said, been offered an engagement of twenty nights for the Théatre Italien in Paris, during the coming winter.

SOTHERN, the actor, has had sunstroke, in Philadelphia, and was threatened with congestion of the brain.

THE thirty letters M. Offenbach wrote to his wife, descriptive of American life, will be published in book form. He takes an easy, opera-boudlish view of things.

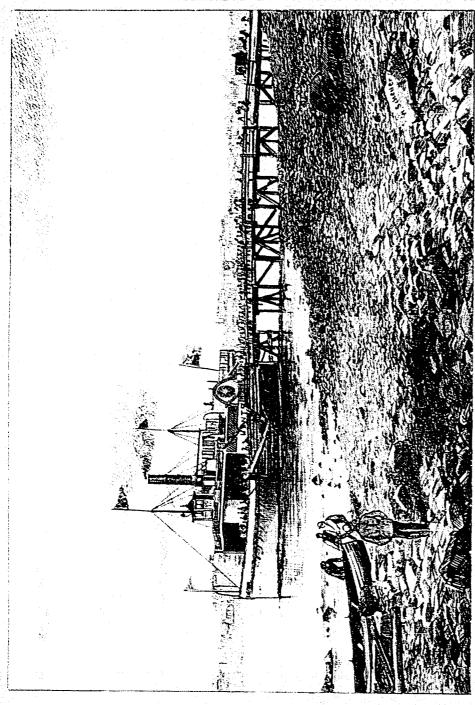
The creditors of Edwin Booth have released nim from all his don'ts to them, amounting to one handred and eighty-five thousand dollars. This is a high compliment to Mr. Booth as a gentleman, and an actor.

A new controversy is in progress in England as to the authorship of "God save the Queen." The latest research seems only to show that the music is older than the words.

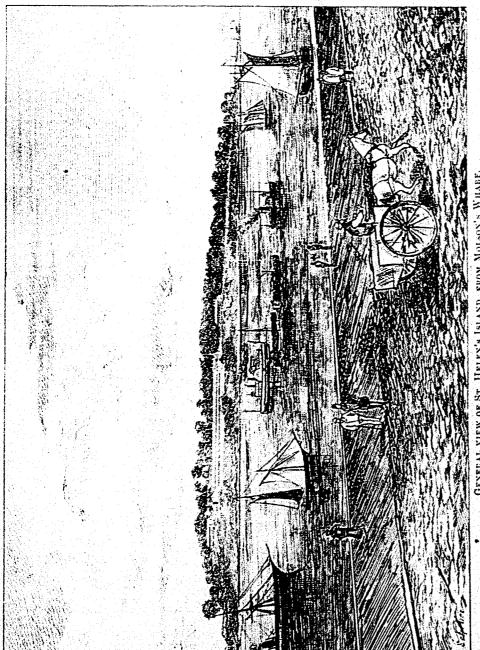
THE illness of Dr. von Bulow has assumed a most threatening form. He has gone to a bathing establishment in Germany, and at last accounts was in a very dangerous condition.

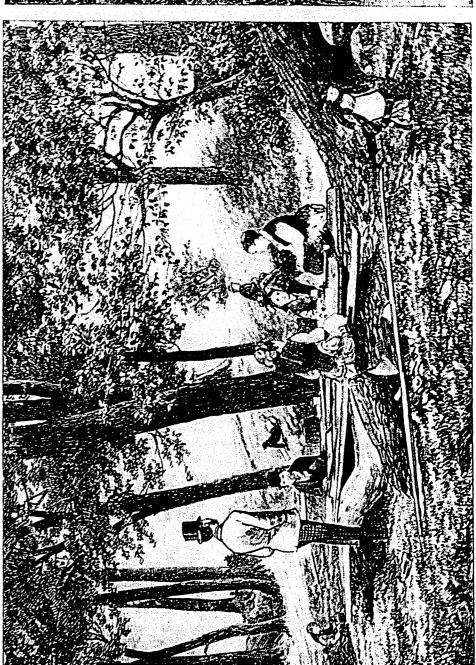
Joe Jeffenson is not meeting with his usual success in his provincial tour through England. At the Richmond Theatre, one night, there were only fifteen people in the pit and not a dozen in the boxes.

