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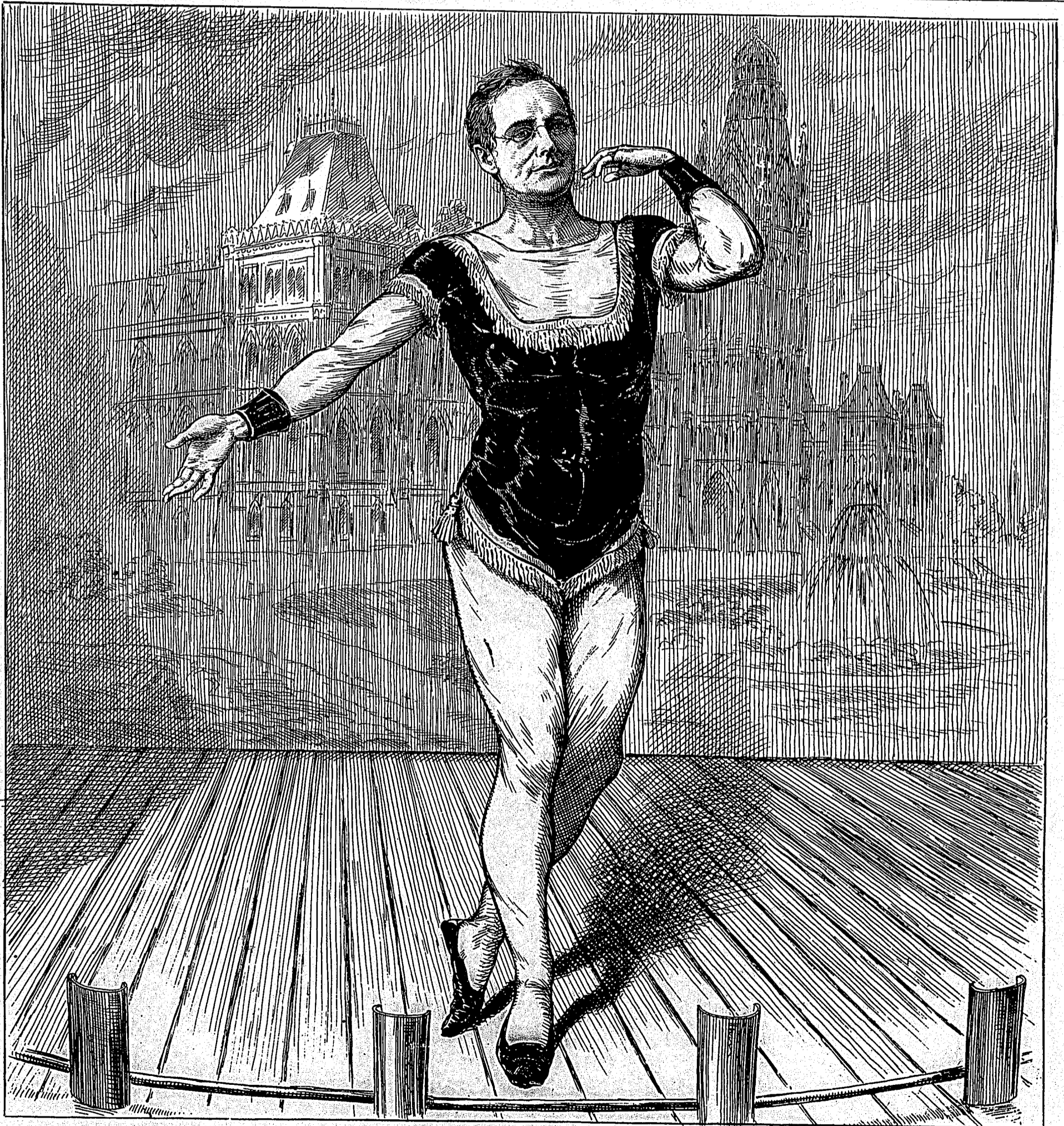
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# AMERICAN Illustrated News

Vol. XX.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
} 4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

THE RENOWNED EDWARD BLAKE, AFTER A TEMPORARY RETIREMENT, RETURNS TO THE STAGE, AND MAKES HIS FIRST BOW AT BOWMANVILLE.

## PUBLIC NOTICE

It is hereby given that under the Canada Joint Stock Companies' Act, 1877, letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada bearing date the first day of October, 1879, whereby the shareholders of the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, being a subsisting and valid corporation duly incorporated by letters patent bearing date the fourth day of November, 1874, under the authority of the Joint Stock Companies' Letters Patent Act of 1869, and carrying on the business of

Engraving, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing, in the City of Montreal, and all or every such person or persons as shall or may at any time hereafter become a shareholder or shareholders in the Company have been incorporated as a body corporate and politic with perpetual succession and a common seal by the name of

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TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS divided into two thousand shares of one hundred dollars each.

Dated at the Office of the Secretary of State of Canada this third day of November, 1879.

J. C. AIKINS,  
Secretary of State.

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

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## TEMPERATURE,

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

## THE WEEK ENDING

Nov. 23rd, 1879.				Corresponding week, 1878.			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.
Max. 45°	41°	35°	34°	Max. 41°	41°	42°	41°
Min. 35°	28°	23°	25°	Min. 33°	34°	35°	36°
Mean 40°	34°	29°	30°	Mean 37°	37°	38°	38°
Frid. 25°	9°	17°	17°	Frid. 43°	43°	42°	42°
Sat. 26°	6°	16°	16°	Sat. 42°	42°	43°	43°
Sun. 35°	25°	30°	30°	Sun. 43°	43°	36°	39°

## CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cartoon, "Here we are again"—The late Alexander Bryson—The late Russ Wood Huntington—Professor Richard A. Proctor—S. S. "City of Brussels" in a cyclone—Canadian Salmon Fisheries—Scenes on the Godbout river—View of the Looks at Ottawa—View near Granby, Conn.—Cartoon—Brown's Choice.

LETTER PRESS.—Editorial Paragraphs—Quebec Elections—Faith in Canada—An Electoral Hardship and Anomaly—Lord Beaconsfield in the "Book of Beauty"—Mark Twain on Babies—Life prolonged by Lemons—October Gales at Sea—Fashion Notes—Humorous—The Iron Pen—With a Silver Lining—Literary—Varieties—De Quadam Mortu Amicitia—Our Chess Column—"My Crookes," concluded—Educational Institutions at Wolfville—The late Alexander Bryson—London Society—Canadian Sonnets.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, November 29, 1879.

The cable announces the death of the widow of CHARLES DICKENS.

The Countess DE MONTJO, mother of the ex-Empress of France, is dead.

SPAIN has not yet seen the end of her troubles in Cuba. Another army of 19,000 men is to be sent out.

A SIGN of the times is the decree just issued by the Turkish Government ordering twenty years' compulsory military service. Large standing armies are the order of the day in Europe.

THE news which the cable brings us from Afghanistan are so meagre that no

definite opinion can be formed as to the state of affairs in this latest British acquisition. The special correspondents are now so fettered by military red-tapeism that everything is painted *couleur-de-rose*.

WE trust we shall be pardoned for faintly expressing a suspicion that the reception of General GRANT in the United States is overdone and looks very much as if it were gotten up for partizan purposes. General GRANT will appear before the world a much greater man than he is if he would cast aside all this flummery and allow a spontaneous expression of public rejoicing on his safe return from a voyage of circumnavigation.

IT is satisfactory in the interests of our public ethics that the celebrated Nova Scotia libel suit of Senator MILLER against Editor ANNAND has come to a sudden termination by a full apology on the part of the latter. The grievance was that Mr. MILLER had sold himself on the question of Confederation for the bauble of a Senatorship. We trust that Mr. MILLER'S example will be followed and that every responsible party will be brought to law that charges any of our public men, this especially applicable to the Province of Quebec.

THE ex-Empress EUGENIE passed through Paris on her way to see her dying mother last Friday, but arrived too late. Whilst in Paris, the ex-Empress received Prince NAPOLEON and the ex-Queen of Spain. To the former the ex-Empress is reported to have said she had now put all thoughts of politics aside and she is doing wisely, for like the Count DE CHAMBORD she is now a mere cipher. She passed through France unobserved but by a few, who with French gallantry raised their hats to Caesar's widow. Poor lady, her cup is full.

A GREAT many Liberals will probably regard it as some compensation for the Provincial defeat on the 20th inst., that Mr. TARTE is about to retire from journalism in disgust and nurse his Achillean wrath on a farm. For ourselves we do not credit the rumour, feeling certain that a man of such feverish activity cannot remain idle very long. We are no admirers of either Mr. TARTE'S principles or conduct, but he is in some respects a remarkable man, who might make himself useful if he would only not step beyond his natural sphere.

THE news from Ireland have been of a rather alarming character lately, but it is satisfactory to learn that the Government has taken measures promptly to repress all sedition. PARNELL and other agitators have been rebuked by the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, who evidently calls a spade a spade, and who boldly and honestly says that if just debts fairly demanded are not honestly paid, a principle will be established that will be fatal to the interests of Ireland. But then it will be a hard thing to convince the Irish peasantry that the present land laws must be judicially enforced.

WE have two humorous cartoons in the present number referring to the election of Mr. BLAKE. That event is an important one in the narrow domain of our political world, the new member for West Durham being confessedly with one or two exceptions the ablest public man in Canada. We make the exceptions not in an intellectual sense, for in that respect Mr. BLAKE has no superior, having a Websterian head, but because he somewhat lacks a knowledge of men and that secret of higher statesmanship, the talent of manipulating them, his intellectual gifts have sometime come to naught. We are concerned to find in the Liberal press and notably the *Hamilton Times* that the election of Mr. BLAKE will re-open the question of the Opposition leadership, he

representing the Liberal or moderate wing, and Mr. MACKENZIE the Grit or radical phalanx of the party. The choice will much depend upon the attitude assumed by the *Globe*, and we refer to this fact in the pleasant little picture in the last page.

## QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

LAST week we put forth our views on what we considered the duty of the new Government of this Province, adding the surmise that the elections of the Ministers would not meet with serious difficulty. This week we may recur to the subject with the same assurance, now that our provisions have been realized, and the CHAPLEAU Cabinet sustained by an overwhelming popular vote. It needed no sagacity to conclude from these elections that the Government are singularly strengthened by them—a fact which even Opposition journals are disposed to admit—but this very strength gives additional point to the remarks which we made in our last issue respecting the bounden duties of the Government; Mr. CHAPLEAU forced all public opinion by enunciating his programme at Levis, a programme which rests upon two pillars, conciliation and economy. We need not say that nothing more will be asked of him, but that much he will be sternly required to fulfil. We are all tired and sick of political wrangling, which has made this Province an object of dubious curiosity all over the continent. We want no more obscure men making names and positions for themselves through chicanery and demagoguery and we are all resolved to cut loose the lobbyists, the office-seekers and the corruptionists who have so long been fattening on the contents of a depleting exchequer. The new Government must absolutely turn over a new leaf in all those respects; it must work and economize. We trust the rumour is true that Mr. CHAPLEAU intends convening the Assembly at its regular season in January—a custom unwisely departed from during the past two years—and that taking Parliament into his confidence he will deliver a strictly correct statement of the Provincial finances and propose an efficient scheme for their recuperation.

THE majorities recorded in favour of the Ministers in Sherbrooke, Brome and Levis testify clearly as a fact that the electorate are by no means so indifferent or so ignorant as some people would make us believe. They understand public issues clearly and act upon them with decision. This was apparent in the last Provincial elections in Ontario, where the same people who voted for a National Policy that was to benefit them, also voted a few months later for a local Government which had done its honest duty by them. In June last Mr. JOLY triumphed in four counties successively, because the people believed they were securing him a strong Government whereby he could carry out all his honourable and patriotic intentions. Failing this, the same people support Mr. CHAPLEAU by overwhelming majorities with the understanding based upon his promises that he shall make his Government strong and pure and practical. The hon. Premier has sagacity enough to understand this, and he knows full well that his tenure of power is based solely and simply upon his literal adherence to his promises. We repeat what we said the other day, that no young man ever had a finer opportunity to make a name for himself, and if he has the stuff of statesmanship which his friends claim for him and which we ourselves are willing to recognize, his Government will turn out a benefaction to the Province, compensating for all the mischief which gave rise to it.