OFFENBACH gave a gorgeous midnight supper OFFENBACH gave a gorgeous mining at supper in New York recently to his friends. Among the guests were the Marquis Talleyrand, James Gordon Bennett, Howard Paul, Lester Wallack and Gilmore, the favorite chef d'ur chette. The entertainment lasted till duybreak. The back of each menu was decorated with elever drawings of characters from Offenbach's operas, and a huge figure in ice cream represented the famous maestro conducting a small orenestra, doftly done in water ice, and ingeniously coloured. The journals describe Offenbach as a witty and charming host.



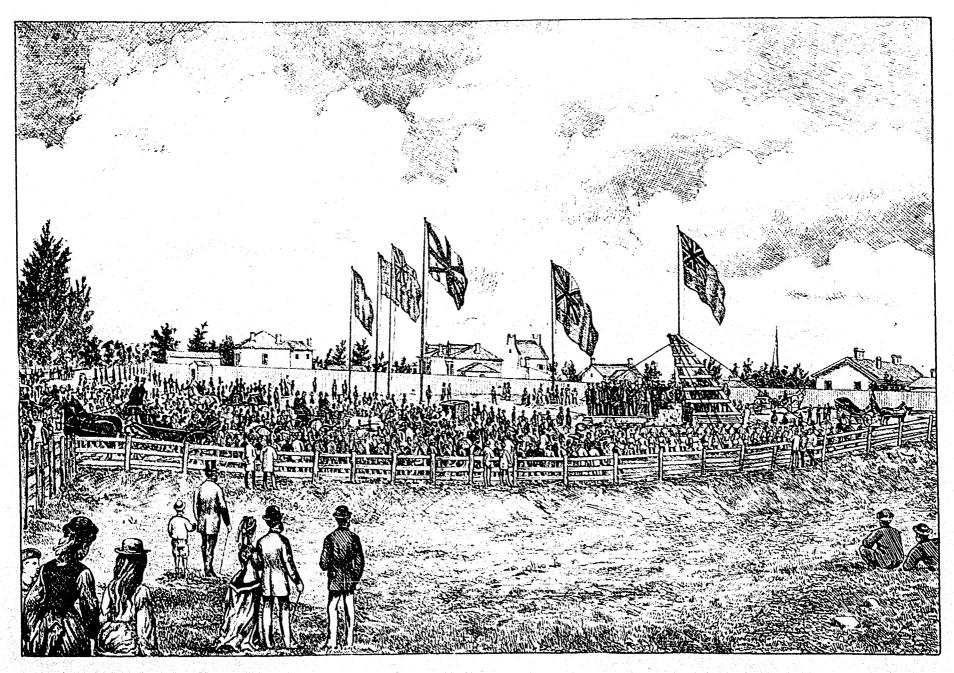








PARIS: "ARABIAN HORSES PRESENTED TO MARSHAL MCMAHON BY THE AMBASSADOR OF MOROCCO.



HAMILTON :- LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE BOYS HOME. - FLOW A SKETCH BY J. G. MACKAY.

YOU ASK ME HOW I LIVE.

BY JOSEPH HOBBINS.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others
They may do to me again,
Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wronging none by word or deed;
But forbearing, soothing, serving,
Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning One soft word of kindly peace Is worth a torrent of abuse; Calling things bad, calling men bad,
Adds but darkness to their night,
If thou wouldst improve thy brother
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter Human coldness makes the world, ry bosom round me frozen Not an eye with pity pearl'd;
Still my heart with kindness teeming
Glads when other hearts are glad,
And my eyes a tear-drod findeth
At the sight of otners sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret
For our happiness like this;
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones
Blessing ever bringeth bliss,
Lend a helping hand to others,
Smile though all the world should frown,
Man is man, we al! are brothers,
Black or white or red or brown.