## FAITH IN CANADA.

SOME remarks of ours published in a late issue, respecting the bad habit of a few contemporaries of abusing their country or copying derogatory articles from foreign papers, have received considerable

attention, and we can only hope that the effect may be to check the tide of this unnatural abuse. If Canada were a great deal worse than she is,—if her resources were less and her prospects inferior,—that would be no reason for damping the hopes and aspirations of those who have linked their future and fortunes with this northern land. When the contrary of all this is the case, when the country is improving in all those elements which promise national greatness, it is simply inexplicable that certain Canadian journalists should be found to sneer at her progress and attempt to belittle her destiny. Let us not forget two facts: that we possess the larger half of this continent, and that the ratio of our increase bids fair to vie with that of the marvellous Western States. If the signs of the times are not delusive, there will be such an immigration into this country next spring as has never been witnessed before. Forty thousand is the figure allotted to Manitoba alone. The tenant farmers' delegates, who were lately here on an official visit, have reported and are reporting so favourably that we may expect a large influx of this better class of settlers in many of the counties of Ontario itself. The census of 1881, schedules for which are already in contemplation, will tell a tale of growth and prosperity which will prove a surprise even to the croakers, while the published tables of our revenue for the present year establish the pleasing fact that our credit will not this year be tarnished by a deficiency.

IN reviewing the general field, we may be pardoned calling special attention to the Province of Quebec. All is well in the North-West; Ontario takes good care of itself, and the Maritime Provinces are keeping abreast of the times. But, for some reason or other, the Province of Quebec does not seem to avail itself of all its opportunities. The miserable political crisis which has agitated it for the past twenty months must be taken into account. Quite independent of this, there has been a want of tact and energy in the prosecution of both immigration and colonization schemes, in the distribution of Crown Lands, in the exploration of the forest and the mine, which is not altogether creditable either to our people or their rulers. It is safe to say that none of the provinces of the Dominion have palpably more advantages than Quebec, or, at least, that none are in a better position to gather all the fruits of these advantages. Let us hope that a new Government may make it a special feature of their policy to raise the agricultural standard of this Province, for that is our mainstay here. The large majority of the producers of this Province are farmers, and the large majority of these farmers are French. The French farmers have altogether different methods from us, and we think that they ought to have found out by this time that many of their obsolete methods are positive checks to the advancement of agricultural interests. Mr. CHAPLEAU is not a farmer, but he is Minister of Agriculture, and we are pleased to see that on the day of his election at Terrebonne he addressed himself almost exclusively to this phase of his programme. If he perseveres in this course, our faith in Canada will no longer run the risk of being weakened by any mediocrity on the part of its oldest Province.

## LORD BEACONSFIELD IN THE "BOOK OF BEAUTY."

IN the C. I. N. for November 15th, is an article referring to "The Carrier Pigeon," written by B. Disraeli in Heath's "Book of Beauty" for 1835. In 1833 he appears under the same auspices as a poet. Lady Blessington, Lord Abinger, Sir Lytton Bulwer, Bart., L. E. E., &c., grace the same volume.

Disraeli's contributions are two—one accompanying an engraving of the portrait of the lovely Lady Powerscourt, by Ross, the other performing similar attendance on Lady Mahon's likeness by Lucas.

Lady Powerscourt is represented with a book, "some treasured tonic," in her hand. The background of the picture is described in the opening lines of the poem. Lady Mahon stands on a terrace looking out upon a park.

Stellarton, N.S.

D. C. M.

## AN ELECTORAL HARDSHIP AND ANOMALY.

Among the results of the late elections in Ohio, none are more interesting to the outsider than their bearing on the future of Senator THURMAN. That gentleman's term expires in March, 1881. The Legislature which elects his successor, and which has itself just been elected, meets during the course of the present year. This Legislature being Republican, will choose a Republican Senator and Mr. THURMAN who is a Democrat will be left out in the cold. In nine cases out of ten, as Senators go these days, there would probably be no harm in this change, but in the case of Mr. THURMAN, the substitution assumes the proportion of a national misfortune. Judge THURMAN is one of the two or three great men in the United States at present, a tribute which is cheerfully given Democrats and Republicans alike. In the Senate, he has kept alive as far as might be, the traditions of CLAY, WEBSTER and CALHOUN, while his moderation and tact have done more to keep down the bad feeling of the civil war than any other single agency that we can think of. Yet in spite of all these merits Mr. THURMAN is practically ruled out of public life, for according to American practice, every member of the Senate or of the House of Representatives must necessarily be a resident of his State or County. It is not right to conclude that this meaningless exclusivism has been a persistent cause of the mediocrity of American statesmanship. In England and on the Continent, the whole country is open to the services of public men and in Canada we should be poorly off indeed if we restricted our representation within the limitations of residence. The cry has often been raised here, but generally with scant effect, both Liberals and Conservatives recognizing its absurdity and injustice.

Following out this idea, we may refer to an article by HORACE WHITE in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, in which this authoritative writer says that the Constitution of the United States is made up of checks and balances. Harmony of the different branches of Government was not contemplated by its framers. "It has to deal with the fact that everybody is a statesman and a political economist, or capable of becoming such at the shortest notice. The doctrine of rotation in office is too prevalent and it not unfrequently happens that an excellent Senator or representative is turned out merely because he has held office for the customary period, and another elected because he has never held office at all."

As a whole, our Canadian parliamentary, governmental and administrative institutions being founded upon English practice and precedent work smoothly enough, but where there is anything anomalous, it is precisely in those departments which are peculiar to ourselves as a Confederation. We allude first to the Legislative Councils in the provinces. The use of these has always been problematical, with the experience of Ontario against them, and after what has lately happened at Quebec, we believe the number is immensely lessened of those who still uphold this branch of legislation. We may refer also to the Federal Senate which is a larger subject and more open to argument. During the late Liberal administration, the Senate was liberally made use of and some of the best editorial friends of the party were admitted thereto, but since its downfall, Mr. MACKENZIE has announced that he will probably make this one of the prominent points of future debate. One thing is certain, the Senate is safe so long as the Conservatives remain in power.

## MARK TWAIN ON BABIES.

## A NEW-FASHIONED TOAST.

At the banquet given to Grant in Chicago on Thursday night by the Army of the Tennessee, Mark Twain was called upon to respond to the toast of "The Babies; as they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities." Mr. Clemens said: "I like that. We

have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not all been Generals or poets, or statesmen, but when the toast works down to the babies we stand on common ground, for we have all been babies. It is a shame that, for a thousand years, the world's banquets have ignored the baby, as if he didn't amount to anything. If you will stop and think a minute—if you go back fifty or one hundred years to your early married life and reconTEMPLATE your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a great deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You become his lackey—his mere body-servant, and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else. You had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of machinery of tactics, and that was the double quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounded in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries, and advanced with steady tread, but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop—you advanced in the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No. You got up and got it. When he ordered his pap bottle and it was not warm, did you talk back? Not you. You went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your mental office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff—just to see if it was right—three parts water to one of milk—a touch of sugar to modify the colic—and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste that stuff. And how many things you learned as you went along. Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, two o'clock in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday-school book, that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? Oh! you were under good discipline, and, as you went faltering up and down the room in your undress uniform, you not only prattled undignified baby talk, but even tuned up your martial voice and tried to sing "Rock-a-by baby in the tree top," for instance. What a spectacle for an army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbours, too, for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, what did you do? You simply went on until you dropped in the last ditch. The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself. One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to. He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. Do what you please you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. (Mr. Clemens is the father of a pair.) Twins amount to a permanent riot. And there is not any real difference between triplets and an insurrection. Yes, it was high time for a toast to the masses to recognize the importance of the babies. Think what is in store for the present crop! Fifty years from now we shall all be dead I trust, and then this flag, if it still survive, and let us hope it may, will be floating over a republic numbering over 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of state will have grown into a political leviathan—a Great Eastern. The cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething; think of it, and putting in a word of dead earnest, inarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it too. In another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way with but little interest, poor little chap! and wondering what has become of the other one they call the wet-nurse. In another the future great historian is lying—and doubtless will continue to lie until his earthly mission is ended. In another the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early, and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers, getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time. And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching granddears and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying

to find some way to get his big toe into his mouth—an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guest of this evening turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago; and if the child is but a prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded."

## LIFE TO BE PROLONGED BY PROGRESSIVE ABSORPTION OF LEMONS.

According to Dr. Wilhelm Schmoele whose voluminous treatise, entitled "Makrobiotik and Eubanik, two scientific methods for the prolongation and embellishment of human life," has recently been subjected to somewhat severe criticism in the German press, one of the four great natural secrets that have baffled investigation for at least a score of centuries has at length been discovered. This precious liquor, gifted with the inestimable faculty of protracting existence for an indefinite term—the panacea for the greatest of those ills that flesh is heir to, death—is no cunning distillation of weird and costly drugs, no essence of the dreadful broth brewed by witches from such grisly "stock" as juice of toad and oil of adder. It is a fluid with which all are familiar, chiefly in convivial associations with hot water, sugar, and a more or less copious modicum of alcohol. Blended with these materials, humanity has hitherto gratefully acknowledged its genial and exhilarating qualities, little dreaming that infinitesimal doses of immortality were floating *perdus* among the aromatic contents of the punch bowl. It was reserved to Dr. Schmoele to gladden the world with the disclosure that lemon juice is the *elixir vite*. To rival the patriarchs in numbers of years, to blunt the edge of Death's sickle in such sort that it shall not avail to sever the slenderest of life threads, all that the aspirant to immoderate longevity has to do is to absorb a sufficient quantity of lemon juice daily; or, better still, to eat a fixed number of lemons, having relation to his or her age or sex, every morning and evening. Dr. Schmoele's work contains the most elaborate and exhaustive rules for the practice of the lemon treatment, which may be commenced with equal certainty of ulterior success at any time of life. The professor also adduces several instances of the efficacy with which the consumption of lemons stimulates aged persons to evade the assaults of the phantom on the pale horse. He is as yet unable to mention one case in which the inhibition of lemon juice has enabled any human being to live forever; but he confidently hopes, in future ages far remote, to supply posterity with an illustration, in his own person, of his theory that "He who eat lemons enough need never die." Fulfilling a living example of indisputable immortality, such as would carry conviction to the soul of the most hardened skeptic, Dr. Schmoele directs our attention to the celebrated painter, Count Waldeck, who died in Paris a short time ago at the somewhat advanced age of 120 years. The professor seems to fancy that this tough artist proves the correctness of the above quoted theory, because Count Waldeck was in the habit, every spring-tide, of devouring huge quantities of horse radish soaked in lemon juice. "It was not horse radish," says Dr. Schmoele, "but the lemon juice, that prolonged his life for so many years." But we have only the professor's word for the truth of this postulate. It may be that the vehement pungency of the horse radish kept Count Waldeck's vital spark aglow for such an inordinate length of time, and that the secret of immortality lurks within that fiery root. Besides, the count died after all, so that the lemon-juice or horseradish, or both combined, only enabled him to stave off the evil day for a period of time which, considered in relation to eternity, cannot but be accounted as brief and unimportant.

"Makrobiotik and Eubanik" teaches us what we are to do in the way of swallowing lemon-juice in order to attain an age to which that of Methuselah was, so to speak, mere immature adolescence. To ladies over 40 and under 50, commencing citronian system, he prescribes two lemons per diem, while gentlemen between those ages must "assimilate" at least three lemons daily. Between 50 and 60 the dose for ladies is set down at three, for gentlemen at four lemons a day. One lemon more per diem is ordained to each sex for every additional decade, so that centenarians must consume, if women, their eight lemons daily, if men, no fewer than nine.

## OCTOBER GALES AT SEA.

While the past month maintained its reputation as a breeder of storms on the ocean, the casualties and damages, so far as heard from, were far below those of former years. Shortly after eight o'clock on the night of the 29th ult., when the Inman steamer *City of Brussels* was about fifty miles off Sable Island, she was caught in a cyclone which raged with terrific force for four hours, the waves breaking completely over the high bulwarks of the vessel. The officers were obliged to cling to the railings of the bridge to escape being swept overboard. The steamship *State of Georgia* encountered a storm on the 28th off Newfoundland, in which Captain Smith was obliged to leave until the next day. Fourteen days were occupied by the North German Lloyd steamship *Weser* in making the trip from Southampton to New York, the passage being an unusually stormy one throughout.

Officers of the steamships *Abana*, from Cardiff; *Bristol*, of the Hull line; *Britannic*, of

the White Star line; *Mercator*, of the Belgian line, and the British steamer *France*, reported strong gales on the 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, and very difficult passages, but no serious losses. Nearly all the sailing-vessels that arrived at New York a fortnight ago reported similar experiences. Captain Higgins, of the bark *Julia*, from Marseilles, says on October 28th, off George's Banks, a heavy westerly gale set in and lasted for forty-eight hours. In the meantime the vessel was hoisted to under low topsails and staysail. The seas were very heavy, and the bark shipped great quantities of water. One of the topsails was blown away before it could be taken in. The ship *Harrister*, from London, was sixteen days on this side of the banks of Newfoundland, with head winds. On October 30th, in latitude 40 degrees and longitude 60 degrees, a terrific gale was met. The wind came from the west, and the gale continued without any abatement for twenty-four hours. The wind and sea then went down somewhat, but a hard gale was still blowing, and it lasted for three days. Captain Pennell, of the brig *Beatrice*, from Rio Janeiro, says that he was nine days north of Cape Hatteras, beating his way against heavy head gales. During the last ten days of her passage the bark *Hants County* met with nothing but a succession of strong westerly gales. The schooner *J. D. Robinson*, from Rouen, was nineteen days west of the Banks, with severe westerly storms. The ship *Spartan*, from Liverpool, experienced a cyclone on September 22nd, which was so violent that the lower sails, set at the time, were blown from the bolt-ropes. Although the upper sails had been snugly fuiled, they were blown from their gaskets and lost. The steamships *Bothia*, *Croft*, and *Vaterland*, which arrived on November 4th, met with heavy weather.