Man is man to all gradations.
Little recks it where he stands,
How divided into nations,
Scattered over many lands;
Man is man by form and feature,
Man by vice and virtue too,
Mun in all one common nature
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

THE NECKLET OF DIAMONDS.

At the time when our story opens, Sir Charles and Lady Eppingham are seated in the drawingroom of their residence near the country town of Dawton.

Sir Charles is a tall, white-haired, militarylooking man of sixty or thereabouts.

Lady Eppingham, who is about ten years her

husband's junior, has been a beauty in her day, and is still handsome.

Her dark hair is but slightly touched with gray; and her cheeks, though they owe something of their bloom to artificial means, are smooth and unwrinkled.

Although another year will bring the fiftieth anniversary of her birth—as she knows to her regret—she is still as vain and as fond of admiration as a girl. Any one who will praise her figure, her toilet, or her diamonds—of which she is especially proud-has a sure passport to her

Sir Charles is far from rich; but his title being an old one, he and his wife take a high place among the county families, and share in all the gaiety which goes on in the town of

Such are the couple who are now seated in the drawing-room of Eppingham Hall.

My lady yawning over the last new novel ; her

lord reading the parliamentary debates in the Times through his good eye-glass.

Presently, a footman enters the room, and

presents a card to my lady, who regards it wonderingly. Everard—Everard!" she repeats to herself;

"I don't know the name. Show the gentleman in, Thomas."

Thomas quits the apartment, and soon returns, ushering in "Captain Everard."

Sir Charles and my lady rise.

The visitor, a tall, good-looking man of thirty, with a thick moustache and dark hair, returns the saluation, and then addresses Sir Charles.

"Though I am personally a stranger to you, Sir Charles, no doubt my name will be familiar. My father, the late Colonel Everard, served in the same regiment as yourself when in India; and I have often heard him mention you. As I am staying at Dawton for a few days, I took the liberty of calling on yourself and Lady Epping-

"I am very glad to have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the son of my old friend Everard," returned Sir Charles, shaking hands with the Captain cordially, and motion-

ing him to a seat.
"I should not have known you from your likeness to your father," he adds, looking at the visitor more attentively; "you do not resemble him in the least."

"Well—a—no; I am considered most like my mother!" the other returns; and changes the subject rather abruptly to general topics.

None know how to be more agreeable (when they choose) than the Baronet and his wife; and the visitor being of a genial nature, the ice soon melts, and the conversation is kept up with vigour—at any rate, between the Captain and the lady, for Sir Charles is rather silent, and still regards the new-comer curiously through his gold eye-glass.

Have you been in London this season?

asks Everard, presently.

replies her ladyship; "inv husband has unfortunately been so unwell we have not moved from this place."

"Well, you have lost something. Town was

unusually gay."
"So I hear. Who was considered the belle of the season?"

"Well, some people gave the palm to Lady Eliza Wilton. She is a handsome woman, certainly; but, for my part, I admire her jewels at least as much as her personal gatts. Her diamonds are really superb; they are the talk of the town."

"Really!" says my lady. "Are you an admirer of jewellery?'

"I am," returned the Captain; "it is almost a passion with me. To let you into a secret," he adds, confidentially, with a smile, "I am now engaged on a work on the subject, to be entitled 'Jewellery, Ancient and Modern;' and a friend of mine, a clever amateur artist, is illustrating it with sketches of jewels that have been kindly lent to us for the purpose. By the bye, your ladyship ought to be complimented on the beauty of your own diamonds; I hear they are splendid."
"Oh!"—much pleased—"I certainly have

-much pleased-"I certainly have one handsome diamond necklet. Perhaps, as you are a connoisseur, you would like to see it?"

'Upon my word, you are very good! If it

would not trouble—"
"Not the least!" answered my lady, with her blandest smile; and touches the bell, heedless, of sundry admonitory frowns and gestures from

The summons is answered by a footman, who is entrusted with a message to my lady's maid.

The female factorum appears like a genie, receives an order from her mistress, vanishes, and, reappearing the next moment, places in Lady Eppingham's hands a case of morocco leather,

swathed in chamois. My lady removes the wrappings, and opens the case, displaying to her visitor a necklet of diamonds, which really dazzles his eyes.

It is composed of seven pendant stars; the middle stone of each being of a large size.

"Well," says the Captain, turning to Sir Charles, "I have rarely, if ever, seen finer stones. A present from yourself to Lady Eppingham, I presume ?'

No; it is an heirloom.

"Indeed! How my friend would like to sketch these, and what a valuable addition it would be to the illustrations of my book!' claimed the Captain, contemplating the necklet at arm's length, in a perfect rapture of admira-tion. "It would be just the thing for a frontis-

Well, I have no objection to your taking the necklet for your friend to sketch, Captain Everard," generously offers her ladyship, who is, in fact, infinitely flattered and gratified by the idea of having her diamonds immortalized on the frontispiece of a book, and who, moreover, has taken a strange liking to her goodlooking visitor.

"You have no objection to offer, I presume, Sir Charles?" she continues, coldly, catching sight, just then, of a significant glance from her

"I? Oh, no—none!" stammers the Baronet, who cannot bring himself to say to his visitor's face that he distrusts him.

A little further conversatian ensues, aud the Captain takes his leave, with the necklet of diamonds.

"You may be proud of your courtesy, sir! exclaimed my lady, as the door closes after the

Captain.
"And you may be proud of your discretion!" retorts. Sir Charles, ironically. "The idea of trusting your diamond neeklace in the hands of a perfect stranger! My lady, you are indis-

"A perfect stranger!" repeats his wife, impatiently, ignoring the compliment in his last words. "Why, is he not the son of one of your oldest friends?"

"He says he is," returns Sir Charles, drily; but, for all we know, he may be an impostor."

"That I am certain he is not!" asserts my lady, confidently. "I have rarely, if ever, met a more perfect, well-bred, and distinguished young gentleman!" With which words, and a toss of her head, she quits the room.

A week passes, and my lady becomes uneasy with regard to her necklet, for it has not yet been returned; and since the day of Captain Everard's visit, she has not seen him.

Her ladyship is ruminating in her boudoir as to what she had better do; she knows not the

Captain's address, or his regiment.

Her reverie is broken in upon by her maid, who enters with a parcel, done up in chamois; she hastily rises from her seat with an exclamation of delight, for she recognises the outer coverings of her necklace.

Late in the afternoon of the same day comes an invitation to dinner at Mrs. Gifford's (an intimate friend of Lady Eppingham's), and which is accepted by her ladyship.

The night of the dinner arrives, and my lady is seated before her looking-glass regarding with delight her necklet of diamonds, whose case, for the first time since they were returned, she has opened.

Never did the jewels sparkle more brilliantly than on this night.

At ten mi drives up to the door to convey his lordship and his wife to Mrs. Gifford's.

The dinner passes as all dinners pass. Towards the middle of the evening the talk turns—that is, my lady contrives to divert it to

jewellery.

Mrs. Gifford is seated at a little distance from Lady Eppingham, who sees her conversing earnestly with a gentleman (Mr. Shaw) for some moments; she then rises from her seat, and approaches Lady Eppingham.

"There is a gentleman here," she begins, "a great connoisseur of precious stones; would you take it as a liberty if I asked you to let him see

"Oh, not the least!" answered her ladyship, reciously unfastening her chain, and placing it n the hands of the hostess.

She goes off with it to Mr. Shaw, whose countenance my lady watches with pleasure as Mrs. Gifford seats herself by his side. But what is her dismay when, as he examines the stones more closely, a look of disappointment comes over his features, and she hears him say, very good imitation!.

She cannot help herself.