## FASHION NOTES.

BOURETTE goods, which were so fashionable last season, are old style now. The demand is for goods with smooth surfaces, no matter how variegated the colorings may be.

New jet buttons for coats of satin or velvet are of smooth, polished jet the size of a silver half dollar, and are sewed on through two gold-rimmed eyes that ornament the centre.

NECK ruchings of lace have four rows, sewed to a narrow band or a row of narrow lace insertion. Two platings stand around the neck, and two fall outside the dress.

NEW house sacks are made of pale blue, cream or white cloth of smooth surface, and are trimmed with a row of wide galloon in the richest Oriental colours and designs.

## HUMOROUS.

AN Iowa farmer fired at a quail and shot a tramp. What Iowa wants is more quail.

IT is a wise paragrapher that knows his own joke after it has been gone a week or two.

THE soldiers who retreat are those who come out of the contest with flying colours.

MONTREAL makes her streets for car horses last ten years. The passengers wear out in about seven.

EVEN if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top-shelf.

A CONNECTICUT small boy has written a composition on the horse, in which he says it is an animal on four legs, "one at each corner."

A two-year-old, who was asked where he proposed to sit during family prayers, promptly replied, "With my heavenly Father."

"LIFE is full of golden opportunities," remarks a philosopher. It is, it is; but they aren't worth their face when you try to cash them.

THE best cure we know of for insomnia is a cheerful bed-room, a flickering fire, the recollections of a good joke and a little something hot.

A MUSTARD plaster is a good thing in its place, but the best place, as far as experience goes, is to have the mustard plaster on a ham sandwich.

DR. TUPPER, the proverbial philosopher, asks: "Where are the pure, the noble and the meek?" Travelling doctor, travelling on their cheek. If that's not the answer to your conundrum we give it up.

WHAT has become of the good old days when a greenhorn travelling by rail could buy a 25 cents package containing 50 articles worth \$1 each and then find a gold breast-pin weighing a pound and a half besides?

"HOW far is it to Cub Creek?" asked a traveller of a Dutch woman. "Only shoot a little ways." "Is it four, six, eight or ten miles?" impatiently asked the stranger. "Yes, I think it is," solemnly replied the unmoved gate-keeper.

"Yes," said Jones, "I was at the church today and enjoyed it profoundly." "Ah," remarked his pious landlady, "I didn't see you; on which side of the church did you sit?" "Ahem—ahem—well—yes—ahem!"—stammered the disconcerted boarder, "I sat on the outside."

"My son is a good boy and would succeed in life, but he won't make an endeavour," said a fond parent to his neighbour. "What, no endeavour?" "Well, hardly endeavour." Their pistols were discharged at each other simultaneously with fatal effect, and now they both sleep in one grave.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him, and when then asked: "What do you think of it? How will it take?" The President reflected a little while, and then answered: "Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that that is just the kind of thing they'd like."

WAGGS went to the station of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the seats all occupied, said, in a low tone: "Why this car isn't going!" Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The train soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation the wag was questioned: "You said this car wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't then," replied Waggs, "but it is now."

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 328.—THE LATE ALEXANDER BRYSON,  
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH PROTESTANT BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, MONTREAL.



No. 327.—THE LATE RUSS WOOD HUNTINGTON,  
CO-EDITOR OF THE MONTREAL "HERALD."

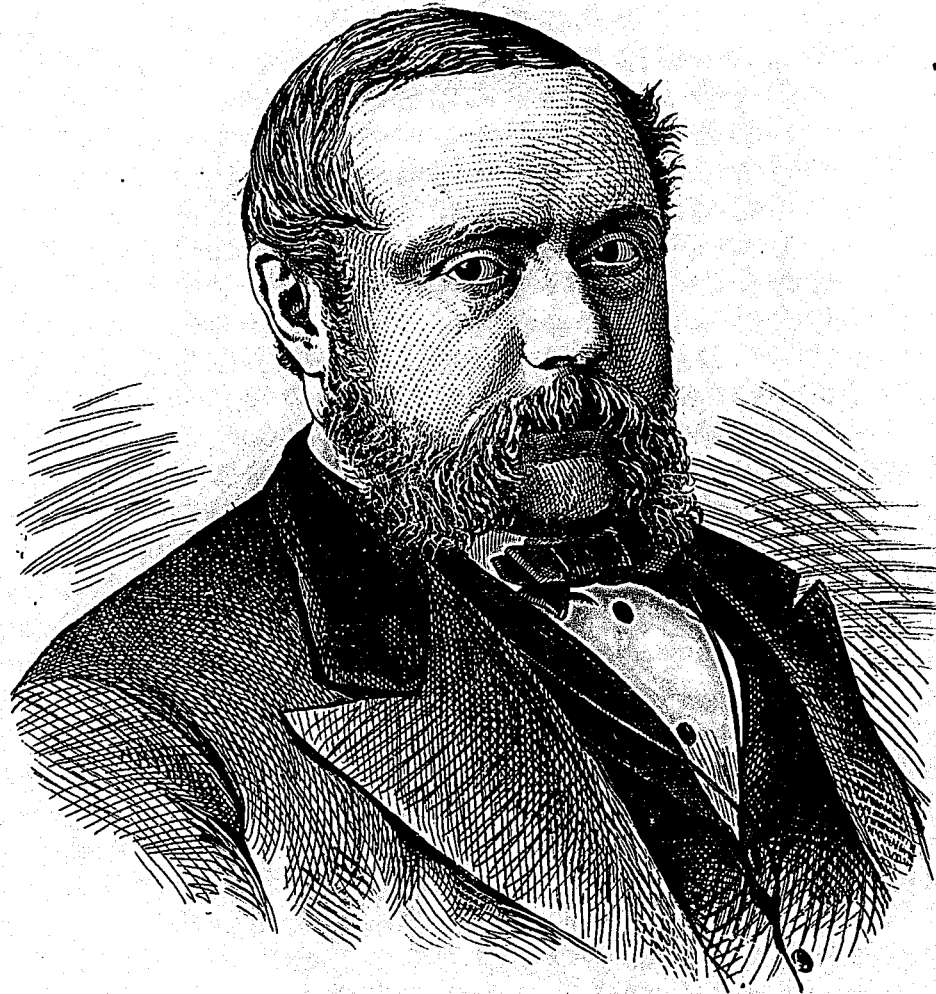


ASKING THE HAND OF THE ARCH-DUCHESS MARIE CHRISTINE FOR THE KING OF SPAIN.

**R. A. PROCTOR, THE ASTRONOMER.**

Richard Anthony Proctor, B.A., was born at Chelsea, March 23rd, 1837, and in boyhood was educated chiefly at home, having had bad health for several years. Subsequently he pursued his studies at King's College, London, and St. John's College, Cambridge. He graduated 23rd Wrangler in 1860. He was appointed a honorary fellow of King's College, London, in 1873; Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1866. He was appointed Honorary Secretary of that Society, and Editor of its proceedings in Feb., 1872, but resigned these offices in Nov., 1873. He has at no time been a candidate for any appointment or salaried office of any kind, but he has not proceeded to his M.A. degree for the reason that it is not, like the B.A. degree (at least at Cambridge), a title representing work done, but money paid. Having analyzed results collected by the Herschels, Struve and others, and carried out a series of original researches, including the construction of a chart of 324,000 stars, Mr. Proctor was led to a new theory of the structure of the Stellar Universe; investigated the conditions of the Transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882, and published many illustrative charts. He maintained on theoretical grounds, in 1869, the since established theory of the solar corona, and also that of the inner complex solar atmosphere, afterwards discovered by Young, of America. His works are: "Saturn and its System," 1865; "Handbook of Stars," and "Gnomonic Star Atlas," 1866; "Constellation Seasons, Sun Views of the Earth," 1867; "Half-Hours with the Telescope," 1868; "Half-Hours with Stars," 1869; "Other Worlds than Ours," and large "Star Atlas," 1870; "The Sun," "Light Science for Leisure Hours," and "Elementary Astronomy," 1871; "Orbs Around Us," "Elementary Geography," "School Atlas of Astronomy" and "Essays on Astronomy," 1872; "The Moon," "Borderland of Science," "Expanse of Heaven" and two series of "Light Science," 1873; "Universe and Coming Transits," and "Transits of Venus," 1874. Mr. Proctor lectured on Astronomy in America in 1874.

He is on another tour at present, and will lecture in Montreal on Thursday evening, November 27th, on "Other Worlds and Other Suns." A study of the subject of life in other worlds in the light of the most recent researches and discoveries in Science, concluding with a consideration of the infinite variety observable throughout the universe. Friday evening, November 28th, "The Birth and Growth of Worlds."



PROF. RICHARD A. PROCTOR,  
THE ASTRONOMER.

Saturday evening, November 29th, "The Life and Death of Worlds." These lectures will be brilliantly illustrated by the use of the Oxyhydrogen lantern. This will be the only opportunity offered in this city of hearing the most eminent living astronomer.

**THE GLEANER.**

THE number of slaves in Cuba has decreased since 1870 by 136,000.

THE Empress Eugenie is said to be fond of the music of the bagpipes.

SECRETARY EVARTS is preparing a note to the British Government on the fisheries question.

IT is stated that the Duke of Cumberland contemplates definitely renouncing his claims to the throne of Hanover.

MR. SPURGEON said the other day that now, as in days of Luther, men stand staring at the truth like cows at a new gate.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is about to start from London for a four months' tour in America, principally in the Southern States, the object being to avoid bronchitis.

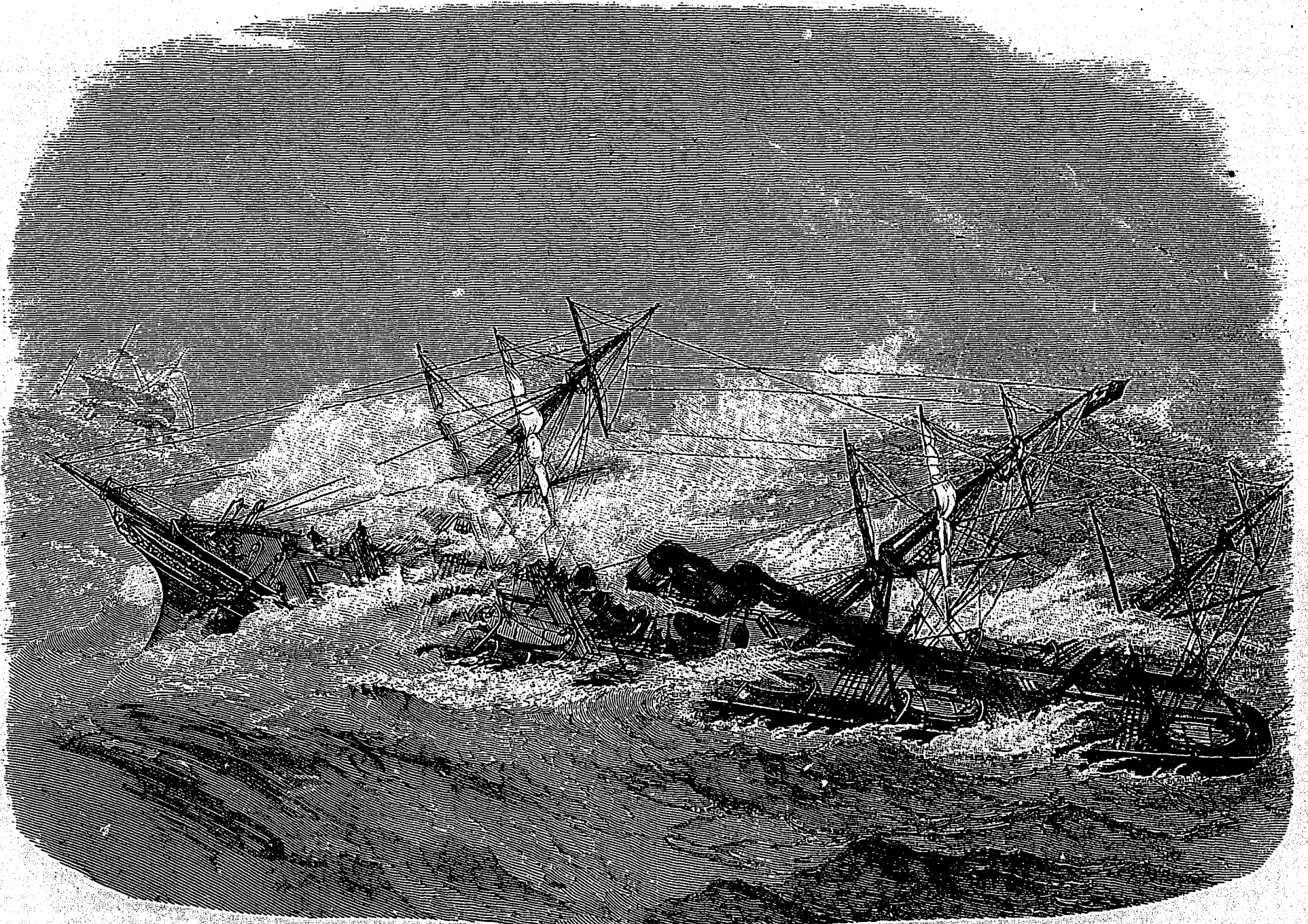
THE finances of France are in so flourishing a condition that for the ten months of the present year ending the last of October the excess of revenue over estimates is 123,000,000 francs.

THERE have just been discovered in the shop of a Parisian bookseller 45 volumes in MS. written in utterly unknown characters; and the French savans can make nothing of them whatever.

THE Duke of Argyll has written an interesting account of his recent visit to Canada for the November number of *Fraser's Magazine*, to which Mr. Froude will also contribute a remarkably attractive paper.

A ROMAN cloaca has been unexpectedly found at Ratisbon, near the spot where the Roman Palatium stood. It is a colossal piece of masonry, firmly constructed, one metre and a half in height, and sixty centimetres in breadth.

THE employment of women in the telegraphic service in France on a large scale has now begun in Paris, where 240 girls are undergoing an apprenticeship of three months on trial. They are cheaper than men, getting only \$200 a year, whereas men get \$300 and \$400. The girls are not expected to do night work.

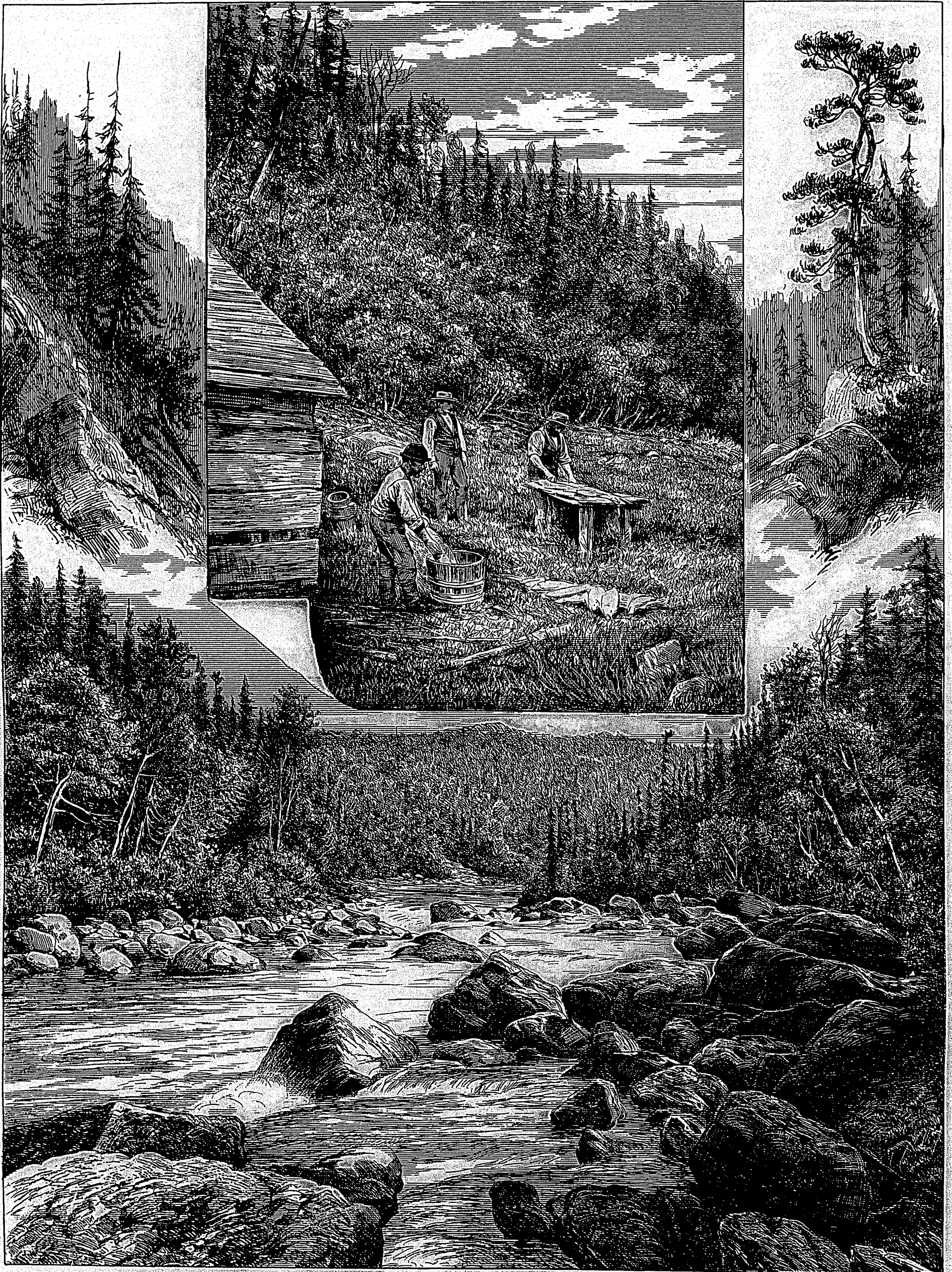


SS. CITY OF BRUSSELS CAUGHT IN A CYCLONE OFF SABLE ISLAND.



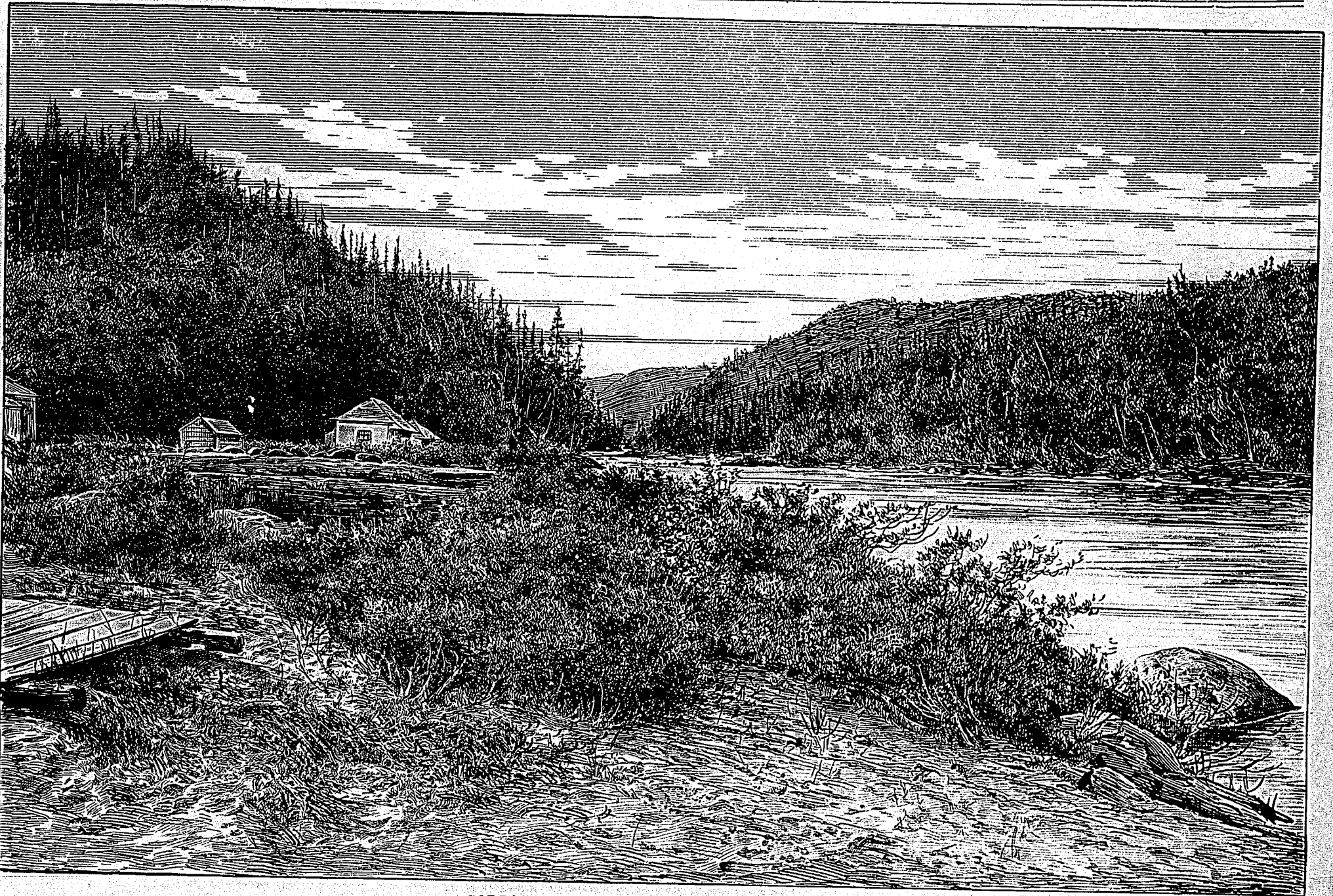




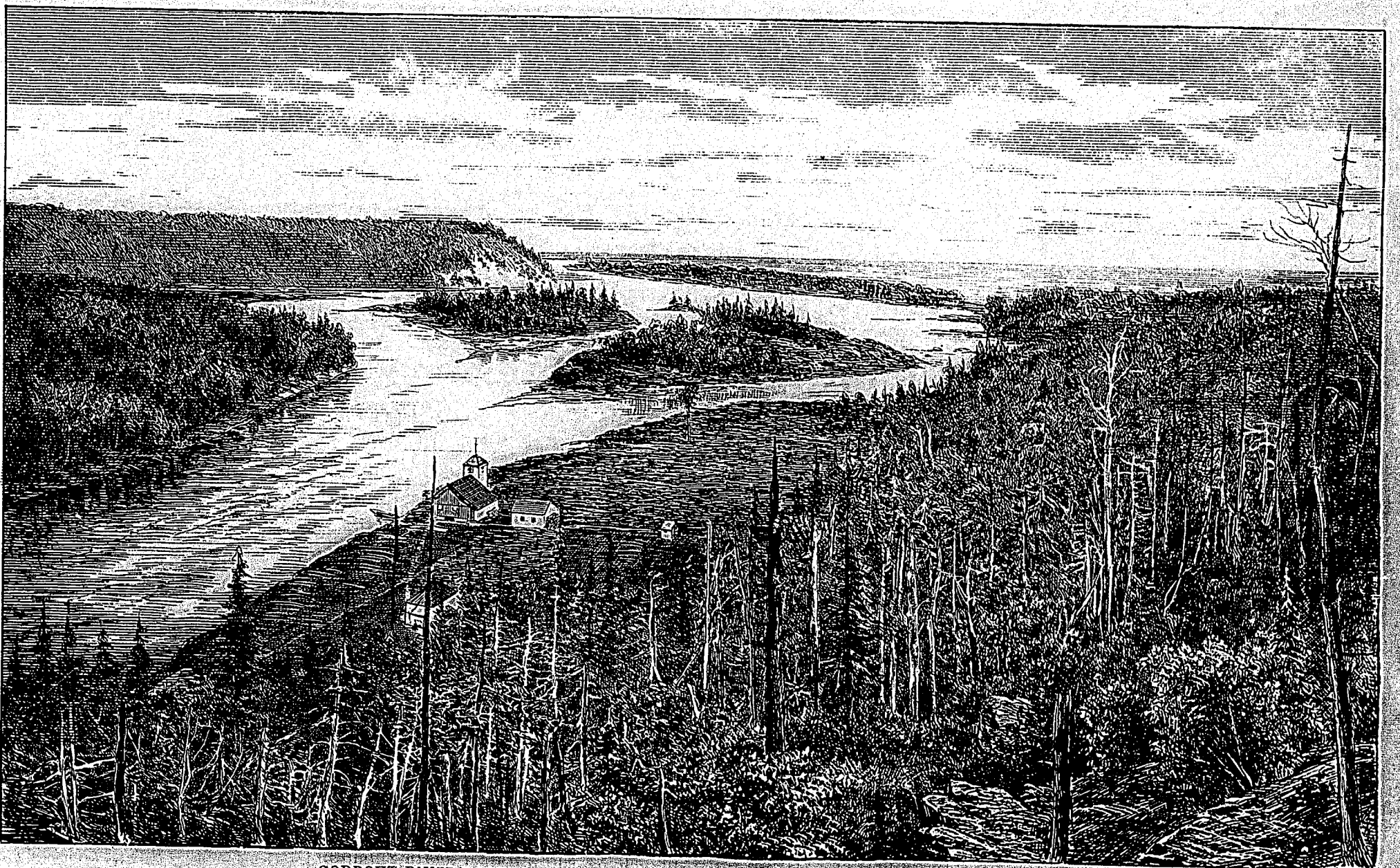


WASHING AND SALTING SALMON.  
RAPIDS ON GODBOUT RIVER.