"Imitation? Sir!" she exclaims. "Imitation, my lord!" turning round to a card-table where her husband is playing at écarté. My lord, do you hear that?" "Yes, I hear," answers his lordship; "and I am not surprised."

am not surprised.

"Not surprised, sir!" exclaims my lady, with contempt, and turning her back on him. "Sir," she continues to Mr. Shaw, "do you suppose, for one moment, I would wear paste or imitation jewellery? Allow me to look at my necklet.'

It is handed to her, and she examines the back carefully.

"Here is my name and a private mark of my own on the setting," she continues, gleefully;

"so, for once. sir, you are mistaken." if you were a gentleman, my lady, I would bet with you. Will you allow me to take the necklace to-morrow to Wenton, the jeweller, and hear what he says?"

"If you will call to our house to-morrow afternoon, at three, I will myself go with you," answers Lady Eppingham, who shortly after

takes her leave.
Poor Sir Charles suffers much on his homeward

drive from his wife.

"How could you forget yourself in such a surprised at my way as to say you were not surprised at my wearing mock jewellery?"

wearing mock jewellery?

"I do not suppose you would wear it knowingly, but I told you my opinion about lending your jewels to that man calling himself Captain Everard," he answers.

The next day Mr. Shaw arrives at the time

appointed, and he and Lady Eppingham drive the jeweller's.

It is too true; my lady hears that the diamonds of her necklace have been removed, and paste substituted for them.

She feels every object in the shop moving from her, and a sensation of unconsciousness

creeps over her.
When she comes to her senses, by Mr. Shaw's advice she drives straight to the police-station, and tells the whole story to the inspector on duty, who listens gravely, making a note now and then in his pocket-book with a stumpy pencil.

He pays particular attention to her description of "Captain Everard."

"About thirty; tall, dark hair, brown moustache," he repeats, reading from his notes;

tache," ne repeats, reading from his noce, that correct, my lady?"
."Quite. Oh, and I forgot to mention," she adds "that he had slight scar on his temple, like the mark of an old wound."

The inspector looks up quickly. "On the left temple, just above the eye brow ?" he asks, eagerly.

"Exactly," answers my lady.
"Then I think I can tell you who your visitor was, 'says the inspector, shutting up his note-book. "He has passed through my hands more than once, when I was in the Metropolitan Police. His name is Jem Waters, alias 'My Lord,' and he is about the cleverest member of the Lordon exall making avistance. the London swell mob in existence.

"Then, as you know him, you will have no difficulty in tracing him ?" says my lady, with a gleam of hope.

The inspector shakes his head and smiles smile of pity of her inexperience.

"It is not quite such a simple matter as it seems," he returns. "He is far too knowing a bird to let himself be caught easily; and, be to had all thou days to the large of the second o sides, he has had all these days to get clear off. We will do the best we can; but I am afraid, I'm sadly afraid your ladyship will never see

your jewels again. The inspector's prophecy proves only too true. The detectives are at once set to work; a reward is offered in the newspapers; printed bills describing the thief are circulated; but all in vain. Lady Eppingham never saw her necklet again.

The people of the town of Dawton are exceptionally good-natured, and do not spread abroad the story, so that my lady still gets the credit of having marvellous jewels.

She is too proud to show the mortification she

feels at her loss; for no one but herself knows what a bitter wound it is to her vanity to have to wear a necklet of paste instead of a Necklet of Diamonds.

DICKENS AND WOODFORD.

The following is of course from American sources :- When Charles Dickens was here some years ago he went to Albany to lecture, and put up at Congress Hall. General Woodford was then Lieutenant-Governor of the State and had an elegant suite of rooms there. At the time he was absent with his family, and kindly gave his permission to mine host Blake to place his rooms at the disposal of the great novelist. Dickens accepted the courtesy as a mere matter of course, and had not the grace to express any thanks. He lectured, pocketed the money, and went away, like any other showman.