CANADIAN SALMON FISHERIES.



GODBOUT RIVER FROM GILMOUR'S LANDING.



GODBOUT RIVER LOOKING OUT TO SEA, SHOWING MR. ALLAN GILMOUR'S RESIDENCE.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES ARMSTRONG.

CANADIAN SALMON FISHERIES.

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# MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

BOOK VI.

REPARATION AND ABNEGATION.

XVII.

I REDEEM MY PROMISE.

I shall make no apology for mentioning a last time so humble a personage of this story as Gaston. I had not forgotten my promise to Toinette. She never alluded to it in these years, but often when she met me there was an appeal in her eyes which would have reminded me, even if I had forgotten. Since the departure of Gaisso, Toinette had been Ory's confidential servant, and her conduct in that situation was exemplary. This circumstance contributed also toward deciding me to do something for Gaston. Now that our experiment at the quarry succeeded even beyond our expectations, and that I had a little money to spare for the purpose, I resolved on negotiating for the boy's return. I had never received an answer to my letter to him, nor any tidings whatever. I had therefore to apply to the man Hobbes to assist me in the matter. He promised to do his best. A few months later, he informed me that he had heard of Gaston as broken down in health and almost good for nothing. The fellow had always been more or less rebellious; had had more than his share of the Yankee overseer's lash, and was finally reduced by the marsh-fever to a state of chronic debility.

"His master would have sold him quick enough," added Hobbes; "but I wouldn't take the responsibility of buying him. When any nigger gets that bad he is not worth having. The sooner he drops off the better."

I told Hobbes to buy him at his next trip, no matter in what state he found him. If the poor lad was in a decline, it would be some comfort to him to die among his own; but I had the suspicion that his ailment was mainly due to ill-treatment and loneliness, and therefore hoped that he would recover on returning to his friends. Hobbes did as I bade him.

"The chap was fit to die when we started, but he picked up wonderfully on the way, and by the time we reached St. Louis he looked as well as I did. I bought him in your name for five hundred dollars and passage paid. My commission is fifty dollars, but I will knock off five per cent. to help a little in your good work," he said with a grin.

M. Paladine, at the desire of Ory, insisted on paying one-half of the purchase money.

I would have wished that those who make it their business to culminate the negro race had witnessed the meeting of this poor boy with Hincinthe, Dada and Toinette, and heard the pathetic expressions of his gratitude to me.

I placed him in the quarry with the other blacks, and he soon became one of my strongest and best workmen. I need hardly add that, not many weeks later, I consented to his marriage with Toinette.

XVIII.

FORCING MY HAND.

I now approach the great act of my life. Once fairly established in business and, unless some unforeseen disaster overtook me, on the high way to fortune, I was urged on all hands to take a further step, by making myself a home. My mamma was particularly solicitous about it; so was Uncle Pascal; so was M. Paladine. It is curious to recall now in what different manner and from what different points of view, these three persons, to whom I owed so much, advanced their pleas.

M. Paladine, whenever he referred to it, did so with a solemn and almost sorrowful mien. What he particularly insisted on was that a young man, able to maintain a wife ought to marry young. His own bitter experience of the contrary was invariably cited as a lesson which I ought to learn from. The old gentleman sought only my good. He never even hinted a word about his daughter in connection with the subject.

My mamma was more yearning and pathetic. She, too, aimed only at my welfare, but she had always that old love of Mimi's in mind, and never failed to bring it up gently, yet affectionately. Not a word, however, against Ory, whom she continued to cherish always more and more.

Uncle Pascal was offhand as usual. He was wont to tell me bluntly to marry Ory Paladine and be done with it.

When M. Paladine spoke he made me dream; when mamma spoke she made me weep; when Uncle Pascal spoke he made me laugh.

It was a long time before I could bring myself to look this matter full in the face. It was not that I did not share with my friends the desire of an establishment, but the difficulty of a decision was such as none of them could

suspect. So long as this decision remained dimly distant in the future, it rather excited my mind than depressed it, and I toyed with it as cowards do with a hypothetical peril. But whenever it presented itself as a fact, I put it off, finding my courage fail me. I should probably have continued my procrastination much longer if an unforeseen incident had not forced me to take final action.

During a visit which they made to Chicago in the previous summer the Raymonds had fallen in with a young lawyer by the name of Shelton, a splendid fellow of good family and fine promise in his profession. He took a fancy to Mimi from the first, and acted as her chaperone in all her visits through the city and its beautiful environs. A friendship naturally sprang up between them which, in the case of the youth, soon ripened into a more tender sentiment. Indeed, his passion was not slow in declaring itself most demonstratively. Scarce a month after the return of the Raymonds, the lawyer, on pretence of some business, came on to St. Louis and, during his stay, he called daily on Mimi with whom he enjoyed many a ride and promenade. Less than this would have been required to set the gossips a-going. The tidings speedily reached my ears that Mimi was deeply engaged with Shelton. I made no account of the rumor, but Mimi's father did. Being very much taken up with his new friend, he availed himself of these stories to sound his daughter's views with regard to him. I suspect, too, that the young advocate made certain advances to the old gentleman.

Mimi listened to her father with amazement. She protested that though she admired Shelton for his high breeding, perfect propriety of manners, generous sentiments and ripe intelligence, she knew of nothing in her conduct or, indeed, in his, to warrant the commentaries which her father repeated. The old man insisted. He maintained that the lawyer seemed desirous of making his court to her, and that he might be expected to come again in the course of the winter—probably at the Christmas holidays—in order to renew it.

Mimi replied that if such was the case, he ought to spare himself the trouble, as his visit would certainly be useless.

Her father detailed his qualities, position and prospects of the young man. He was a most excellent party who should not be lightly dealt with.

Mimi admitted all this, but said it had no influence on her.

Why? Didn't she like him?

Yes. She liked him very well, as she had already said. But she did not love him, could never love him.

Never love him? That was a rash speech. Why not?

Mimi here began to weep, wondering that her father did not understand.

Her father had never busied himself with such things. He understood nothing, knew nothing. She must tell him.

She then confessed to him that her heart was already engaged.

Already engaged! To whom?

Mimi broke down completely and could say no more. So the father consulted the mother. The mother, of course, knew all. What can escape a mother's eye? She whispered my name. The father then determined to see me at once.

XIX.

I KICK AGAINST THE GOAD.

Can I ever forget that visit? I was seated in my office at the quarry when Mr. Raymond was announced. This particular uncle of mine—the reader must perceive by this time that I was blessed with a large avuncular heritage—was a cold, positive man, who had never been more than civil to me and for whom, in consequence, I did not particularly care. When I saw him enter my office, for the first time since I occupied it, I felt that his call was going to be an unpleasant one. However, I received him with studied politeness.

"Carey," said he, without further preamble, "I have come here on business."

"Ah!" I replied, assuming an attitude of attention, "I am, then, at your service."

"Your frequent visits to my house have been known to me, of course, but I always regarded them as the unceremonious calls of a near relative. In the case of Mimi, more especially, your interviews never appeared to me to be other than the meetings of cousins who sympathized together. I am told now, however, that they had far deeper aims and results. How about that, Carey?"

The tone of this little exordium was not exactly harsh; it was only somewhat peremptory and incisive. It ruffled me, nevertheless, considerably. I replied in consequence:

"Why, uncle, have I done or said anything,

at any of these meetings, which can call for your animadversion? Have I offended anybody in any way?"

"Oh, no! it is not that. All I want to know are the facts."

"What facts?"

"Come now. Don't you know that Mimi loves you?"

"I do, sir. She loves me dearly and I feel proud of it."

"And you—?"

"I love her dearly."

"And then?"

I looked at him inquisitively.

"Is that all?"

"That is all I know of. If you know more, I would thank you to be informed of it."

"I came to get, not to give information. You will allow that I have the right to know all about such things."

"Most assuredly, uncle."

"And that it is the duty of a loyal man, as I take you to be, to disclose his mind on the subject."

"Certainly."

"Then speak. I listen."

"I have told you all I know."

Mr. Raymond made a movement of impatience.

"Have you never spoken to Mimi of marriage?"

"No."

"Never proposed to her?"

"No."

"No word of betrothal has ever passed between you?"

"None."

"That is satisfactory. I will tell you now why I asked." And he entered into a long story about the Chicago lawyer. "I fancy," he added, "that the young man would be particularly pleased to know that he had found favor with my daughter. I hope he will succeed, but for this he must have the assurance that she is not bound to another. After what you have told me, I can now give him that assurance. Of course, I will likewise report this conversation to Mimi."

"I would rather you did not, sir."

"Why not?"

"It might pain her."

"But she must know the truth."

"The truth may be misinterpreted."

"I don't half like this, Carey. It looks like shuffling. I don't want to have my daughter trilled with. I hoped you have not amused her in one of those many ways which young men have of befooling girls."

I did not answer, but crossed my arms and looked stonily at the speaker. I was indignant.

He continued in the same rasping voice:

"We are now in October. Between this and Christmas the question must be decided between you, for by that time I expect Shelton. You and Mimi have frequented one another long enough to know your minds. You are now in a fair condition to settle down and support an establishment. As to Mimi, her marriageable years are fast passing. In the interval named, therefore, choose one way or the other, and for good. I shall tell Mimi the same thing."

"That is categorical, uncle," I said dryly.

"I mean it so."

"Too categorical for me by half. With all respect, I will inform you that I am not in the habit of being driven. In this, of all other things, I want to abide my time."

"Do you refuse then?"

"I neither refuse nor promise. If I see my way to do as you dictate, I will do so; if not, then I will not do so."

"You are frank, Carey. I don't dislike that. Only be as frank with Mimi. The poor child has been pining long enough. I never noticed her, but her mother and your mother have. Speak up to her like a man. Declare your intentions. You know how women are the slaves of men's wills. Don't stand in her way. If you will not have her, don't prevent her from taking advantage of other honorable and fortunate chances. I hope you have sense and delicacy enough for that."

"Now, uncle," said I, "you speak as I like to hear you speak. Let this conversation rest between ourselves. I will see Mimi and have a complete understanding with her. Not for the world would I consciously do her a speck of injury."

"I am not given to eating my own words, but for this once and for Mimi's sake, I will consent to wait, to give you three days' grace, as creditors say. I rely on your word. Don't disappoint me."

And the old man departed not much more cordially than he had entered.

XX.

THE TRIUMPH OF RESIGNATION.

I had kept my countenance with Mr. Raymond. The moment he was gone my spirits collapsed. The great difficulty of my life was never so sharply, so frightfully presented to me. At last there was the dread necessity of action. I could no longer put it off, no longer cradle my heart in delusive hopes. The vague trust that time would bring a change, that the problem would somehow solve itself, without any intervention, now vanished. I must grapple with the case and settle it myself.

When Mr. Raymond marked out a time for me, I rebelled because I was not certain that my mind would be free enough within the period specified to enter upon so arduous a

duty. When left to myself, however, I decided that it was in every way best to act at once.

I gave myself two days to gather my thoughts and nerve my resolution. I then sought and obtained the critical interview. Was it mockery of my sorrowing mood that I found Mimi as playful as a bird? Was it to mark a contrast with the tears which we were going to shed, that she was so lively, brilliant, sarcastic, exuberant? It was only after many futile efforts and the most delicate precautions that I succeeded at length in making her understand the real object of my visit. What was my astonishment to find that the announcement did not affect her painfully. She ceased her merriment, but her good humor remained. Seeing the embarrassment which I experienced, the real sorrow of my looks and words which I did not attempt to conceal, she took pity on me and interrupted me in my speech.

"Don't go further, Carey. I know exactly what you wish to say, and how trying it is for you to say it. I know too what has brought on this declaration of yours. It was my fault. I had a moment of weakness in papa's presence the other day, forgetting myself completely when I found that he was gently forcing a stranger's love upon me. The words I then uttered were taken up and have been repeated to you, for I learned that papa called upon you the same afternoon. Judging from the decision of his character, I suspect he went further and tried to bend your will. Hence your visit today. I can divine what this visit has cost you. Your dull eye, your blanched cheek, your haggard appearance, all tell me of the tempest which you have passed. But be calm, Carey. Excuse my indiscretion. It was a momentary faintness. It will never recur again. For more than a year my mind has been made up and though the combat was long and terrible it ended by leaving me in a state of comparative serenity."

I looked vacantly at her. Her last words were a mystery and seeing that I did not understand her she continued:

"I know that you have loved me, Carey. I know that you love me still. But I know, too, that your love is not undivided. Do not start, my dear. Let me say all. For a long time I lived in the blessed illusion that all your love was mine, as all my love was, and still is, yours. Even after your acquaintance with Ory Paladine, I never cherished a misgiving about you. You remember the interview we had together in this very room, when you went into full explanations and we thought we understood one another thoroughly. Oh, how happy I was after that meeting. How beautiful the future appeared before me. But the reality flashed upon me at last. I learned the truth suddenly, though unmistakably. You seem to ask me when and how? Ah! Carey, do you mind that winter evening at Valmont when we visited the frozen spring together? Your manner there opened my eyes. You were kind and pleasant, but the whole-souled cordiality with which you had until then treated me was wanting just a little. It might have been imperceptible to others. I am sure it was unknown to yourself. But for me it amounted to a revelation. Since then a thousand things have confirmed this belief. You have been as regular in your visits to me as ever; you have never spoken a word or done a deed which I could construe into the shadow of a slight, but a certain warmth had cooled, a certain brightness had paled, and in my heart the gay hope gradually died out."

"These are hard words," Mimi, I murmured.

"They are not harshly meant. I am speaking the truth, that you may be spared the torture of telling it yourself. I am prepared for this, Carey. You are not. I have schooled myself to the great lesson of resignation, while you are still reeling under the stroke of fate. You have been honestly, honorably, heroically trying to be faithful to both Ory and me. You have tried to reconcile these loves. You dreamed of a beautiful impossibility. But I have faced the reality and accepted my share of it. You might love Ory and myself, but you could marry only one of us. Ory and I could go together hand in hand up to a certain point, but there one had to step before the other. That blessing has been reserved for Ory. I will not say that I rejoice at it, but I am content. Every woman has her destiny in love. This is mine and I embrace it."

Mimi's voice gradually lowered as she spoke these last phrases and she stopped to calm the emotion that was rising in her.

"Mimi," I said, "it is a terrible humiliation or me to assist at this dissection of my heart by your hands. All has been a whirlwind of confusion in my brain, a tempest of passion in my soul. I had expected to pour a volley of wild words in your ear. Instead of that, it is you that place a frightful alternative before me with a clear, cold precision. Alas! what am I to do?"

"Follow your heart, Carey," she replied with animation. "You are not master of your affections. God has implanted them, and He shapes your destiny, as He does mine. Ory is worthy of all your love. Your life and hers have been intermingled by a series of most wonderful, mysterious circumstances. Do not fancy that I was blind to that. Indeed, I never knew of two beings who were so imperiously drawn to each other. You cannot help loving Ory. She cannot help loving you. She was predestined from eternity to be your wife."

"But you, Mimi, you? What would become of you?"

"But you, Mimi, you? What would become of you?"

"Ah! do not imagine, Carey, that I will be unhappy! Married love is not the only form of human happiness. It is indeed the highest, but there are lower grades of contentment. I will accept mine. I will continue to love you, Carey, and that love will always be my bliss. I will rejoice in all your joys. Do not speak of heroism. There is more selfishness in it than you can imagine. One year ago I should have gone mad if called upon to accept what I now accept. I rebelled against this decision, suffering so that I shudder even to think of it. But meditation, the advice of friends, the exhortations of my priestly director, brought me at length to a sense of my duty. I was told and made me to feel that, however we might meet with disappointments, this was not a world of despair; that we must ever look at the bright side of things and thank God that we fare no worse. I am yet young. I have no wish to spend the rest of my days in wretchedness. Such is the spirit of resignation which I have found at last. My life will not be flooded with golden light, but neither will it be steeped in midnight darkness. A soft silvery radiance will permeate it. Do you begin to understand now, Carey?"

I was seized with a great admiration and an immense pity. I believed every word Mimi said, but I thought she veiled her sacrifice even to herself. She was immolating herself for me, but did she not presume too much upon her strength? And could I be so cruel as to force upon her this rôle of Iphigenia?

"Ah! Mimi," I exclaimed, "it is true we are not masters of our destinies. But how can we know them till they are thrust upon us? Mark this, O my dear, before you set the torch to the pyre of your life. Nothing is yet decided. I have never spoken a word about marriage to Ory. Truly and literally, I have never brought my mind to bear fully on the subject. It is not yet too late. Oh! If I knew—"

"Stop, Carey. Do not tempt me again. Remove that fantastic mirror from my eyes. I have no real claim upon you beyond my love. You have a right over me, for you saved my life at the peril of your own. It is, therefore, not for you, but for me, to implore favours. I have one, and only one, to ask. Promise me, at this supreme moment, that you will always regard me as a sister; that you will never allow the love which you have had for me to be an obstacle to free intercourse with me. As I am incapable of envying Ory, there need be no afterthought, no false shame in our undisturbed relations. Promise me that, and all will be well. No, Carey. Withdraw the words you have just spoken. I repeat that neither of us must cherish the illusive hopes which they suggest. Ory will be your wife; I will be your sister. That is now decided, is it not?"

"O Mimi!" I murmured, "how can I sufficiently thank you for these good words? If I had known you before as I do at present, all might have been different. But you are right; you have seen more clearly than I. All that you ask will be granted. Nay, I will say more. Notwithstanding all you have said of my duty and destiny, I would not marry if—"

"What! you would condemn yourself to a life of misery?"

"I would work night and day to drown my thoughts. I would create for myself a new world."

"Then both of us would lose you?"

"And I, Mimi? Alas, how much I would lose!"

"Enough. You once promised to be my hero. You have kept your word. When you made me that solemn pledge, you probably put another interpretation upon it. But Providence has determined its meaning for you and me. Let us bow to His will."

"This conversation has been very painful to both of us, Mimi. I should wish to close it. But there is another point upon which I must speak to you. It relates to your father. I am afraid he will misunderstand everything."

"I hope not, Carey."

"But this Shelton—?"

"Oh! Don't mention him. His name is now hateful to me after all this."

"But your father will hold me accountable for the change. He will say that I have blasted your future."

"No, Carey, he will not. Papa now knows my whole mind. Yesterday, before I suspected that you were coming, I implored him to cease all solicitations on the subject, because it was decreed irrevocably that I should never marry."

"Oh, Mimi!"

"Hush!" she whispered. "Listen to that serenade. How sweetly it comes to us through the moonlight stillness."

And gliding to her piano she took up almost inaudibly the distant strain. It was the plaintive song in *La Sonnambula*, so appropriate to the circumstances:

"Ah! non credea mirarti  
Si presto estivo, O fiore!"

She continued playing softly and weaving variations on this theme till far into the night. I sat listening without daring to interrupt her. When at length we parted it was with a close embrace and burning heart.

XXI.

APOLOGETIC.

Is the reader satisfied with this solution of an intricate difficulty? Perhaps not. He would probably have preferred sobs, sighs, screams, a swoon and an attack of brain fever, to say noth-

ing of an aneurism. But I cannot help him. I must relate the events of my story as they took place. It is no fault of mine that Mimi was not dramatic enough to bring on a catastrophe. Some people would call her strong-minded and philosophical. Be it so. I call her religious.

Others will think that I was let off too easily; that I should have been most signally punished for amusing myself so long as I did with the love of two feminine hearts. Here my friends are at fault. I suffered far more than they ever can know, and as I trust never to suffer again. Mimi's magnanimity caused keener regret than her resentment or her reproaches would have done, and the certainty that she condemned herself to a single life on my account was an additional regret. I have not to this day pardoned myself for being the innocent cause of her wasted life.

XXII.

GROUPING.

I allowed a whole year to pass before I recurred to the subject of marriage. When friends mentioned it I put them off peremptorily. I thought I owed the delay as an acknowledgement of Mimi's abnegation. But when, at the expiration of that time, I did approach Ory, the event was soon decided. There was a meeting of glances, a pressure of hands, and the union was sealed with a kiss on that white brow which my lips had never yet touched.

Years have passed. Years of gladness, years of sorrow for our household; all of them useful years for me. My business has absorbed my time, and I am pleased with my success in it. Ory has proved a capital manager. The Quarries, which was her marriage portion, I leave entirely to her. She attends to the interior, her father to the exterior.

M. Paladine had a short-lived experience in business. He lacked both capacity and taste for it, as he himself recognized, and he soon made it all over to me. The old gentleman returned to his garden and his books, though regularly, twice a day, he walked or drove out. He went into society a good deal, and was a constant receiver at his own house, where he did the honors with lordly grace and liberality. He still survives, hale and hearty, and, I may add, happy, for now he is an humble believer in religion and looks forward to a more perfect state. He gave us an edifying proof of his conversion by making an *auto-da-fé* of all his anti-Christian works and removing from his library the busts of the principal of their authors.

Neither Bonair nor Gaisso ever returned from the mountains, but we were in constant communication with them. Bonair had thriven in his adventure according to his best expectations. He became one of the wealthiest, as he is now one of the most influential citizens of that country, which has since been transformed from a wilderness into the flourishing territory of Montana. Gaisso proved a prolific mother. In proportion as her children grew, she sent them down to us for their schooling. We have two of them with us at this moment—a boy and a girl—and as lovely children as any one would wish to see.

The years as they passed made ravages among those whom we have learned to love together. My mamma was one of the first to die. I have already consecrated a page to the memory of her virtues. Valmont is as beautiful as ever, but we seldom go there now, because it seems no longer the same place since Uncle Louis and Aunt Aurora were taken away. And alas! the Marigny Rooms are closed. One after one the patriarchs disappeared—Père Duprez, Bonhomme Papiush, Mon Poup and dear old Uncle Pascal. M. Paladine, who had been reconciled to them all, closed their eyes and conducted their burial.

Nain still remains my foreman. I have never had the least occasion to repent of the service I rendered him. He is no longer a Vendou. Gaston and Toinette are still with me at The Quarries, but Hiacinte and poor Dada are gone.

And what shall I say of Mimi? One word only, for that word resumes all. She has been and is our sister. She visits us frequently. The old gaiety is not extinct in her yet; there are occasional sallies of wit and raillery, but her usual mood is a placid, careful contentment. A shadow may sometimes flit across her memory, and there are times when her eyes look far away in sadness. But the mood is only momentary. She was the godmother of our first child, and all our children call her "Aunt Mimi."

She has been several times asked why she did not take refuge in a convent. Her answer was that she did not consider herself dead to the world. There were beauties which she loved; there were enjoyments there still, in which even she could participate. Besides, she had no admiration for the Heloises who take the veil in desperation, or for the Evangelines who give to God the ashes of a consumed heart.

And now, as I write these last lines, with my little daughter Rita on my knee, I stop to gaze dreamily into her beautiful eyes—so like her mother's. There in those serene depths I see the past and retrace as in a mirror all the events which I have recorded in these pages. But it is for a moment only. The eyes close, and those dear old times vanish forever. In another generation Creole customs, language and traditions will have left no vestige behind. This is the reason that I have attempted to preserve a memorial of them in the present book which I dedicate to the few who, like myself, still take pride in their Creole origin.

THE END.

INKERMAN.

THE CELEBRATION OF ITS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.—RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

On the 5th day of last month the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Inkerman was celebrated by a banquet in London, as well as by dinners in every regiment of the British army which took part in that memorable engagement. Many of the officers of the different regiments who served in the Crimean campaign are still on active service, but few, if indeed any, of the subordinate and private ranks are to be found on the present muster-roll of the regiments to which they belonged on November 5, 1854, the period of enlistment seldom exceeding twenty-one years. Many soldiers of the British army who had enlisted for a term of ten years, after its completion emigrated to the country, and during our late civil war, not a few Crimean heroes could have been found in the Union army, while others are now residents in many of our cities, who have come here to follow up the different pursuits in which they had been engaged previous to enlistment.

Among the latter we have to mention a compositor, who is employed in one of our large printing establishments in this city. The regiment to which he belonged is the Twenty-first Royal North British Fusiliers. For ten years he was attached to No. 2 company; his regimental number was 2,875. He enlisted at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 13th of August, 1851. When war against Russia was declared he embarked at Cork for the seat of war on the 13th of August, 1854—exactly three years after his "taking the shilling."