A few months afterward he returned to lecture again, and was shown to other apartments with which he was not pleased. He sent for the landlord and demanded his former rooms. Mr. Blake said that they belonged to the Lieutenant-Gov-

ernor of the State. That did not matter, said Dickens, go and ask him if he will give up his room to me. Blake demurred to this, but Dickens insisted. With a very long face, at last, Blake went to General Woodford's room and put the question. Would he give up his rooms to accommodate the lecture? Woodford looked quietly for a moment at Blake and then said: Two months ago in my absence, I gave up my rooms to Mr. Dickens as a personal accommodation to yourself and him. Mr. Dickens had not the grace to express any thanks. Perhaps these are English manners. They are not good manners, anyhow. Say to Mr. Dickens that the Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York is not in the habit of turning himself out of his home for the accommodation of tra-

velling showmen."

Blake retired shame-faced and gave his message. Your correspondent (who chanced to be present) smiled clear across his countenance. Woodford went on reading his newspaper, and never, so far as I know, referred to the matter again. The anecdote has never been in print, but it is too good to keep. If it could only be inserted in the appendix to "American Notes" it would be a good thing.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Miss Martineau whose death recently occurred and of whom we give a portrait, was born in 1802, of parents descended from French ancestors. She was liberally educated, but was afflicted with deafness and a total lack of the sense of smell. At the age of 21 her family, having become reduced in circumstances, she resorted to her pen for support, her first work being "Devotional Exercises for the Use of the Young." This was followed by a large number of other works in rapid succession, all of which marked the author as a woman of thought and feeling. In 1834 she came to the United States and spent two years here. On her return to England she recorded her impressions of Amerilife and institutions in a work entitled "Society in America," by which she is best known on this side of the Atlantic. In 1839 her health, which had always been celicate, became so poor that she was obliged to desist from literary occupation, and it was not until 1843 that she published "Life in the Sick Room." In the following year, having recovered on the life that the following year, having recevered, as she be-lieved, through the agency of animal magnetism, she published an account of the treatment in a letter which was widely read. She was a fre-quent contributor to magazines and to the editorial columns of the London Daily News, and was twice offered a Government pension as a re-cognition of her literary philantrophic labors. On both occasions she declined to receive the pension. About thirty years ago she manifested pension. About thirty years ago she mannested a decided leaning toward the doctrines of Auguste Comte, and in 1854 she published a condensed version of Comte's "Positive Philosophia and the published a bank has been bank has be in which she plainly set forth her philephy, sophical views. She wrote in all about one hundred volumes, including tales, romances, sketches of travel and philosophical essays, besides two or three volumes of hymns, and a continuation of Charles Knight's "History of England during the Thirty-Years' Peace, 1816-1848."

ARTISTIC.

TEN large cases, filled with a magnificent col-lection of Peruvian antiquities, have just arrived at the Louvre, sent by Charles Warner, an Austrian explorer.

MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON, who has joined the Romar Catholic Church, has, it is said, forsworn the painting of battle-pieces, and will henceforth devote her-self to the sacred art.

THE new French postage-stamps are now in circulation. They represent Commerce with the cadu-ceus and Peace with the clive-branch joining hands over a terrestrial globe, upon which is placed a number in-dicating the value of the stamp. The design is by M. Jules Auguste Sage.

A peasant at Savagnela, in Leguna, recently took as old painting from his loft to hang in his window. A professor of music from Genoa saw it and bought it for 70 francs. He sold it for 2,500 francs to a connoisseur who had it restored, and the Academy of Urbino declares it to be an authentic "Holy Family," by Raphael.

A photographic inventory of the valuable works of art, statuary, and articles de vertu contained in the almost priceless collection at Windsor Castle, is being made for the purpose of reference. The information of the inventory will occupy a considerable time, four or five years having, it is understood, elapsed since its commencement. The inventory, when completed, will be invaluable, as it will include a copy of every piece of furniture in the State and private spartments of the palace, in addition to copies of the numberless articles de luze which adorn the rooms of the castle.

commenting upon the present fashion of creating statues in honour of public characters, a writer in L'Art recalls the origin of the practice. The first statue raised in France in honour of a private citizen was that to Descartes at the end of the last century. Previously the honour of reproduction in marble in public places had been exclusively reserved to the kings, but in 1775, Louis XVI., recognizing the absurdity of this rule, decreed that every two years four statues of eminent persons might be erected. This measure excited a lively interest, at the time, and aroused considerable discussion as to the individuals most worthy of the honour. After Descartes, Fénélen was selected, and Voltaire and Bossuet followed.

Busts of the Republic to decorate Town Halls and Committee Rooms for the Munfeipal Councils are in great request in the French provinces, and a country sculptor lately sent a curious list of his stock to the Mayor of the Department. A simple bust—without expression—could be bought for £1 5s., and an additional 5s. was required if "an expressive countenance were wanted;" while cast with the Cap of Liberty, "movable if desired," cost £1 12s. 6d. One statuette contained a musical-box playing patriotic airs, such as the "Chant du Départ," the "Marseillaise," and was worth £2 8s.; while yet another bust was intended for "stormy sittings," and could give forth "Ca ira," for the moderate charge of £2 10s. Particular attention was requested to the large assortment of mahogany boxes carefully lined with red flannel, and intended to contain the Republican effigy in Monarchial times. Busts of the Republic to decorate Town Halls

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—The cartoon in this week's number of the Canadian Hlustrated News is a good one, illustrative of the present agitation anent the more rigid carrying out of the Customs regulations of the United States and Canada. The picture shows Uncle Sam to have reached a lock in Chambly Canadwith a row of barges, and he asks Hon. Mr. Mackeozie for permission to pass over. The Premier stands by the gate, with his hands in his pockets, and mildly replies: "Can't pass this way, Un-le Sam; better go round by Halifax. The St. Lawrence is free. Since you are so particular about your canals, we'll read our treaties more closely and stand by them—to the letter. You can't pass, Incle Sam!" In other respects the New is up to the usual standard. It supplies an excellent map of the seat of war in Turkey for which newspaper men will be thankful as it makes the telegrams more inteltigible.—Kingston Whig. ligible .- Kingston Whig.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

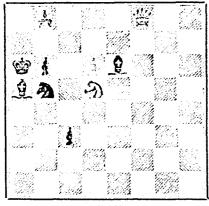
There is little of consequence in the chess world at present. In England, we read of a contest, between the Bermondsay Club, and the City of Lordon Club, in which eleven members of the Latter gave the odds of Kt to their suburban antagonists, and beat them by six games to four, and one draw. In order to comprehend taily such a result, it must be borne in mind that the City of London Chess Club has far its members such players as Maedonell, Whisker, Potter, Horwitz and Jansens.

players as Maedonell, Whisker, Potter, Horwitz and Jansons.

In America, choss players are anxiously waiting to see what modifications of their regulations the committee connected with the Centential Tourney intend to make, as there seems to be some dissatisfaction with the programme recently published. The subscription list will soon be chosed, and the whole amount collected will not, it is supposed, exceed two thousand dollars. This sum, when divided into several parts for prizes, will not, it is considered, be large enough to tempt any of the great European players to cross the Atlantic. Herr Zukertort, isourcer is anothoused as one likely to be present at the cortest at Pheladelphin.

To a provincial contest in Eagland we see that one of the prizes was gained by a lady, Miss Mary Hudge, who lies on several former or ensions showed much skell in the game. May her example be followed by those of her own sex another Camada of ours.

PROBLEM No. 83. By WM. S. PAVIIT. BLACK



WHITE Whiteto play and mate in three moves.

GAME HTTH.