After landing in the Crimea they marched for Alma. The Twenty-first regiment was in the Fourth division, in reserve, and were not called into actual fight; one man of the regiment was killed. After the charge of Balaclava came the battle of Inkerman. On a drizzly and foggy Sunday morning in November, the Russian forces attempted to surprise the British lines with overwhelming masses. Everything was in their favor. It is now matter of history that for several hours not more than 8,000 British troops held the heights of Inkerman against 50,000 of the enemy by the sheer dint of hand-to-hand fight. The Twenty-first regiment was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Ainslie. Arriving at Inkerman, with the Sixty-third regiment on their right, they were ordered to lie down. Lieut.-Col. Sweeney of the Sixty-third was in conversation with the Twenty-first's commander, when a picket sentry of the Forty-first came up the brow of the hill, exclaiming, "Look out, boys! they'll be on top of you in less than quick-time." Ainslie and Sweeney were instantly on the alert. "How shall we act?" said the Sixty-third's commander; "we have received no orders." "I will charge," said Ainslie. Immediately both officers gave the command to their regiments to charge and cheer. In an instant, with bayonets down, did the two regiments drive right in front into their enemy's ranks, which were speedily broken. Then followed hand-to-hand encounters, and when thickly wedged together, the butt end of the musket was brought into play, and even the fist was used. In the onslaught Lieut.-Col. Sweeney was killed and Lieut.-Col. Ainslie mortally wounded. This was the first and last battle of those officers. Ensign Hart of Derbyshire, who carried the colors of the Twenty-first was killed, and several officers more or less wounded. Sir George Cathcart, general commanding the Fourth division, also fell. The command of the Twenty-first, after the commander was killed, should have been taken up by the senior major, but that officer had been previously detached, with a party, on some special service in the vicinity of the Windmill, and the command was, therefore, virtually in the hands of Lord West, who ever was in the thickest of the fray, cheering on his men. His horse was shot, and on foot his lordship contested the ground with his handful of men till the battle was won, when he led the regiment out of action.

During the course of the battle, as mounted officers were shot down one after another, the command devolved on young officers, each acting on his own responsibility. Soldiers of different regiments found themselves mixed up with half a dozen different corps, under the leadership of any officer who chose to assume command. Sometimes no officer was to be found, and every man was left to fight it out as best he could. On this account Inkerman is known as the "Soldiers' battle." Toward the latter end of the fight the compositor alluded to received a bullet wound in the arm, causing him to drop his musket. Being in a thick crowd of his own comrades, who were pushing up a ravine, and hurried on by the pressure behind, he failed to regain his musket. In this emergency he, with the assistance of a comrade, released the musket from the death clutch of a dead soldier of the Thirtieth regiment. The musket was useless, for the charge in the piece was wet. The battle being virtually over, and bayonet charges over also, he assisted out of the field a severely wounded man of his own company and took him to the hospital tent, where the poor fellow was attended to. His own wound was only a flesh wound, though it smarted not a little.

The regiment, headed by Lord West, came out of action, after the battle was gained, and marched into camp. When formed up in front of their own tents, Lord West addressed the survivors in these words: "Men of the Twenty-first Royal North British Fusiliers, some time ago, when on parade in Dublin, I said that I would have every confidence in the regiment, if ever called into action on the battlefield. Today, my confidence in you has been more than realized. You have behaved well and bravely. I am no flatterer; but your soldierly conduct, put this day to the severest test, is beyond all flattery and praise. The true soldier carries his life in his hand, ready to lay it down at a moment's warning for his sovereign and country, and at duty's call. This you have not failed to do. To single men this should be easy. To those who have wives and children at home it may be somewhat of a trial. Let me assure such that, should they fall in battle, a generous and grateful country will be the guardians of their widows and fatherless children. In the name of our beloved queen and country, receive the heartiest congratulations that can be given for your noble behavior this day." The furnished and well-nigh spent men replied by loud hurrahs! Then they went to their tents to eat a morsel of salt pork and hard biscuits, and snatch an hour or two's rest for they had to do duty in the weary trenches that same night. In such like manner as above related acted every other regiment in the field. To the soldiers' indomitable pluck, and even at the more than recklessness of his own life, were the Heights of Inkerman fought and won. In the trenches duty was hard and sorties frequent. Then followed the unsuccessful attack on the Redan battery on the 18th of June, when the general commanding, Sir John Campbell, was killed. Finally Sebastopol fell.

The printer mentioned who took part in all these affairs is Alexander Hewitt, a native of Stirling, Scotland. After the war was over, he went with his regiment to Malta, staying there three years and a half; thence to the West Indies, where the Twenty-first were stationed four years. In Barbadoes, Hewitt's ten-year term of service expired, when he was sent home to be discharged. He received two medals—the Crimean, with the clasps Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, Sebastopol. The other medal was given by the sultan of Turkey. Hewitt came to this country about eight years ago.

On this year's anniversary of the battle of Inkerman he might have been seen quietly and industriously arranging single types in lines and columns—strange contrast to the lines and columns in which he, a single file, figured a quarter of a century ago on the famed Heights of Inkerman.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LUCCA is likely to return to this country next season.

THE probability that Irving will visit America next season becomes stronger.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS has the heroism to deny that this is her farewell season in America.

HEER RUBINSTEIN'S opera, *Der Dämon*, will be given for the first time in Moscow during this month.

WAGNER is going to spend the winter in Paestum, Italy, where, it is said, he intends to write a new opera.

MARIE PRESCOTT fainted in Boston lately while playing *Camille* at the Globe. Matilda Heron is the authority for the statement that no well woman can play the part.

T. J. McBRIDE, of New York, has hit upon a happy thought in publishing a little hand-book, for pocket use, giving diagrams of the seats in each of the theatres of that city. It is valuable to theatre-goers.

RUBINSTEIN is indignant at the manner in which his new opera, "*Koepets Kalashnikoff*" (Merchant Kalashnikoff) has been treated by the shores of the Russian censor, and is half-determined to suppress it.

GENTLEMEN who attend the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, are no longer obliged to wear full dress. This sensible regulation is the result of Manager Mapleson's experiments in Republican America.

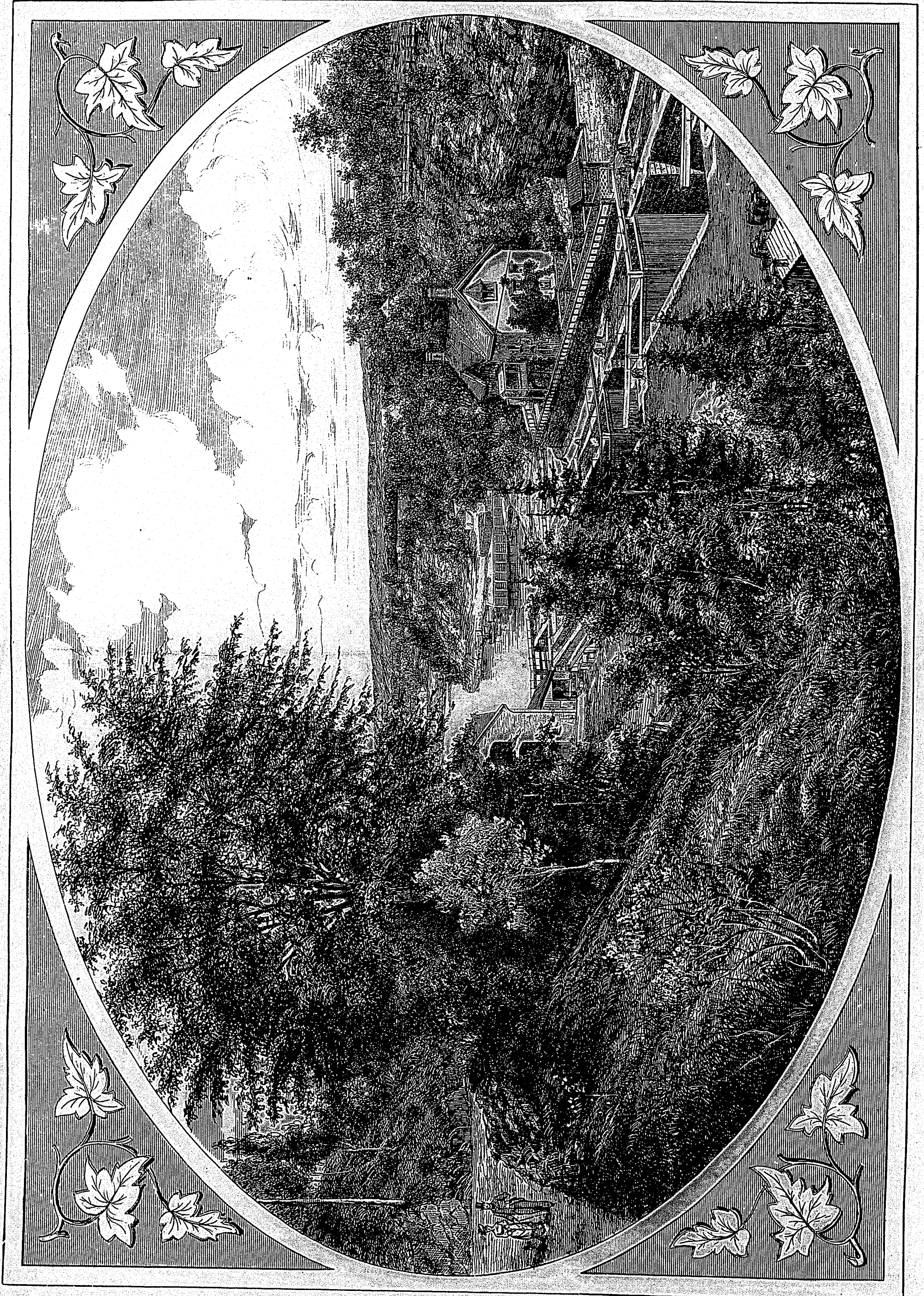
MME. PATTI and Signor Nicolini are to enter on their engagement at the Royal Opera in Berlin on the first of next month. Faust, *La Traviata* and Lucia have been selected by the diva as the operas in which she is to appear.

MISS MINNIE HAWK has just appeared in London as *Mignon*, and the *Daily News* of that city says that the performance "was one of special excellence, and there can scarcely be a doubt that Miss Hawk's *Mignon* will prove as attractive as her *Carmen*."

MISSE HEILBRON recently refused to appear as *Marguerite* at the Grand Opera with a blonde wig. Lucca, Nilsson, and sometimes Patti sang *Marguerite* in their natural hair. Gounod entirely approved of Miss Heilbron's idea, and sent her his score with the words written by his hand. "*A ma brune Marguerite*."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Shear, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.



OTTAWA.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE LOCKS FROM SAPPERS' BRIDGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.



VIEW NEAR GRANBY, CONN.—BY VAN ELTEN.

OUR AUTUMN FRIEND.

Whose song is on this brown, bleak hill,
Where Fall's pale sunbeams shiver still?
The crickets, - well he clings to it!

You, cricket, are a silent sprite
When wanders spring on plain and height, -
You give us but a stry touch then;

You ring us, then, a roundelay
In the cold nooks of earth all day
And half the night or all of it.

Knowlton, P.Q.

C. L. CLEAVELAND.

THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS OF WOLFVILLE, N.S.

In our issue of September 27th appeared a picture of the new college building at Wolfville. This is one of a group of three new buildings for educational purposes, all built and controlled by the Baptist denomination of the Lower Provinces.

There are three distinct institutions at Wolfville, under the same general management - viz., the University of Acadia College, Horton Collegiate Academy and Acadia Seminary.

The largest of the three buildings mentioned above and the one shown in our illustration is an imposing structure recently erected at a cost of about \$21,000.

The main approach to this building is by an avenue leading from the street to the base of the elevation on which the college sits.

The library contains over 3,000 volumes, carefully selected and well adapted to the wants of the students.

The Academy Boarding-House is a building in the modern style, four stories high, with French roof.

Acadia Seminary is 45 x 90, and four stories high. It is thoroughly modern in its construction and equipment.

The institutions at Wolfville came into existence in 1828 by the founding of Horton Academy. Ten years later a collegiate department was organized, to which the name of "Queen's College" was given.

By great sacrifices and the most persevering effort, a building was erected in 1843 for college dormitories and class-rooms.

The institutions at Wolfville are under the Presidency of the Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D.D., a graduate of Dartmouth College and a gentleman of rare mental endowments.

The course of study pursued here, leading to graduation, is about the same as that of the smaller New England college.

A Theological Department, with two Professors, has been attached to the college, but the inducements offered are not yet sufficient to attract many divinity students.

Acadia College has added largely to the culture and intellectual wealth of the Maritime Provinces, but her influence is by no means limited to this area.

Among the older students at Wolfville, who have become prominent public men, we may mention Edward Young, Esq., for many years Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington;

Among the graduates are Judge Johnson and Judge Weatherbee, of Halifax; the late Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia;

It will thus be seen that this college, though a humble member of the great family of universities, is exerting an influence almost world-wide.

STANDING ARMIES OF EUROPE.

There can be little question that the present prostrate condition of continental trade is in great measure due to the enormous burdens laid on the people by the military policy of their rulers.

The grand total of all these forces amounts to 16,471,918, the standing armies alone numbering 7,925,000. But it must not be understood that all the latter are now under arms;

The Persians have a saying that "ten measures of talk were set down upon the earth and the woman took nine."

THE LATE ALEXANDER BRYSON.

The deceased gentleman came to this country with his family in 1810 from the vicinity of Belfast, in Ireland. His father, soon after his arrival, started in business as a chandler.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.-Letter and papers to hand. Thanks. Correct solution received of Problem No. 251.

Student, Montreal.-Correct solution received of Problem No. 250.

T. S., St. Andrew's, Manitoba.-Correct solution received of Problem No. 242. We answer your query in our Column to-day.

We see it stated that at the Manhattan Chess Club in New York recently Captain Mackenzie gave an exhibition of his skill by playing simultaneously against twenty antagonists of very good standing.

A notice appeared a few days ago in the Chicago Tribune of a Chess Tournament to be held at Auburn, New York, on the 17th inst.

Our American cousins are rejoicing at the victory which Mrs. Gilbert, of Hartford, Conn., has achieved over Mr. Gossip, the English player, in the International Correspondence Tourney.

Chessplayers generally will be pleased to learn that one of their number, Mr. Murton, was entertained at a dinner a short time ago by the members of the City of London Chess Club, on the occasion of his completing his 89th year.

This circumstance will help to prove the truth of the statement made by M. Delannoy that the practice of chess as an amusement is conducive to longevity.

We are informed that the members of the Seaford Chess Club are anxious to have another contest with the Toronto players, and that it is suggested that the fight should take place this time over the board at some locality which might be selected as equally central for both parties.

Mr. Blackburne visited Glasgow last week, and on Wednesday, the 22nd ult., he gave an exhibition of simultaneous play at the Working Men's Club, Trongate. The proceedings opened with an address from Sheriff Spens, who eulogized the remarkable chess genius of Mr. Blackburne, after which that gentleman opposed twenty-one selected players simultaneously.

Mr. Blackburne proceeded to Edinburgh on Monday last, and on that afternoon played eight games sans voir, his opponents on the occasion being Drs. Crippie and Smith, Messrs. Boase, Fraser, Meikle and Gloag.

Mr. D. F. Starbuck, in a letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer, says: "Captain Mackenzie has received a letter from Mr. Blackburne, stating that if the first prize in the National Tournament can be made \$500, he, and perhaps Mason and Zukertort, will come over to compete for the honours of victory."

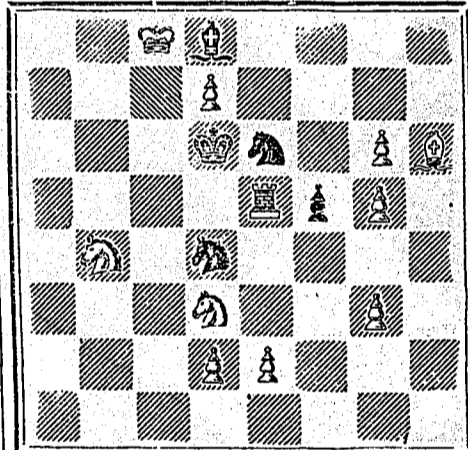
We are enabled on the authority of a private letter received from London to state definitely that Mr. J. B. Blackburne, the eminent blindfold player, is coming to this country shortly.

Extract from Minchin's Review in The Academy for November: "It is, of course, the games of the great masters that are most worthy of record; and it will be a treat to all chessplayers if a match can take place between the two great opposites, Steinitz and Zukertort, and the games appear with their own annotations in the pages of the Chess Monthly."

PROBLEM No. 252.

By Thomas Sinclair, St. Andrews, Manitoba.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 379TH.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Played between Mephisto and an amateur.

(Evans's Gambit.)

- WHITE.- (Mephisto.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 4. P to Q Kt 4 5. P to Q B 3 6. P to Q 4 7. Q to Kt 3 8. Castles 9. P takes P 10. P to K 5 11. B to R 3 12. P takes P 13. Kt to Q B 3 14. Kt to Q 5 15. B takes Kt 16. Kt to Kt 5 17. Kt takes B P 18. Q to Kt 4 19. Q to K 7 (oh) 20. Kt takes R 21. B takes B 22. Q R to Q sq and wins.

GAME 380TH.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

The following game, played about a year ago, was the first of a series recently contested between two members of the Adelaide Chess Club at the odds of P and move:

(Remove Black's King's Bishop's Pawn.)

- WHITE.- (Mr. Elliott.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 BLACK.- (Mr. Charllok.) 1. Kt to Q B 3 2. P to Q 4

A defence to which Black is very partial. His preference was shared by the English champion, the late Mr.

Howard Stanton. The eminent Victorian expert, Mr A. Burns, also yields it with rare skill.

- |                |               |
|----------------|---------------|
| 3. P to K 5    | 3. B to B 4   |
| 4. B to K 3    | 4. P to K 3   |
| 5. Kt to K B 3 | 5. Kt to Kt 5 |
| 6. Kt to R 3   | 6. P to B 4   |

A departure from the books. IF P be taken at move or 8 Black continues with Q to R 4

7. P to B 3  
8. Kt to B 2  
9. P to Q Kt 3  
10. B to Q 2  
11. Kt to K 3  
12. B to K 2  
13. Castles  
14. Kt to B 2 (weak)  
15. P takes P  
16. Kt to Kt 4 (bad)  
17. P takes B  
18. B to B 3  
19. Q takes Kt

Black can win the exchange by B to Q 6, but he is flying at higher game.

20. Q to K 3  
21. P takes R  
22. P to B 4

White cannot escape. If K to R, Black wins by Q to R 6. If K to Kt 2, then follows R to K B.

23. B takes P  
A slip, overlooking that if White plays 24, Q takes Kt, Black posts B at K B 6, forcing mate. White's best play was as follows:

- |               |                        |
|---------------|------------------------|
| 23. Q to K 4  | 23. Q to Kt 5 (ch)     |
| 24. K to R    | 24. Q to B 6 (ch)      |
| 25. Q takes Q | 25. B takes Q (ch)     |
| 26. K to Kt   | 26. P takes B and wins |
23. Kt takes B  
White resigns.

**SOLUTIONS**

Solution of Problem No. 250.

- |                       |              |             |             |
|-----------------------|--------------|-------------|-------------|
| WHITE.                |              | BLACK.      |             |
| 1. B to K B 4         | 1. P takes B | 2. Q to Q 2 | 2. Anything |
| 3. Q or Kt mates acc. |              |             |             |

There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 248

- |             |               |               |               |
|-------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| White.      |               | Black.        |               |
| 1. Q to K 7 | 1. K to K B 4 | 2. B to K R 5 | 2. K to K B 5 |
| 3. Q mates  |               |               |               |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 249.

- |                                 |              |              |                |
|---------------------------------|--------------|--------------|----------------|
| WHITE.                          |              | BLACK.       |                |
| K at Q Kt 7                     | K at K 5     | Q at Q 7     | B at K 4       |
| R at Q R 4                      | Kt at Q Kt 5 | B at Q R sq  | Pawns at K B 5 |
| B at K Kt 4                     | and Q 5      | Kt at K B sq |                |
| Pawns at Q 2, Q B 2, and Q Kt 3 |              |              |                |
- White to play and mate in two moves.



**Intercolonial Railway.**  
**RIVIERE DU LOUP BRANCH.**

**Postponement of Time.**

The time for receiving tenders for Cars, Snow Ploughs, &c., has been extended until the 8th of DECEMBER next.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, November 20th, 1879.



**Steam Service between Victoria, British Columbia and San Francisco.**

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster-General of Canada, will be received at Ottawa until NOON on TUESDAY, the 3rd of FEBRUARY next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails three times a month by steamships of not less than 1,000 tons, nor of less speed than 10 knots an hour, between Victoria, British Columbia and San Francisco for a term of five years, commencing on and from the 1st August next.

Tenders to state the price asked for the double voyage from Victoria to San Francisco and back, or vice versa, and payment will be made at Victoria quarterly.

Stipulations of proposed contracts may be had at the Post Offices of Victoria, British Columbia and Montreal, and at the Offices of Messrs. Allan Brothers, Liverpool, and at the Agent General for Canada, 31 Queen Victoria Street, City of London.

WILLIAM WHITE,

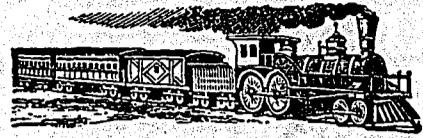
Secretary.

Post Office Department, Canada,  
Ottawa, 13th November, 1879.

"PHONOGRAPHY MADE EASY," by Prof. J. A. Manseau, 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 110 pp., with cuts and gilt title, 75c.; at Beauchemin & Valois, Publishers, Montreal. For particulars see CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, page 295 of vol. xx.

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Express Trains for Hull at.....	9.25	and 4.45
Arrive at Hull at.....	1.30 p.m.	and 8.50
Aylmer at.....	2.00 p.m.	and 9.20
Express Trains from Aylmer at.....	8.15	and 3.35
Hull at.....	9.10	and 4.30
Arrive at Hochelaga at.....	1.20 p.m.	and 8.40
Train for St. Jerome at.....	5.15 p.m.	
Train from St. Jerome at.....	7.00 a.m.	

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.

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(Signed) GEO. A. PAYNE.

State of New York, City and County of New York, } ss.  
Sworn before me this 22nd September, 1879.

J. B. NIXON, Notary Public, 91 Duane street, N. Y.

Thatcher, Belmont & Co. accept subscribers on their 1 per cent. margin or in their concentration of capital, whereby a number of small sums, from \$10 upwards, are aggregated and stocks operated. Latest Wall street information sent free upon application to Messrs. Thatcher, Belmont & Co., Bankers, P. O. Box 1307, or 48 Broad street, New York.

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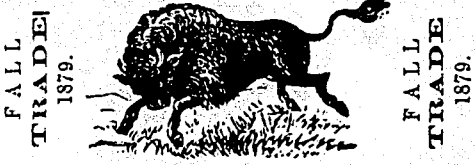
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## Intercolonial Railway. RIVIERE DU LOUP BRANCH.

SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Engines," will be received at this office, up to noon of FRIDAY, the 5th of DECEMBER next, for the Supply of Twelve Locomotive Engines. Plans, specifications and forms of tender can be had at the Mechanical Superintendent's office at Moncton. The Department not bound to receive the lowest or any of the tenders. By order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary. Dept. of Railway and Canals, Ottawa, 7th Nov., 1879.

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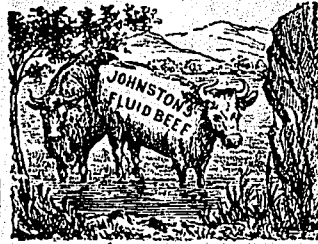
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## BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF **FIVE PER CENT.** upon the paid up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after **Monday, the First Day of December next.** The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive. **R. B. ANGUS,** General Manager. Montreal, 17th October, 1879.

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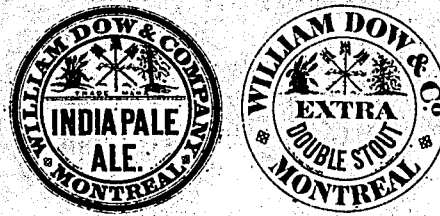
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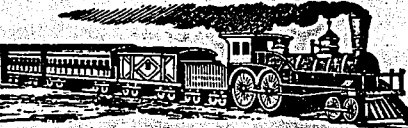
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## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, Commencing 14th July, 1879.

THROUGH EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY (except Sundays) as follows:—

Leave Point Levi.....	7.30 A.M.
" River du Loup.....	1.15 P.M.
(Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner).....	2.25 "
" Rimouski.....	3.44 "
" Campbellton (Supper).....	8.05 "
" Dalhousie.....	8.22 "
" Bathurst.....	10.12 "
" Newcastle.....	11.40 "
" Moncton.....	2.00 A.M.
" St. John.....	6.00 "
" Halifax.....	10.35 "

These Trains connect at Point Levi with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.00 o'clock p.m., and at Campbellton with the Steamer City of St. John, sailing Wednesday and Saturday mornings for Gaspé, Percé, Paspébiac, &c. The trains to Halifax and St. John run through to their destination on Sunday. The Pullman Car leaving Montreal on Monday, Wednesday and Friday runs through to Halifax, and that leaving on Tuesday and Thursday, to St. John. SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS may now be obtained via rail and steamer to the unrivalled Sea Bathing, Boating and Fishing resorts on the Lower St. Lawrence, Metapedia, Restigouche, Bay Chaleur, Gaspé, Prince Edward Island and the Maritime Provinces. For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to **G. W. ROBINSON,** Agent, 120 St. Francois Xavier Street. (Old Post Office Building.) Montreal.

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