Played some time ago between Kodsch and Rosen-

King's Bishop's Gatabit.			
Wittit' (Kollack.)	BLACK (Rosenthal.		
UP to K 4	P to K 4		
2. T to K B 4	P takes P		
3 B to Q R 4	Kt to K 2		
L Q Kr to B 3	P to Q B 3		
5. Q to K 2	P to K Kt I		
6. P to K R 4	Rt to Kt 3		
7. Pm Q4	Kt takes P		
S. R takes Kt	P takes R		
男 Q B takes P	B to K K t 2		
10. Q B to Q 9	Q to K Kt 4		
H. K Kt to B3	Q to R 3		
12. P to K 5	P to Q Kt I		
33. K B to Kt 3	Q B to R 3		
14. Q Kr to K 4	P to Q Kt 5		
15. Q to K B 2	Q to K H 5		
16. Q Kr to Q Kt 5	P to K B 3		
17. Kt to K B	R to K Kt sq		
15. P to K 6	Q to K. 5 (ch)		
19. K to Q 2	Q to K Kt 3		
20. B to K sq	K B to R 3 (cb)		
2l. K to Q sq	Q B to K 7 (ch)		
22. R takes B	Q Kt to R 3		
White mater	in three moves.		

GAME HERB.

Played a short time ago at the Montreal Chess Club, etween Dr. Howe and Mr. Shaw, the former giving the

Remove White's Q Ktfrom the board.

SCOTCH GAMBIE.		
WHITE-(Dr. Howe.)	BLACK (Mr. Shaw.)	
1. P to K 1	P to K 4	
2. P to Q 4	P takes P	
3. B to Q B 4	B to Q R 4	
4. Q to K 2	P to Q 3	
5. B to Q 2	Q to K B 3	
6. Castles	Ki to Q B 3	
7. P to K R 3	B to Q Kt 5	
8. Kt to K B 3	P to K R 3	
9: B takes B	Kt takes B	
10. Kt takes P	B to K 3	
11. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	
12. Q to K R 5 (ch)	K to Q 2	
13. K to Q Kt sq	Q to K Kt 4	
04. Q to K B 7 (ch)	Qto K2	
15. B takes P (ch)	∴K to Q sq	
-16. Q to K B 5	Q to K B3	
17. Q to Q Kt 5	Q takes B	
18. Q takes Kt	QR to Q Kt sq	
19. P to K B 4	Kujo K W3	
20 Pto K5	Kt to K sq	
21. K R to K 89	Pin Q L	
22. P to K B 5	Q takes P	
23. R takes P (ch)	K to Q B sq	
24. K R to Q *q	Pho Q Ki 3	
25. P to Kt Kt 4	Q to K B sq	
56 R to Q 8 (eld	K to Q Kt 2	
27, Q to K 4 (ch) 🦟	P to Q B 3	
29. K R to Q 7 felo	KmQR3	

23. Q mater

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No.81

WHITE.

1. K to Q 5 2. B to Q Kt sq 3. B or Kt mates 1. R to K 3 2. K takes Kt, or anything

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 81. WHITE HLACK

K at Q R sq Pawns at Q Kt 2, and K R 4

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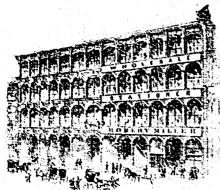
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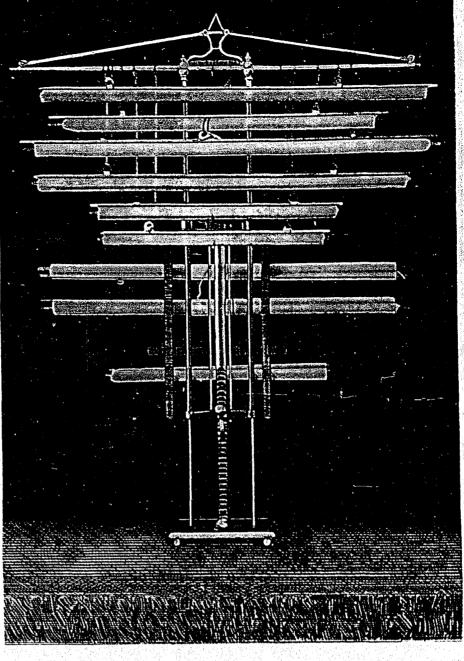
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